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Poetry.

AT PLAY.

Play that you are mother dear
And play that papa is your beau;
Play that we sit in the corner here,
Just as we used to, long ago.
Playing so, we lovers two
Are just as happy as we can be,
And I'll say "I love you" to you
And you say "I love you" to me!
"I love you" we both shall say.

All in earnest and all in play.
Or, play that you are the other one
That some time came and went away;
And play that the light of years agone
Stole into my heart again today!
Playing that you are the one I knew
In the days that never again may be,
I'll say "I love you" to you
And you say "I love you" to me!
"I love you" my heart shall say
To the ghost of the past come back today.

Or play that you sought this nestling place
For your own sweet self, with that dual guise
Of your pretty mother in your face
And the look of that other in your eyes!
So the dear old love shall live anew
As I hold my darling on my knee,
And say "I love you" to you
And you say "I love you" to me;
Oh, many a strange true thing we say
And do when we pretend to play!
—Eugene Field.

MOONSHINE.

The fairest thing in all the world
Is the light of the moon in the sea;
For it flutters along like a ribbon unfurled
By a maiden's hand in another world,
And tossed down here to me.

The rose is fair in the rose tree green,
And the violet sweet in the grass;
But the rose must die, like every queen,
And the violet fades in her cloister green,
As the winds lamenting pass.

The sunset sky is softly fair
When the first white star appears;
But the light grows pale as the fireflies flare,
And the primrose cloud forgets to be fair,
And the dewdrops shine like tears.

And passing fair is the slender maid,
Who springs like the lily tall;
But, though as a child she stands arrayed
In her sheer, white gown, she's a marble maid,
Unheeding the sculptor's call.

So the fairest thing in the whole wide world
Is the moon-streak in the sea;
For it falls like a fairy's hair unfurled,
And always, wherever we go in the world,
There's one for you—for me.
—W. S. Moody, jr., in Life.

LOOKING FORWARD.

"I was with Debs—" the stranger said,
Cried John Most: "Say no more,
But stay and drink a schooner
Within my humble door!"

"As I remarked—" began the tramp;
"Nay, rest thee!" cried John Most.
"Slave, bring the worthy anarchist
Much beer and eggs on toast!"

"It was a bitter struggle—"
"Aye, truly!" quoth John Most;
"But ere you tell thy story
Eat! drink! I'll be thy host."

The stranger ate voraciously,
And quaffed deep mugs of beer;
While John Most waited patiently
The thrilling tale to hear.

"You were with Debs?" he asked at last;
The stranger cried "Sure, Mike!
I took the Keeley cure with Debs
Two years before the strike!"
—New York Evening Sun.

Miscellany.

SECRETS OF HER HEART.

Disclosed by the Girl Who Pretended to be Hypnotized.

"Now, Maud," said Edgar, with a complacent smile, "I am ready to try that little experiment. I am sure I can bring you under the hypnotic influence if you will agree not to resist. Just put your mind in a passive condition. Try to think of nothing at all. No, do not say you will think of me. Be serious. Now, lean back comfortably. That's right. Fix your eye on that light now, and don't forget to keep your mind a blank. I will count sixty seconds by my watch." The girl followed directions literally, says Tit Bits. In twenty seconds her eyelids blinked, in forty they closed.

"Ah, I knew I would succeed!" exclaimed Edgar, highly elated. "Now, Maud, I command you to tell me the secrets of your heart. Whom do you love? Tell me, I command you."

A momentary expression of resistance crossed the girl's face. Then she spoke in a monotone: "I love Edgar Popham, and——"

"Yes, yes!" cried Edgar, trembling with delight. "Go on. Tell me all the secrets of your heart."

"I love Edgar Popham," continued the girl in the same tone, "and I would love him more if he were not so stingy. I want to go to the theater twice a week, and he takes me only once in three months. I want diamond rings, and he gives me rings with cheap stones in them. I want a drive in the park once or twice a week, and I never get it. When I go out with him and get hungry he never thinks of oysters. When I——"

"Enough!" cried the young man. "Awake! I command you!" and he fled without waiting to see the result of his command.

As the front door slammed the young girl opened her eyes, smiled sweetly, and said:

"I hope I did not spring too much on him at once. Perhaps I should have let the drive and oysters go till another time."

WHY SHE DIDN'T VOTE.

Questions Concerning Her Age Drove Her From the Polls.

Massachusetts women can vote, if they choose, for members of the local school boards. Some choose and some do not, and some of the reasons why some of the ladies do not are instructive. A young bride who has been living only a few months in a small manufacturing town in the Bay state was excited and delighted when told she might vote. She had lived in Rhode Island, where no such privilege prevailed. It happened, though, that although young, she was still a couple of months older than her husband, and when, with a pretty air of importance she went to the registry office she was dumbfounded when she was formally asked her age.

"But I want to vote—just vote," she pleaded.

"But, my dear Mrs. B——," said the registry clerk (who was in her husband's employ), "all the ladies do, and why should you care of all ladies?"

"Well, I won't; so there!" and she fluttered indignantly away. Her husband told me this story with great delight—which I thought shabby of him."—New York Press.

Matrimonial Item.

"What peculiar-looking eyes you have! I never noticed that they were so large before you were married; they seemed much smaller then," said Birdie McGinnis to one of her friends, young Mrs. Newlywed.

"They were smaller then. I have had my eyes opened since I got married," was the pensive reply.—Texas Siftings.

A Silent Partner.

Nibbitt—That woman who just went out is the partner of your joys and sorrows, I suppose?

Rufton—She's partner to my joys all right, but when it comes to my sorrows she slips over to see her mother.—Boston Courier.

Only a Small Change.

There has been a slight change in Morocco. Muley as was is succeeded by Muley Aziz.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FREEZING THE DOG.

One of Abraham's Lincoln's Stories Recalled Just Now.

Mr. Lincoln used to tell a funny story of an Irishman he knew who had a big dog. The master thought it was the duty of the animal to stay outside the house by night and keep guard over the premises. But the dog, especially in cold winter weather, preferred more comfortable quarters by the kitchen stove. One bitterly cold night when the quicksilver was down in the bottom of the thermometer and the wind was blowing like an organized anarchist, the dog was put out of doors to stand guard and his master went to bed. Soon there was a crash of glass. The Irishman went to investigate. He found a broken window and a big dog cuddled up by the warm stove. Then he got wrathy. He opened the door and marched the dog around to the northwest corner of the house where the sharpest breezes blew and with firm clutch on the scruff of his neck and his ears, there he held the animal before the blast.

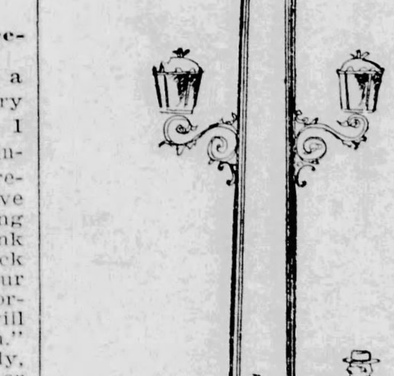
Presently the Irishman's wife got anxious, and she went in search of her husband. She found him up to his ankles in snow, with but one garment on and that thin and short, shivering violently and his legs becoming a sickly purple. So she said to him, "John, what are you doing?" and he replied to her, "Mary, I am afther freezing this cursed dog nearly to death to make him moind me." And Mary, feeling the sharpness of the air, and seeing the growing blueness and shakiness of her husband as compared with the stolidity and seeming indifference of the dog, made timidly the rather sensible remark: "But suppose you freeze first, John? He's a bad crayture, but you'll be getting more comfort out of life if you come back to your warm bed and let him have his own way this cowld night."

The application of what Mr. Lincoln told of his Irish friend matters not, though it was applied to the secessionists. The story is pertinent now. "Organized labor," counting in its ranks tens of thousands of Chicagoans who are earning $600 and $1,000 a year, and in some cases less, has a controversy with Mr. Pullman, whose company has a surplus of $20,000,000. For the purpose of getting the better of Pullman some of the Chicago workingmen have thrown up their jobs, stopped their wages, and are going to starve themselves now and freeze next winter for the purpose of freezing the Pullman dog. Are they any wiser than Mr. Lincoln's Irishman, who set out to freeze to death the big woolly dog, whose hide was much thicker and powers of resistance to cold much greater than his own? In that case the wife gave good advice. How long will it be if the Chicago workmen cut off their wages before their wives are advising them to come in out of the cold and stop trying to freeze the Pullman dog to death?—Chicago Tribune.

IN MEMORY OF NATHAN HALE.

A Monument Unveiled at Huntington in Remembrance.

The memory of Nathan Hale, which for a long time after the close of the Revolutionary War was unhonored and practically unknown, has within recent years been brought vividly before the minds of American citizens by means



NATHAN HALE MONUMENT.

of the various monuments and other testimonials of respect which have been erected both in Connecticut, his native state, and in this city, the place of his execution.

After being almost forgotten there seems now to be an enthusiastic desire to commemorate the deeds of the fearless young martyr spy in every possible manner. Recently the Sons of the Revolution honored the memory of Nathan Hale by placing a statue of him in City Hall Park. Since that time the Nathan Hale fever has been assiduously fostered by the residents of Huntington, L. I.

It is thoroughly in keeping with the spirit which has prompted the erection of memorials in the past, that Huntington should now come to the front in showing its appreciation of the young Revolutionary hero. In the little cemetery at Coventry, Conn., where Nathan Hale was born in 1755, a tall granite shaft stands to his memory. New York, the scene of his tragic death, has been marked with a worthy memorial, and now Huntington, the place of his capture, appropriately completes the chain of notable occurrences in his short but eventful life, by erecting a monument on July 4 last.

The monument unveiled at Huntington was not an expensive affair, but it is artistic and will be as useful an addition as it will be ornamental to the town. It is practically a monumental drinking fountain, and slightly above the middle of the shaft is placed two lamps of artistic design.

Within a stones' throw of the monument is the old cemetery, over 200 years old, which during the Revolution was occupied by the British soldiers and called Fort Golgatha.

Generalship.

"The Llantys does be slow returnin' phwat they borry," said Mrs. Dolan.

"Yis, replied Mrs. Rafferty. "Oi niver will forgit the throuble Oi had gitten' back the flat-oirons Oi lint 'em wanst out o' the koindness av me heart."

"An how did yez git 'em?"

"Oi sint me b'y Teddy to holler out that the Clantys wouldn't be in this counthry, on'y St. Pathrick chased the snakes out av Oireland. Thin the oirons cem over the back fince fasht enough. All Teddy had to do wor to dodge 'em."—Washington Star.

A Wise Arrangement.

Boy—It's awful lucky we have our examinations for promotion now, instead of in the fall, when school opens.

Father—Why?

Boy—'Cause when school begins in the fall we none of us ever know anything.—Good News.

The Symptoms.

"Do you notice how muscular Jones is getting in the arms, how softly he walks and how gently he speaks?"

"Yes; what do you suppose has made the change?"

"Don't know. But it's either a boy or a girl."—Truth.

A Considerate Employer.

Publisher—You walk lame. Been kicked out much?

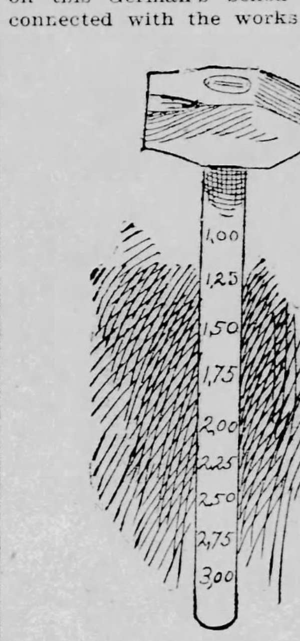
Book Agent—'Bout forty times.

Publisher (kindly)—Well, leave your sample cyclopedia here, and canvas with this sample Bible until your back gets well.—New York Weekly.

HIS SCALE OF ENERGY.

Suggestive Object Lesson Found in a Workman's Hammer Handle.

A story is told by a gentleman in one of whose shops is a German mechanic who is something of a genius. Lying on this German's bench a gentleman connected with the works saw a ham-



THE WORKMAN'S SCALE.

mer, on the handle of which were a series of figures.

"What is that for?" the man who was making the rounds asked.

"Vy, don't you know vot dot's for? Ef I got von tollar I takes hold of him like dot," and, suiting the action to the word, he grasped the hammer handle down over the dollar mark and pounded away about as effectively as would a red-headed woodpecker. "But ef I got tree tollar, I takes hold of him like dot," and he grasped the handle at its extreme end and swung the hammer with a force that would have driven a cold-chisel a quarter of an inch into steel at every blow. Anybody who has had much experience in handling men will readily see in the German mechanic's hammer handle a very suggestive object lesson.

TAKE CARE OF THE EYES.

How to Do So—To See the Cataract in Your Eye.

Everybody should have his own bed, towel, sponge, and soap, make his hand toilet in running water, live and sleep in well-ventilated rooms, and come under the cleansing, refreshing influence of out-door air and sunshine at least one hour every day of his life, for the health of his eyes. Roller towels, family wash rags, and the habit of using a bath or basin of water a second time produce more diseases of the eye and ear than all the fevers on the list of plagues. There are 43 diseases of the eye, and more than half are contagious. Fully 25 per cent of the sore eyes among babies and young children, and 11 per cent among adults are preventable. The most common disease, granulation of the lids, is contagious, and should be quarantined. In the surgical wards of public and private institutions towels are frequently burned, and bandages and dressings always the moment after use. Cataract patients are put in separate rooms in isolated wards. In all serious cases surgeons change their clothes, and often wear inclosed spectacles. Considering the pricelessness of sight, too much care can not be taken of the eye.

The following simple method enables a patient to see a cataract in his own eye and note its growth and development, probably better than any oculist can observe it for him. Cataract is said to be due to the gradual deposition of oxalate of lime in the substance of the crystalline lense, at first in small spots and streaks, sometimes in one part and sometimes in another. The deposit gradually decreases until it penetrates the whole of the lens, causing blindness. The remedy, then is to remove the lens, and after its removal the patient needs a substitute in the form of highly magnifying spectacles. All that is necessary to enable a patient to see his own cataract for himself is a piece of card and a needle—a visiting card will do very well. Pierce a clean, round hole near the middle of the card and hold the card up to the light close to the eye, looking preferably in the direction of a piece of blue sky. With the card near to the eye the patient will not see the small hole pierced by the needle, but he will see a comparatively large, faintly illuminated field, with his cataract projected upon it. He is, in fact, observing the shadow cast by his cataract on the retina at the back of his eye. With a small puncture in the card the shadow so thrown is comparatively sharp. But with a normal eye an evenly illustrated field of clean disk will be seen. The patient may thus look down his cataract, and settle for himself whether it is extending, and whether he will have an operation or not. None of the oculists seen have known of the method, and there may, consequently, be some advantage in making it public.

PUTTING UP SEASON.

James Canner—Did your wife put up anything this season, Jerry?

Jerry—Only me watch at the "pawn broker's," begob!

SHEAR NONSENSE.

"The fat girl in her bathing suit
Along the seashore fluttered;
The world politely turned it head, and
'Multum in parvo' muttered."
—Philadelphia World.

He—And so your father said he feared I didn't have any get-up-and-go about me, did he? I wonder what gave him that impression?

She—I presume it is because it is always so late when you do finally get up and go that he doesn't hear you.—Reading Telegram.

"Why turn away?" he gently asked.
Reproving her sweet shyness till
He stooped to snatch a kiss and caught
A whiff of onions and was still.
—Detroit Tribune.

"What do you think of Pythagoras' doctrine that a man may become a brute after his death?"

"After his death? Plenty of men do that a few months after marriage."—Indianapolis Journal.

Knew He Was Safe.

Naber—There, Willie Meanboy, I caught you throwing stones at Mr. Nearby's chickens, and I shall tell your mother this minute.

Willie (relieved)—Oh, I was 'fraid you was goin' ter tell Mr. Nearby.

Too Small.

She—I am afraid this chair isn't big enough for three.

Clerk—Three! Why, I should think two would be enough.

She—Where would Fido sit?—Judge.

VIRTUES AND VICES SET FORTH.

Curious List of Domestic Traits Engraved on a Tombstone.

In Wharton & Stille's Medical Jurisprudence are some curiosities under the head of "Oikeiomania," or morbid state of domestic affections. Among others if the following, which is to be seen in Horsley's Down churchyard, Cumberland, England:

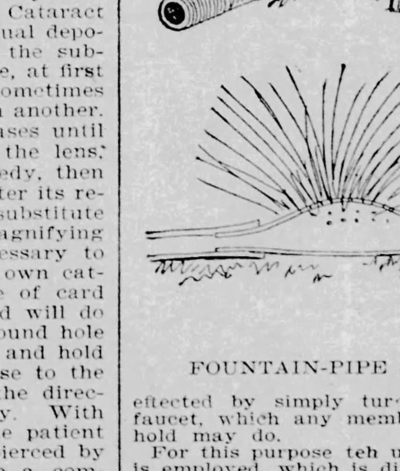
Here lie the bodies of
THOMAS BOND AND MARY, HIS WIFE,
She was temperate, chaste and charitable,
But
She was proud, peevish and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife and a tender mother,
But
Her husband and her child, whom she loves, seldom saw her countenance without a frown,
Whilst she received visitors whom she despised with an endearing smile.
Her behavior was discreet toward strangers,
But
Imprudent in her family
Abroad her conduct was influenced by good breeding,
At home by ill-temper.
She was a professed enemy to flattery, and was seldom anxious to praise or commend,
But
The talents in which she principally excelled
Were differences of opinion and discovering flaws and imperfections.
She was an admirable economist,
And without prodigality,
Dispensed plenty to any person in her family,
But
Would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.
She sometimes made her husband
Happy with her good qualities,
But
Much more frequently miserable with her many failings.
Insomuch that in thirty years' married life
He often lamented that
maugre all her virtues.
He had not on the whole enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort.
At length
Finding she had lost the affection of her husband, as well as the regard of her neighbors, family disputes having been divulged by servants,
Aged 48 years.
Her worn-out husband survived her four months and two days,
and departed this life
November 28, 1768,
In the 54th year of his age.
William Bond, brother to the deceased, erected this stone as a
Weekly monitor to the wives of this parish,
That they may avoid the infamy of having
Their memories handed down to posterity
With a patchwork character.

FOR IRRIGATING THE LAWN.

Invention by Which a Very Wide Space May be Moistened.

In order to keep a lawn fresh during the parching days of summer the grass must be repeatedly watered, and if the lawn is a large one this work of irrigation is no easy job. A common method is to have a hollow standard provided at its top with a rotary perforated head. This, when connected with the supply hose, throws a gentle rain over a considerable space, after which the standard is moved into a new position and another part of the lawn is watered and so on. The time and attention of one or more men, according to the size of the lawn, are required for this duty.

The object of the present invention is to effect the instantaneous irrigation of every part of the lawn at any time desired, without the interposition of a special attendant, such irrigation being



FOUNTAIN-PIPE SECTION.

effected by simply turning the water faucet, which any member of a household may do.

For this purpose teh usual lawn hose is employed, which is divided into various sections, the ends of which are connected to a series of short fountain-pipes. They may be made of copper for durability, but a cheaper material is tin, and it answers very well. One side of the pipe is provided with an ear, through which passes a long pin, by which the fountain-pipe is fastened to the ground. The central part of the fountain-pipe is enlarged and is perforated with fine holes, so that the escaping water from the several fountain-pipes will issue in the form of fine showers.

In practical use the hose, furnished with the fountain-pipes, is laid throughout the lawn, and the pipe pins are driven down to hold the fountain-pipes in proper position. The water-valve is then opened, when the entire lawn will be thoroughly and quickly showered. The hose and fountain-pipes may be left in position upon the lawn throughout the season, and the lawn may be irrigated whenever desired simply by turning the supply faucet.

WITH JOKERS AND RHYMSTERS.

All the evils that are to be found in soda water are always winked at.—Inter Ocean.

Little Elsie—"My ma's going to have a new maroon habit." Little Flossie—"My ma's just been cured of hers."—Detroit Tribune.

"I'm a crack shot," said the big cannon ball to the armor plate. "I hardly think so," replied the armor plate.—Washington Times.

Cooings—"What's the National League standing, now, Mr. Billings?" Billings—"A good deal of abuse, as usual."—South Boston News.

The custard pie is the poor man's natural dessert. There is no aristocracy about the custard pie. That is to say, no upper crust.—Boston Transcript.

Chollie—"Yaas, I believe that, as a rule, the second thought is the best." Miss Flyppe—"Indeed? When did you ever have the first one to compare it with?"—Indianapolis Journal.

A MAN OF LETTERS.

De Leon and Florida.

The first discovery of land in the limits of the United States was on April 2, 1512, by De Leon, and the land was Florida.—Denver Times.

A Chess Playing Village.

In the Austrian village of Storbech all the inhabitants are chess players, and the game is taught in the public schools.—Chicago Herald.

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THE SWORD OF FATE

By HENRY HERMAN,

Author of "Through Golden Fire," "Scarlet Fortune," "His Angel," "Eagle Joe," "For Old Virginia," "The Great Beckleswaithe Mystery," &c.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Daniel Huncoat, manager to Mr. Ralph Usselby, owner of the Great Griffin and other copper mines, is plotting how he can obtain possession of one of the supposed disused mines, the old Rosemary. In the village in which Mr. Usselby's country seat is situated Huncoat meets a woman whom he recognizes as Marion Guay, and whom he thought long since dead. Mr. Usselby, a happy married man, with a wife and grown-up son, is called upon by the woman, Marion Guay, and she reminds him, to his chagrin, that she is his wife, notwithstanding the marriage he had contracted after her supposed death. Usselby is distracted, but arranges to meet her at a place known as the Earl's Seat, near the Old Rosemary. His son overhears the interview, and he says he will help him to keep the dreadful secret.

Marion Guay, after leaving Mr. Usselby, is seized with a deathly faintness, but recovers somewhat and makes her way to the trysting place. She is seen there by Daniel Huncoat, and as two rustics approach Marion becomes alarmed, thinking that they have been sent to murder her. She has another attack of her fatal malady and falls near the Rosemary mine, down which she tumbles by the slipping of a plank.

Frank Usselby accompanied his father part of the way to the Rosemary mine and waited, but not seeing the woman Marion Guay, the father returned disconsolately home. Next day Usselby is surprised by a visit from Huncoat, who tells him that a lady's handkerchief stained with blood had been found. Shortly afterwards he horrifies the trembling man by telling him that the dead body of a woman had been found down the pit.

CHAPTER VII.

I will not dwell at length upon the awful period which followed the scene I have described. I might write a volume about it; each chapter of which would be stained by tears of pity. But there is sadness enough in this world, though none can gainsay the everlasting truth that the true human heart rejoices in shedding tears of sympathy over the grief of others, I will be as brief as possible with this portion of my story.

The storm cloud had crashed down upon Usselby Grange. The lightning of misfortune had wrecked that happy Devonshire home, and shattered it to its foundations. Ralph Usselby had not recovered his consciousness. All that day he had been sitting in his armchair, gaunt and grey, as the terrible news had left him, babbling incoherent words without sequence or meaning, staring at his wife, and his son and Grace, and not recognizing them. When night had come, and they had gently laid him in his bed, he had lain there sleepless and voiceless while his wife and son watched in tearful awe.

Grace was an angel of sympathy and mercy. The awe-stricken servants about the house seemed helpless and thoughtless; Mrs. Usselby was crushed by the blow which had fallen upon her husband, and Grace ordered everything and anticipated everything with the watchful care of a true woman.

Of course, she knew nothing as yet of the dreadful secret which haunted father and son, and had dashed the reason from the elder man. Yet she felt an instinctive dread that the worst had not yet unfolded itself before her, and her heart yearned to question Frank. But when she saw him so pale and haggard, she forebore.

"He will tell me when I ought to know," she said to herself. "Poor Frank."

Somehow or other another thought crossed and kept crossing her mind.

"Huncoat is the origin of all this," she said to herself. "I am sure he is at the bottom of it all."

She had never liked the mining agent. Huncoat, she fancied, had on one or two occasions been too free with her, and had permitted her to see more of his admiration than his position warranted. She was not a proud girl, but her good feeling rebelled at the thought of Huncoat's presumption.

It is a very short step for a woman, and especially a sensitive woman, from not liking a man to disliking him, and when a woman dislikes a man, she generally thinks him capable of any meanness.

Grace had no earthly reason for suspecting Huncoat of treachery to his employer, but she suspected him, nevertheless, and was not loath in giving words to her thoughts.

Frank remonstrated with her. He was a just man, and even his great trouble moved him not an inch from his sense of right.

"It was not Huncoat's fault," he urged, that with Grace, "that he made the ghastly find. He had ample reason for going to the place. God only knows what it may lead us to. We can only hope and pray."

"You know more about it than you tell me at present, Frank," pleaded Grace. "Confide in me. Let me share your sorrow. Two heads are always better than one, you know—and we two—" she added, with a sickly smile of encouragement, "will soon be one."

Frank pressed her hot hand.

"Have pity on me, darling," he said, "you will know soon enough; all too soon."

She pleaded again for confidence.

"Not now," was his reply; "not now."

He restrained himself then, and it was only when the rumor had reached the servants' hall, and he heard the gardener whispering to his mate about the fact that a certificate of marriage had been found upon the body of Marion Guay, which proved her to be Ralph Usselby's first wife, that Frank felt himself constrained to be the bearer of the ghastly tidings.

It was an afternoon when God's summer sunlight was at its brightest—when all nature seemed happy. Frank gently led his mother and Grace into the little room which served as a chapel at Usselby Grange, and where the Usselby family had prayed to their God on solemn occasions for hundreds of years past. There, before the altar of the Most High, he told the poor wretched wife that she was not a wife. He told Grace that he was a nameless man whom the unwritten law of society branded an outcast, and that he released her from her promise of love and hope.

Grace flung her arms around her affianced husband's neck, and clung to him.

"Never; never, never," she exclaimed. "You release me, but I do not release you. Now more than ever I hold you to you pledge. When fortune was at its brightest, I was to share it with you. We will work together, hope together, if need be, starve together; but do not breathe a word of separation, do not speak about breaking our engagement."

Mother and son gripped the brave girl's hands, and the three comforted one another amid their tears, and joined in exonerating and blessing him who was the cause of all their misfortune.

"God bless my dear Ralph," cried the unwedded wife. "God bless him and restore him. He not my husband? Never truer, purer and more sainted. He is my husband before God, whatever man may say or do.

They took counsel together what might be done in the face of the terrible events that were threatening.

Rumor flies with eagle wings in small country communities, and Frank had already learnt that his father was suspected of having thrown the wretched woman down the mine, for the purpose of ridding himself of an unwelcome encumbrance.

Thus the Friday passed. On the next day, the Saturday, the inquest was held, and both Ralph and Frank were called as witnesses.

The old gentleman was still in the same God-stricken state. The mind was a blank. He saw nobody and recognized nobody. He barely ever spoke a coherent sentence, and when he asked for aught and obtained a reply he only shook his headas if he understood not what the answer meant. White and wan, with such a pitiful expression on his face, as if a load were lying upon that poor heart, and he were choking under it.

The inquest was brief. Sam Whitefield and his man proved the finding of the body, which was identified by Joshua Mottram as that of a woman who had been staying at his inn.

The inspector of the county constabulary produced a certificate of marriage which had been found upon the body. It was dated September 29, 1857. That was five years before Usselby's marriage with Mary Piddington, which took place on the 13th of October, 1862, Marion Guay having supposedly perished in the wreck of the sailing vessel Auckland, on the Australian coast, on the 9th of February, 1860.

The medical evidence proved that the woman had been dead before reaching the bottom of the pit shaft, but the surgeon gave it as his unqualified opinion that death was caused by fright while being hurled down the shaft.

Joshua Mottram testified that he had seen Frank and Ralph in the neighborhood of the Rosemary, and that the elder man's face had been so white that he questioned him about it and received an evasive reply.

Joe Mottrom and Ned Potton had been putting their crafty heads together. Their guilty consciences told them that, in some measure, the quality of which they could not determine, they were parties to Marion Guay's death. How the woman died, or how she came to fall down the mine, they, of course, knew not, and could not guess, but the two young ruffians were fully aware that their threatening approach had frightened her into precipitous flight.

"That cooms through fussocking abroad with thee. Us ha' goodied a dollop thro agoin for to go thievin'. Us'll go to Lob's pound an' not a drip-my-bit for it. Fine pickle, baint it?"

"Yah, mumphead!" answered Ned, in his turn. "Keep thy tongue in thy cheek. Thee need'st not cal' home what thees't done. Squire wuz there. The Squire is a better man than thee. Us'll have to stid hard an' outwit Squire."

Frank was called and told the plain unvarnished tale he had to tell. He concealed nothing. He acknowledged that his father had gone to the mine for the purpose of meeting Marion Guay; that the old gentleman had proceeded to the engine house alone, and had returned to the crossing about a quarter of an hour afterwards, stating that Marion Guay had not kept her appointment. Of course he was sure that his father had spoken the absolute truth. It was absolutely impossible, he answered, that his father could have committed such a crime. But every word he uttered only made the chain of evidence which was being forged around his father more complete.

After all this decisive testimony only one verdict could be expected, namely, that of wilful murder against Ralph Usselby, and of being an accessory against Frank.

The dining room of the inn, where the inquest was held, was packed to suffocation with men and women. Even the window sills had their occupants, and on the outside men had placed ladders against the wall for the purpose of being able to see into the room, or to hear what was going on. There was a silence as of death in the room while the verdict was being given, followed by a seething and surging as if a tumult of horror had broken upon the whole of that assembly, pierced by the low wailing of two stricken women.

Frank was standing there with his mother's hand in his right, and Grace's in his left, and he hotly pressed them both when the dread result was sprung upon him. But he knew that he had to be brave for their sake, therefore he turned swiftly to each and kissed them, and they both clung to him in their weeping despair.

The people about them pushed backwards, and respectfully made more room for the man whom a jury of his countrymen had accused of participation in murder. The hum of conversation that rose through the place was nearly unanimous in his favor. They had all known their squire since they had known anybody. They had all seen his son grow up manly and God-fearing, and though they admitted that the verdict was the only one that could be arrived at upon the evidence before the jury, they could get themselves to believe in the guilt of either father or son.

Huncoat was standing by Frank's side, and the young man beckoned to him, and took him by the hand.

"Huncoat," he said, "you are my father's trusted servant. I place implicit confidence in you in the hour of our severe trial. Take care of my mother and of Miss Grace for me, while my father is helpless."

Grace looked at Frank with a despairing remonstrance, but his mind was so full of the more immediate terror, that she kept her fears to herself.

"You may rely upon me, Mr. Frank," Huncoat replied, with a calm, unblushing face. "You may rely upon me as you would upon yourself," and the young man felt assured of his dear ones being in the care of a friend.

When the moments had slipped away, and the county constabulary inspector touched Frank on the shoulder—when he had to tear himself away from the embrace of his beloved ones, he faltered for a second only, and then kissed them again, and bade them "Good bye."

God who is just," he said, "will not allow this injustice to be done. We will trust in him, and father and I will be saved."

The greensward in front of the inn was swarming with people. It was Saturday, and therefore a half holiday, and nearly every one of the miners employed at the Great Griffin had come to hear the result. There was no question about their opinion on the subject.

"Whaat! Whaat!" they all said. "Maaster guilty of murder? Not he. I 'oan't believe it."

When Frank passed with a policeman on either side of him, he would have had only to hold up his finger, and he would have been rescued, and his guardians driven away. A hundred hands were itching to grip the representatives of the law by the collar, and to drag their prisoners away from them.

But the most terrible of trials was yet to come for that white-haired unwedded wife and poor Grace. The inspector came to Usselby Grange and claimed Ralph as his prisoner.

The old gentleman was sitting in his arm chair, smiling, with a blank and nearly child-like smile that went straight to the heart. The officer was as gentle as it was possible for him to be.

"I want you to come with me, Mr. Usselby," he said; and Ralph looked at him in a puzzled enquiry and nodded; whilst poor Mrs. Usselby flung herself about her husband's neck and clung to him as to a rock of safety in a storm.

"I think it would be better, Mrs. Usselby," said the inspector quietly and feelingly, "if you were to make no show of emotion. I think we could get him more easily to come with us."

"You are right," replied the sorely-tried lady. "I must be brave. I know I shall have to be brave. But it is breaking my heart. It is killing me. My God! What shall I do? What shall I do"

They got him away at last, telling him they were going to take him for a drive. The inspector had allowed them to use their own carriage, and the only show of authority was the officer who sat with the prisoner. That same day, both father and son were taken to Tavistock—the son to be lodged in the cells of the police station—the father, by the instructions of the police surgeon, being taken to the Cottage Hospital, where he was guarded night and day by a constable.

CHAPTER VIII.

The petty sessions are held at Tavistock on every alternate Monday, and the Monday following the arrest of Usselby, father and son, happened to be one of the session days. Ralph Usselby was a magistrate for the district, and Frank held various public offices of dignity and trust.

The worthy gentlemen before whom the two wretched men were to be arraigned were stricken with a sympathetic horror, and the moment the news became known, men of position and estate in the county hurried into Tavistock with the ardent desire to help the two incriminated men, and the unhappy ladies of their family.

A procession of carriages passed through the grounds of the Cottage Hospital on that Sunday afternoon, the ladies especially vieing with one another in their endeavors to console Mrs. Ralph Usselby.

The characters of the two accused men were so well known for all that was good and honorable, lofty of purpose and pure of intent, that none of the visitors would believe in Ralph Usselby's guilt. There was something wrong, they all said—some inscrutinable mystery, shrouded the whole business, and, of course, the charge was a proper one. That they could not deny. But it would be refuted—of that they had no doubt.

Grace and Mrs. Usselby both felt a little lighter at heart under the comforting warmth of sympathetic communion. The poor old gentleman listened to everybody, and smiled at everybody with slow and dim recognition that was piteous.

He would look at one person and then at another, and nod to them with his wonted grace, and then a cloud would suddenly obscure his visionary powers. Gentle as he had been before his power of reasoning had been smashed out of his mind, he sat in voiceless misery on his hospital couch. It was a happiness to his wife, amid her sea of trouble, that he did not understand the weight of the load which was bearing him down.

When the Monday came, both prisoners were brought before the magistrates—Ralph in a vague unconcern, and Frank with grey face and sunken eyes.

Ralph looked about him in a blank surprise as he entered the room where he had so often sat in judgment upon others. For a moment he stood still, then his features brightened, and he pressed his hands against his forehead. He gazed long at his brother magistrates upon the bench, and suddenly, as if remembering where he was, but not why, he walked straight up and shook each of the justices by the hand, and smiling again, took his seat by their side.

The magistrate looked at one another, and one of them, a young man newly appointed, whispered to the chairman, "Shall I call a constable?"

The chairman, Sir Andrew Veale, Ralph Usselby's friend for nearly half a century, was sitting there silently with the tears streaming down his face, and the old gentleman was not ashamed to let the world see them.

The question was repeated, when the chairman retorted by the enquiry, "Are you afraid of him?"

"No, of course not," was the rejoinder.

"Well, then," cried Sir Andrew, "let him sit where he is," and that court room, packed with people, rang with applause at the chairman's decision. It was against precedent, but it was so human.

The case then proceeded. The police gave such evidence as was within their power; the testimony of the witnesses from the Jolly Boatman Inn and from the mine was repeated, and the remand was the only possible result.

When the sitting was over, Ralph allowed himself to be led away by his wife, but he had to pass Frank, who was standing by the solicitor's table, biting his lips, and digging his finger nails into the palms of his hands in the feverish endeavor to conceal his emotion.

Seeing Frank, the old man slipped away from his wife and took his son's arm, and the wretched young man, after gazing at his father fervently for a few heart-beats' space, broke down under the terrible ordeal and sobbed aloud.

At that moment it became evident to all in that room that the strayed mind made a ghastly torturing endeavor to remember; the handsome white features became convulsed, the lips drawn and open, the teeth set, the open hands fumbled wildly in the air, and Mrs. Usselby on a sudden turned as white in the face as her husband, and was only prevented from falling headlong by one of the bystanders catching her in time.

In this emergency, Sir Andrew tapped Ralph on the shoulder and slipped his own arm through that of the prisoner he had just remanded.

"Come along, Usselby," he said gently, and Ralph, smiling as vacantly as before, was led away to his hospital prison by his judge.

Frank and Ralph were legally represented before the magistrates by the solicitor in Plymouth, who had conducted the law business of the Usselby family for nigh on half a century.

Mr. Allerton was a light of legal learning and a living encyclopoedia of legal knowledge, but age dims the energy and lessens speed. He was not very old, but infirm, and would insist upon conducting the case in person.

Grace, with her woman's instinct and shrewdness, became every day strengthened in the assurance that if Ralph and Frank's innocence were to be proved certain enquiries would have to be made with tact and caution in the neighborhood, and that the whole ground where the crime was supposed to have been committed would have to be minutely examined.

She submitted her ideas on the subject to Mr. Allerton, but the straightforward, old-fashioned lawyer had a horror of private detectives.

"They are rogues, Miss Grace," he said, "believe me, nearly all of them. When you employ them, if they cannot find evidence they will manufacture it, and when they have obtained it, wrongly or rightly, they will use it only for the purpose of blackmailing either openly or covertly. They are like two-edged swords, and wound much oftener than they protect and save."

Grace, thus repelled, pondered over the matter, mingling her thoughts with her tears. She was too well known in the district to be able to carry on investigations with secrecy or likelihood of success.

She argued, rightly, that whoever had committed the murder—for that a murder had been committed by somebody she doubted not—would be on his guard, as he would be well aware that betrayal meant the gallows.

Nevertheless, she would steal out at night, when the roads were still in their midnight loneliness, and wander up towards the old Rosemary. Tramps and malefactors who might prowl about in search of an easy prey, had no terrors for the brave girl.

All around the engine-house ferns and grass and wild flowers had been trodden down by many feet. Idle curiosity had attracted hundreds to the locality of the supposed crime, and Grace soon perceived that the chances of discovering a clue to the solution of the mystery were very slender indeed.

But she despaired not.

She sat sometimes for an hour on the Earl's Seat, wrapped in thought, her heart's longing carrying her mind to Tavistock, where her lover lay in an undeserved prison. The moonlight danced upon the low-lying opal mist, and made her look like a gauze-covered fairy watching over the hidden ore.

The autumn nights were chilly, and she would shiver in the midst of her burning thoughts, and then creep around the place, praying to the Father in Heaven that he might direct her hands and her eyes towards something, however trivial, which might help to prove the innocence of those she loved so well.

She could find nothing, however—nothing but an old briarroot pipe, which anybody might have dropped. Many men most likely had smoked on coming to the engine house, and one of them had lost his pipe. It was nothing, she thought, and could help her nothing, but though the smell was offensive to her, she wrapped it in her pocket handkerchief and took it home with her. There she examined it by the light of her lamp, but the thing was nauseous to her, and she threw it into a little box where she kept useless odds and ends.

A fortnight passed, during which Ralph Usselby seemed to recover some consciousness of things surrounding him. Little by little his powers of recognition of objects and people seemed to increase. His wife, by a special grace, was allowed to visit him every day, and under her tender care and the unceasing watchfulness of the nurses attached to the hospital, an improvement became noticeable.

Another remand, and yet another, and thus six weeks passed. At the second remand, the magistrates consented to accept bail for Frank's appearance, and ample security was immediately volunteered.

Frank, indeed, was believed to be totally innocent. His sturdy assertion that his father was absolutely guiltless was, of course, of very considerable weight. People argued rightly that whatever the father might have done, if he kept the fact of his guilt from his son, the son could not be an accessory.

There was no proof whatever of the guilt of the father, and the son was aware of it. The case against Frank rested on the merest suspicion, whilst that against Ralph Usselby was based, seemingly, on the uncontradictable testimony of eyewitnesses.

The darkness of that unhappy home was, of course, brightened when Frank re-entered it. It was a source of great comfort to the young man and to those near and dear to him, that nobody, high or low, shunned him or them. No taint of crime seemed to cling to them.

Joshua Mottram blubbered when he met Frank on the first day of the latter's provisional liberty.

"Mainsorry I be, sir," he vowed, "for having to go against Squire and thee. I do wish I'd been born blind and dumb."

"Don't say a word about it," Frank replied. "Do your duty. I don't blame you."

There was one little scene which deeply impressed the sorely tried young man.

An old soldier lived at Alton Ferrers who had seen a century pass over his head. He had fought with Wellington in Spain, and at Waterloo, where Frank's granduncle had died for his country.

The old man had seen Ralph's father grow up, and Ralph grow up, and Frank grow up, each true chips of the old block; and he dressed himself in his best and came down from his little cottage and waited for Frank one day by the roadside near the Grange. When the young man stopped, as he always did when he saw Nat, the old soldier gripped him by the hand fervently, and looked into his eyes.

"Tell 'em as say thee an' thy faather did it," he said, slowly, "that Nat Howton says they lie. There be truth an' goodness in thy face, lad, as it be in thy faather's, an' wuz in thy grandfaather's afore him. Shake hands upon it, Maaster Frank, an' an old man's blessing upon you all."

Frank made good use of his liberty by engaging the most renowned criminal counsel whose services lavish money could buy. Mr. Allerton one day was prostrated by a paralytic attack, which kept him confined to his chair, and Grace at last persuaded him to send a clerk to Usselby Grange to collect exonerating evidences, but he was a clumsy young man, rather officious and self-sufficient, proclaiming his presence and his purpose from the housetops, so to say, and the result was a failure.

Huncoat seemed a pattern of devoted solicitude. He was ever by Frank's side. No hour appeared to be too early or too late, and mother and son were loud in his praises.

Grace watched Huncoat's conduct in silence. She suspected the man of treachery and cunning, and deemed it best, for the time being, to keep her own counsel so far as to be able to meet Mr. Huncoat, if need be, by such weapons as he least dreaded.

Huncoat in his turn became more open in his expressed admiration of Grace. Frank was blind in his assured love, and too deeply crushed by the blow he had to bear. But the girl noticed the ardent looks, the studiedly attentive manner, and the many slight but infallible tokens which tell a woman that a man would make advances to her if he dared.

She resented Huncoat's conduct hotly, and at any other time would have spoken to Frank about it. As it was, she only bit her lip.

"Let him go on," she said to herself. "So much the better. Who knows? It may be useful. I can trust myself, surely. Yes, it may be best to let him go on."

One more remand, and then the magistrates, finding themselves face to face with the unusual problem of a prisoner, the evidence against whom more than warranted a committal for trial, and seemed nearly to prove his absolute guilt, but who was undoubtedly not in a state of mind to appreciate the charge against him, and was certainly unable to plead, communicated with the law officers of the government.

The Secretary of State sent specially authorized officials to examine the state of Ralph Usselby's mind. Physicians of fame, specialists in lunacy, came from London, and were agreed that there was no hope for a long to come, at any rate, of his being so far restored to reason as to be able to reply to the charge against him.

The poor wife listened to all, and saw all, with a new terror in her heart for she knew what it all meant. It meant that her husband was to be taken from her—to be shut up forever, perhaps, at Broadmoor. It seemed so terribly hard that he should thus, as it were, be convicted without being tried.

Frank driven to despair, took the case out of the hands of the decrepit family solicitor at Plymouth, and committed it to the care of a London

firm, well-known for their experience and tact. Counsel were duplicated, Frank and Ralph being each separately represented, instead of jointly, as before.

On one Monday in September the magistrates discharged Frank, against whom no further evidence had been offered. But they considered the testimony before them sufficient to connect the father directly with the murder of Marion Guay, and committed him for trial at the Exeter assizes, which were to be held in the following week.

I will pass rapidly over this trying period, and that awful day when Ralph Usselby was arraigned for murder.

Frank knew, and poor Mrs. Usselby knew that the proceedings were of the most formal kind. The grand jury were bound to find a true bill, and the law in cases like Ralph's is perfectly clear. It is plainly expressed by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen in his "Digest of the Law of Criminal Procedure," article 277, under the heading "Arraignment—standing mute," the learned judge says: "If the prisoner must be confined during Her Majesty's pleasure as if he were insane," and he quotes the case of Regina v. Berry as an illustration.

The jury were, of course, bound to find that Ralph Usselby could not understand the proceedings, and upon that finding Ralph Usselby was committed to Broadmoor.

It was a terrible day, that day when Ralph was banished from his family, seemingly beyond hope of return.

Mrs. Usselby, who had steeled her nerves as only a good woman can, at last, felt her fortitude failing, and shrieked with despair.

Grace, with her bright eyes swollen and her pretty face red with her tears, clung to Mrs. Usselby, and all Frank's endeavors to pacify the two frantic women were for the moment futile.

Poor Ralph Usselby passed through it all with that heart-breaking vacant smile of his. It seemed not to matter to him whether he was led, or who led him. When the door to the cells closed behind him, his wife fell stark and cold into her son's arms.

But it had to be fought through. The horror of those awful moments being over, the natural courage and the power of prayer returned, and under the softening influence of the latter, by God's blessing, calmer reason exerted its sway. He who saw all and judged all, had punished them for something—they knew not what—but they prayed Him who guided the blow to stay His heavy hand. Surely an end would come of the night of torture which had enveloped them. While there was life there was hope, and that strayed mind might come back, and then proof might be brought that his hand was not red with the blood of a fellow creature.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CALLS HIMSELF CHRIST.

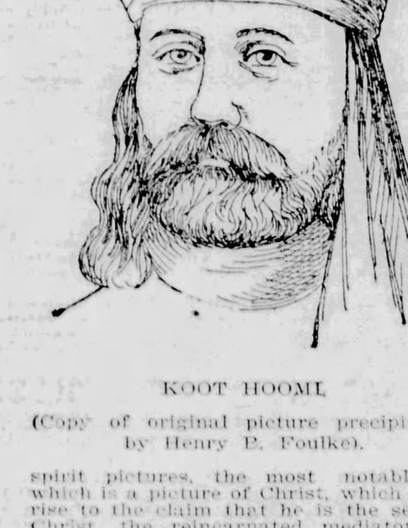
Henry B. Foraker Says He Is the Reincarnated Savior.

"Is it true that you are Christ?"

"Some say that I am. I have never claimed that I am. I claim nothing for myself. I am that I am. When Jesus was before Pilate He was asked: 'Art Thou a King?' and His only reply was: 'Thou sayest that I am.'"

This was the answer of Henry B. Foulke, successor to Mme. Blavatsky, medium, Theosophist, healer of the sick, worker of miracles, ex-real estate agent, who was found by a Philadelphia Inquirer reporter in the 10x12 attic of a former friend named George Falkenstein. What Foulke says he is, and what he says he does are what would lead any one to conclude that he thinks he is Christ. In the same manner he thinks he is the chosen successor to Mme. Blavatsky, Theosophy's late high priestess.

He professes not that he can precipitate a spirit picture, but that numbers have been precipitated through him, and he has a trunk full of these



KOOT HOOMI.

(Copy of original picture precipitated by Henry B. Foulke).

spirit pictures, the most notable of which is a picture of Christ, which gave rise to the claim that he is the second Christ, the reincarnated mediator, a claim that he declines to deny. He claims the power of prophecy. He predicted earthquakes and disturbances in Greece, and now prophesies seismic disturbances and war in this country. The West is to secede from the East on the gold and silver issue.

He claims to live without a thought for the morrow; that he has no money and doesn't want any; that he never questions where he will get the next meal; that he did take all that he had and gave it away; that he gave up his real estate business and prospects as a lawyer in this city to follow the commandment from God; that he considers the lilies how they grow, etc.; that he was once worth $25,000, but that he spent all in the "cause," in the "work," etc.; that he has seen the time when he had not even clothes to wear on the streets; that many a time he had no place to lay his head.

He claims never to have accepted a cent for services as a medium, and alleges that all Christians and spiritualists and mediums and Theosophists of every description who take money for their spirit pictures or exhibitions are frauds and hypocrites and false to Christ.

He claims that through himself miracles have been wrought as great as any that Christ performed, that the sick are healed and devils cast out to-day as they were of old.

STOP THAT THINKING.

It is Sometimes the Only Way to Secure Needed Sleep.

Most people are wise enough to eat when they are hungry, but many fail to attain the higher reach of wisdom, and sleep when they are sleepy. Any reason serves for shortening their hours of rest; and they thus bring upon themselves that dreaded disease, insomnia.

There are scientific writers on this subject who claim that the best remedy for this is to learn to sleep in the daytime. This is very well where from some cause—work, or watching, or pleasure—you may have failed to get your needed sleep for a night or two. There is undoubtedly a great virtue in naps, even short ones; the art of napping in the daytime, for those who can acquire and have the leisure to indulge in it, is a desirable one, and, like most arts, a matter of practice.

Still, it is a bad plan to get into the habit of turning night into day; and, if you are not kept awake by care or illness, but merely have lain awake because you could not sleep, I should recommend you to fight the consequent drowsiness of the next day, in order that you may, if possible, resume your natural rest at night. Sleeplessness is generally the result of an unfortunate habit of "thinking," generally on unpleasant subjects, after one has retired for the night.

A wise physician once said, "Gloomy thoughts prevent sleep. The poor and unfortunate magnify and increase their misfortune by too much thinking. 'Blessed be he who invented sleep,' but thrice blessed be the man who shall invent a cure for thinking."

In the Spring, Etc.

These are the nights when a girl with father, mother, sisters and brothers gets lonesome and walks out to the gate to see if some young man will not happen along.—Atchison Globe.

Deductive.

Johnny—Pop, is a man born in Poland a Pole?

His Father—Yes, my son.

Johnny—Well, then, is a man born in Holland a Hole?—Truth.

FAMOUS WAR CHIEFS

ROCKY BEAR AND BLACK HEART WERE GREAT WARRIORS.

Once They Fought the Whites With Terrible Energy and Now Earn a Livelihood With Cody.

In the grand review of the rough riders of the world at Ambrose Park every afternoon and evening, says the New York Herald, there may be seen in the front rank of the Sioux a tall, commanding figure elaborately painted and bedecked from head to foot in gaudy feathers and eagle plumes. He is a striking figure among all those hundreds of painted warriors, and if you will notice when next you visit the Wild West camp you can see this chief sitting upon his pony alone a few paces in front of all the other chiefs. He is announced by the lecturer as Rocky Bear, chief of the Sioux.

Of Black Heart, another chief, Major John M. Burke, who has for years been known as the friend of both the Indians and the whites, gives some interesting reminiscences. Speaking of this chief to the writer the other day the major said:

"Black Heart, although a comparatively young man, is the very influential sub-chief of the Ogallalla Sioux. He occupies a position under Rocky Bear corresponding to that of a lieutenant under a general of our army.

"When the battles of War Bonnet Creek and Rosebud were fought Black

ROCKY BEAR.

Heart was one of the worst hostiles and after peace had been declared and Red Cloud had been persuaded to bury the hatchet, Black Heart determined to go upon a marauding expedition on his own account. Like Rocky Bear he imagined that his people were all powerful, and that the few scattered settlements of whites in Dakota and Nebraska represented the strength of the palefaces. Therefore, at the head of a band of renegade Indians he started in to massacre all the whites in the small settlements in the vicinity of the reservation, but, happily, the influence of Red Cloud prevailed upon him to return and surrender to the troops.

"Black Heart has traveled extensively with Colonel Cody's exhibition, and has not only visited all the principal cities in this country, but has been all over Europe as well. I do not believe I have ever seen an Indian so perfectly astounded at the vast power of the whites as was Black Heart during the first few months he was with us. London was a city which to him was of limitless extent, and he is never tired of telling of the wonders he saw there.

"When the news came to us in Europe of the last Sioux outbreak, Col. Cody took the fastest available steamer for America, and hastened at once to report at Pine Ridge agency, and to offer his services as mediator. I was at that time in Strasburg with Black Heart and 65 other Indians. We were instructed to return to the reservation with all possible despatch, in order that the Indians who were with me might use their influence toward quieting their people and restoring friendly relations with the government.

"We stopped at Washington, where Commissioner Belt, in the absence of General Morgan, told us of the threatening state of affairs on the reservation, and asked us to hasten with all speed to the seat of trouble. We traveled by express trains without making a single stop except to change engines, and arrived at Pine Ridge within two hours after the Seventh cavalry had pitched their tents there. We had accomplished 5,835 miles of uninterrupted travel, and of course the Indians were nearly worn out.

"Col. Cody, who had preceded us several days, had journey on to confer with Sitting Bull in the North, and was at that time using every endeavor in his power to establish peace and avert the trouble which would otherwise be sure to follow. Sitting Bull was at that time in Red Cloud's camp, at which Black Heart, No Neck and Rocky Bear had always been prominent advisers for peace. Black Heart, while unwilling to take up arms against his own people, was nevertheless willing to aid me in a semi-neutral way in whatever manner I might direct.

"As I was not at the agency in the capacity of a soldier, but rather as a mutual friend to both sides, I was able to use Black Heart in the capacity of scout to excellent advantage. He came to me one night and told me that unless measures were taken to pacify the hostiles a terrible battle could not be averted. The Indians had already laid the trap for the Wounded Knee fight, and if they had not miscarried in account of information that came to the commander of the troops just in time another massacre similar to the Custer tragedy would undoubtedly have been chronicled.

"His information was extremely valuable in a thousand ways, and one instance occurs to me now that ought to make every mother who visits our camp in Brooklyn friendly to Black Heart. After the fight at the mission four little white children were missing, and our scouts brought in word that they had been captured by a band of Red Cloud's warriors. Every one supposed, of course, the usual fate of captives had befallen these tender prisoners, but I determined to send Black Heart into their camp at night to rescue them if still alive or to bring us authentic news of their death if they had been killed.

"He came to me at the sutlers' store late at night all decked out in his war paint and ghost shirt so that I scarcely knew him. He was about as wild a looking Indian as could be found in the Bad Lands. I told him as briefly as I could what I wanted and instructed him to leave no stone unturned to save those children if they were still alive.

"He departed in the snow storm, one of the bitterest nights I ever saw, and it was a question in my mind whether he would come back. But just as the dawn was breaking the Indian scouts on the outposts of the camp sent me word that Black Heart had returned, and with him were the four little children, alive and unharmed, but almost frozen.

"How did he get them? That is a question he never enlightened me upon. I was glad enough to know that the children were saved and returned to their parents without asking any of the whys and wherefores. I imagine, however, that Black Heart used his native oratory with good effect on Red Cloud, and that he also took occasion to tell him of the wonderful cities of the white race, of their vast armies and of their wonderful power, and that he also used bribery to a certain extent, well knowing that I would keep whatever promise he made. He brought me this characteristic note, evidently written by a squaw who had received some education in English:

My Friend:—I send you the children well. Send me a woolen shirt, heap tobacco and eye water.

RED CLOUD.

"I could tell you stories about Black Heart's history all day if you had the room to print them, for withal I think him one of the most interesting, intelligent and valuable Indians we have in the entire camp."

HOOD'S

Sarsaparilla is carefully prepared by experienced pharmacists from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well known vegetable remedies. The Combination, Proportion and Process are Peculiar to Hood's, giving it curative power Peculiar to Itself. Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Sores, Boils, Pimples and all other affections caused by impure blood; Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints. It is Not What We Say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla Does, that Tells the Story—Hood's Sarsaparilla

CURES

Hood's Pills win new friends daily.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Latest Volumes on the Blade's Book Table for Review.

"The Potter's Thumb" is a novel by Flora Annie Steele, which is published by Harper & Brothers, New York City. The scene is laid in British India where as may be well understood are ample materials for most fascinating fiction. In the present story the author shows her acquaintance with all phases of life in India, and her talent in the portrayal of character.

"A Prodigal in Love," by Emma Wolf, is also published by the Harpers of New York. The scene of the story is laid in San Francisco. The plot is decidedly improbable and yet it is developed in so realistic a manner as to carry the reader along with it to the end, full of interest.

"The Women's Conquest of New York," is just issued by Harper & Brothers, New York. It is an account of the rise and progress of the women's rights movement, of the grant of female suffrage, of the capture of the women voters of the government of the city of New York, by the election as mayoress of Bridget O'Dowd.

That masterpiece of Johann Wolfgang Goethe, "The Sorrows of Werther," has just been issued by the Mascot Publishing Co., 169 Sixth avenue, New York. This romantic and pathetic story made its author famous. Goethe was so enamored of the work that when he reached ripe manhood and had developed his brilliant style of writing he called in all the books written in early life and destroyed all but "Werther." Goethe is the greatest of all German authors and "Werther" has been more widely and continuously read than any other of his books.

Nicholas Notovitch's book, "The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ," which appeared a few weeks ago in Paris for the first time, has been placed before American readers by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, and G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York. Mr. Notovitch claims that he found in a monastery in India manuscripts which contain the records of the life of Christ from about his twelfth year to his thirtieth year, of which there is no account in sacred history.

"In and Out of Three Normandy Inns," by Anna Dodd, is published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York City. This is a most charmingly written story of wanderings through Norman villages giving a clear idea of the people quaint and interesting, and the picturesque scenery of this part of the world which most of us are strangers to. The style is especially easy and attractive, and the volume is full of fascination.

Around the earth, in every land,
By every stream that I'm aware of,
In every town, they understand
How teeth may best be taken care of.
From Jersey flats to Birmah's mount
They sing the praise of SOZODONT.

MOSES'S BURNING BUSH.

A Queer Plant Which Grows on Barren African Sands.

One of the great wonders of the vegetable kingdom is the Welwitschia mirabilis.

It grows on the barren land of the western side of Africa, where rain is almost unknown and the only moisture is that from dews which fall at night. This plant was discovered in 1860 by Dr. Welwitsch, an eminent scientific traveler. The Welwitschia is a tree which lives for many years, many specimens are estimated beyond 100 years old.

Every year of its life increases its size, yet it never grows higher. Rising just above the ground, this strange plant, looking like a rough round table regularly enlarges by adding concentric layers to its circumference. The flat upper surface of the trunk is very hard and dark, resembling in color and texture the crust of an overbaked loaf. The trunk attains the size of from fourteen to eighteen feet in circumference, but is never but a few inches above the ground.

The Welwitschia is remarkable in the fact it never loses its first two leaves and never gets any more. These leaves increase in size year after year until they attain the length of six or eight feet or more. They are flat and leathery and frequently split into numerous straps. In India are many plants wonderful in their luminous qualities. The anthiskiria anathera is a plant luminous during the nights of the rainy season. A plant known in Europe as dictamnus fraxitella has the same quality and is also found in the Himalayas. Writers there speak of bushes burning and yet not consumed. Could that burning bush of Moses have been of that order?

THE FORTY-FIFTH STATE.

Something About the Coming Commonwealth of Utah.

Utah has helped to make a good deal of history. It forms part of the territory acquired from Mexico in 1848, and the first settlement of the Mormons in it took place a year earlier. In 1850 a territorial government was formed in Utah, which at that time comprised part of what is now the states of Colorado, Wyoming and Nevada. About 40 years ago attempts were first made to secure admission for Utah, under the name of the state of Deseret, but Congress declined because of the practice of polygamy by the Mormons, who constituted the bulk of the population of the region. Polygamy turned the military arm of the government against the Mormons several years before the conflict of 1861-65, and the legislative arm was wielded against them with such vigor afterward that that practice was made illegal by Congress, and afterward abolished by the Mormon church.

Very few territories had, on admission to statehood, as large a population as Utah has at this time. It had 207,905 inhabitants in 1890, and was in this respect fortieth on the list among the states and territories taken together. Delaware, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, and Wyoming among the states have fewer inhabitants. In area Utah is slightly larger than Kansas and Minnesota, and 25 per cent larger than Missouri. Polygamy was the cause of Utah's exclusion from statehood to this time, but under the act of Congress the constitution which is to be framed must provide by a requirement, unalterable without the consent of the United States, as well as the people of the state, that all sorts of religion shall be tolerated and that plural marriages shall be forever prohibited. The "twin relic" appears to have no chance under this regulation, therefore the admission of Utah can hardly produce any serious religious or social problems for the country.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

What a "Demand Note" Is.

S. B., Brandywine, O., referring to "The Demand Notes," in Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of June 24, says: "Speaking of the demand notes you say that they were equal to gold because they were received for all dues to the government. Then you say that they would have depreciated if they had not been payable in gold. Then you say the demand notes were not greenbacks, because they were payable on demand. Now, I have before me two United States notes—one for two and the other for five dollars. One says 'the United States will pay the bearer two dollars in coin.' The other says, 'the United States will pay the bearer five dollars.' Neither says 'on demand.' Now, what puzzles me is, if one read 'on demand,' which would be due first? 'On demand' is when presented, and is no more a fixed time than the 'will pay,' without the 'demand.' If I give my note good for five dollars, without specified time, it is good any time."

Of the two notes referred to, the first is a treasury note of 1890, issued under the Sherman law, in payment for silver bullion. The second is a greenback. Neither is a demand note, but they both are what is called "irredeemable notes."

The distinction between a "demand note" and an "irredeemable" one is this: When a government note reads "on demand," that means that it will be "redeemed"—that is when presented at the treasury, it will be paid, cancelled and not paid out again. An "irredeemable" note has not the words "on demand," and so, when it is received by the treasury, it is paid out again and kept in circulation. When a demand note is presented, the debt it represents is paid, and the note destroyed. When an "irredeemable" note is presented, it is paid, but the government pays it out again, and thus creates the debt anew which it represents. It is unfortunate that the term "irredeemable" came into use for such notes, for the word literally means, "that which cannot or will not be redeemed." These notes will be redeemed some time, of course, but the time of redemption is entirely at the pleasure of the government. Hence an "irredeemable" note is one that the government will not redeem until it gets ready. To use your own illustration, your note of hand, if it bore the words "on demand," would be payable whenever presented; if it did not, and no time were stated when it should become due, you would not need to redeem it until you got ready. It would be just the same as though the note bore the words: "I promise to pay to bearer five dollars when I get ready to do so." But how many men would take a note of hand so worded?

With this explanation, you will be able to see the radical difference between the demand notes of 1861 and the greenbacks. The latter are "irredeemable"; the demand notes were paid in for duties, because they were receivable therefor, and were at once cancelled and not reissued. Had they been "irredeemable," they would have been paid out again; and the result would have been that all duties would have been paid in them, the government would not have been able to obtain gold (duties being payable therein), our bonds could not have been sold abroad, and we would have been without means to carry on the war.

Presidential Elections.

W. L. J., Ingram, Okla., asks: "Please give the number of votes cast, both electoral and popular, for each succeeding president of the United States since the war of the rebellion."

	Electoral Vote.	Popular Vote.
1860—Lincoln	180	1,866,352
Douglas	12	1,375,157
Breckinridge	72	845,763
Bell	39	589,581
1864—Lincoln	212	2,216,067
McClellan	21	1,808,725
1868—Grant	214	3,015,071
Seymour	80	2,709,615
1872—Grant	286	3,597,070
Greeley	..	2,834,079
Black, P.	..	5,608
Hendricks	42	....
Gratz Brown	18	....
Jenkins	2	....
David Davis	1	....
1876—Tilden	184	4,284,885
Hayes	185	4,033,950
Cooper, Gbk.	..	81,740
Smith, P.	..	9,552
Walker, Am.	..	2,636
1880—Garfield	214	4,449,053
Hancock	155	4,442,035
Weaver, Gbk.	..	307,306
Dow, P.	..	10,305
Phelps, Am.	..	707
1884—Cleveland	219	4,911,017
Blaine	182	4,848,334
St. John, P.	..	151,809
Butler, L.	..	133,825
1888—Cleveland	168	5,538,233
Harrison	233	5,440,216
Fisk, P.	..	249,907
Streeter, U. L.	..	148,105
Cowdry, U'd. L.	..	2,808
Curtis, Am.	..	1,591
1892—Cleveland	277	5,556,918
Harrison	145	5,176,108
Weaver, Pop.	22	1,041,028
Bidwell, P.	..	264,133
Wing, Soc. L.	..	21,164

Latitude and Longitude.

U. G. W., Tyner, W. Va., asks: "What arrangements have mariners to always tell their latitude and longitude, no difference where driven by storms? Please explain."

The longitude of the ship is determined by chronometer. This is set, let us say, to keep Greenwich time. A change of one degree in longitude is equivalent to a change of four minutes of time. The navigator obtains his own time at noon by an observation of the sun; he compares the time thus obtained with the chronometer, takes the difference, and reduces it to longitude.

Latitude is obtained by an observation of the sun, moon, or fixed stars. If the sun were always overhead on the equator, its altitude, in degrees and minutes, would always show the latitude; but as the sun moves north and south of the equator, the navigator adds or subtracts the declination, according to the season. The declination is the distance of the sun from the equator on that day; and this he obtaines from the Nautical Almanac. These examples are the simplest that can be given; for navigation, regarded as an art, is a copious and complex system of rules and practices, involving the use of copious tables.

Our Indebtedness.

J. A. W., Mingo, Ky., asks: "I see a statement going the rounds of the press credited to Congressman Walker, of Massachusetts, that the aggregate indebtedness of the nation and all individual debts is a total of 32 billion dollars. Please tell through The Blade if this is correct or nearly correct. Please tell us if you have an idea how come this great debt to pile upon the people during the time of peace and abundant crops. Please tell us how this debt will ever be paid under present condition, when Walker says that the interest at 6 per cent exceeds the entire value of the wheat, oats, cotton, hog, beef, gold and silver crop of the country."

According to the census figures of 1890, the debt of the various governments, national, state, territorial and county of the whole United States was as follows in that year:

United States Government	$ 915,962,112
States and Territories	228,997,389
Counties	145,048,045
Cities, etc.	724,463,060
School districts	36,701,948
Total	$2,051,172,554

We have not seen Walker's statement, and the above are the figures relied on by statisticans. To this must be added the total individual debts of all the people in the country. There is no way of finding out how much they are, of course. The national indebtedness of the United States is a legacy of the civil war; those of state, counties, cities, etc., are for improvements, of course.

Alleged Subscription Laws.

R. L. K., Enoch, W. Va., has our thanks for this, in answer to a query in the Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of March 1, made by D. R., of North Industry, O., as to whether the following, printed by many newspapers, are really the law or not:

"1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed for it or not—is responsible for the payment.

"2. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

"3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, and removing and leaving them uncalled for, is a prima facie evidence of fraud."

Our correspondent says Nos. 2 and 3 of the alleged law quoted by the publisher are frauds. The Postal Guide for June, 1894, says: "At the department this sort of thing is pronounced a mere modified form of black-mail, as to the first, there is no such United States laws as are here said to exist." The above may be found in the Postal Guide for June, 1894, under the head of "Alleged Subscription Laws," on page 14. Any postmaster can show you if you desire to see it.

Rare Coins, Etc.

H. F. A., Mint, Tenn.: There are still plenty of old Spanish silver coins scattered through the country, of which the one you describe is a specimen. The obverse has the bust of the Spanish king, with the legend, "Carolus IIII, Dei Gratia." The inscription then runs over to the reverse side, "Hispan. et Ind. Rex," with two or three other letters. This is Latin, abbreviated, and means, "Charles IV., by the grace of God, of Spain (Hispania) and India King." The reverse has the Spanish arms—a shield supported at the sides by two pillars, which allude to the Pillars of Hercules. They were coined in five denominations—peso, helf-peso, quarter-peso, eighth-peso, and sixteenth-peso. For many years the peso passed in the United States at a dollar valuation, and the lower denominations at 50 cents, 25 cents, 12½ cents and 6¼ cents, respectively. By the coinage act of 1853 they were called in, to be recoined into American silver coin. The law provided that the Treasury would redeem them at their face value if presented before a given date. After that, the half peso would be accepted only for 40 cents, and the others for 20 cents, 10 cents and 5 cents respectively. Under this provision the bulk of them were gathered up and recoined, though there are plenty still in existence. Collectors do not pay any premiums for them.

Three Revolutionary Battles.

Ruby A., Enid, Okla., asks what were the three most important battles of the Revolution, and why?

Such things are matters of opinion, of course; but we should say, the battle of Saratoga, which compelled Burgoyne to surrender, and caused the failure of his invasion, which would have cut the colonies in two; Trenton, which came at a time when the colonies were discouraged and the army depleted, and Yorktown, which ended the war.

Miscellaneous.

M. N., Auburn, Ky.: Damascus is the oldest city in the world. It is reputed to have been founded by Uz, the son of Aram.

L. H., Colfax, Wash.: As you do not ask for the three most prominent, we will name the following: Living American inventors—Edison, Mergenthaler, Gray; living American poets—Stedman, Riley, Carleton; living American prose writers—Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Kendrick Bangs, Frederic Remington, Capt. King.

HUMOROUS BRIC-A-BRAC.

Effectually Restrained.

Mrs. Quickleigh—The first man who ever proposed to me said that if I would not marry him he would blow his brains out.

Miss Wonder—Good gracious! He must have been crazy. Why didn't you have him put under restraint?

Mrs. Quickleigh—I did. I married him.—New York Herald.

A Touch of Nature.

Simpkins—That Dunder girl is getting to be a very clever pianist.

Pufferton—Yes? What is the clever performance this time?

Simpkins—She played a storm at the seaside last night with so much effectiveness as to bring out the life-saving corps.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A New Version.

They stood around the burning deck;
The flames leaped higher and higher;
They'd had such luck with the cards, you see;
They'd throw them all in the fire.
—Buffalo Courier.

Did Not Speak a Word.

Country Cousin (on Sunday)—What are all those men going into the side door of that saloon for?

City Cousin whistles, "After the Ball."—New York Journal.

No Gratitude There.

"Did that young girl that Tompkins befriended at the sea shore show any gratitude for what he'd done?"

"Well, I should say not! She married him."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Not an Exact Likeness.

"What do you think of them?" asked the Congressman's wife, spreading out before him some new photographs.

"I think they are pretty well gerrymandered," he replied. "They look about ten years younger than you do."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Influence.

She kissed him and he murmured:
"I am hypnotized, I fear;"
Then she smiled and whispered softly:
"You are liptonized, my dear."
—Detroit Free Press.

The Girl in White.

Of all the tyrants of the hour
Who rule the earth with might,
She sways mankind with greatest pow'r,
The dimpled girl in white.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Altered the Case.

Old Gravely—If you do not care to be my wife, perhaps the prospect of being a rich young widow might tempt you.

Minnie (eagerly)—Oh, Mr. Gravely! If I were only sure I could trust you!—Spare Moments.

NEW SUPREME REGENT.

Chill W. Hazzard, Now at the Head of the Royal Arcanum.

Col. Chill W. Hazzard, who was elected supreme regent of the Royal Arcanum June 11, at Detroit, has won distinction in many important positions, both in and out of the brotherhood. He is now editor of the Monongahela (Pa.) Daily Republican. He is a thirty-second degree Mason and a Knight Templar. In the Grand Army of the Republic he is a past department commander for Pennsylvania, and has had

CHILL W. HAZZARD.

a long and honorable career. He is also one of the directors of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial association and secretary of the Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia Editorial association. He entered the Royal Arcanum August 4, 1880, as a charter member of Monongahela Council, No. 507, and at the institution of the council wes elected past regent. He was regarded in the grand council of Pennsylvania as a valuable and influential member, and was soon made grand regent, the highest office in the gift of the state grand council. This was in 1883, and in 1885 he was re-elected to the office unanimously. In 1892 Mr. Hazzard was elected supreme vice regent, and at the expiration of his term of office in that capacity, June 11, 1894, he was unanimously chosen supreme regent. His various positions of responsibility and trust have given him a large acquaintance, and he is esteemed and liked by all who know him.

A Grand Feature

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that while it purifies the blood and sends it coursing through the veins full of richness and health, it also imparts new life and vigor to every function of the body. Hence the expression so often heard: "Hood's Sarsaparilla made a new person of me." It overcomes that tired feeling so common now.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial.

How to Behead the Ferocious Cat.

Last night at Lock 11, Gallipolis, Miss Ella Harris was attacked by a huge house cat. Her screams brought to her assistance Jake Copenhaver, who gave the cat a vicious kick, when the infuriated animal attacked him, fastening its teeth and claws in his leg, terribly lacerating it. Copenhaver tried his best to shake it off, and finding he could not, seized it by the throat and tried to choke it to death. Failing in this he drew his pocket-knife and literally severed its head from its body, and even then he had to take a spike and pry the cat's teeth apart before he could release his hold. In slashing at the cat Copenhaver cut his right arm severely, and a physician was sent for, who pronounced his wound very serious, as the cat was suffering from rabies.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Certainly Did.

"What did Noah live on when the flood had subsided and his provisions in the ark were exhausted?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class one Sunday.

"I know," squeaked a little girl after all the others had given it up.

"Well, what?" inquired the teacher.

"Dry land," said the child wisely, and the answer passed.

Dick Was Up to Snuff.

Little Dot—Why do you pray so loud for things you want? God isn't deaf.

Little Dick—No, but grandpa is.—Life.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Flies and Skippers on Sheep.

R. P. C., Virginia: There is the gad fly which deposits its eggs upon the nostrils of sheep. When hatched, the grub crawls up the nostril and lodges in the sinuses of the head, where it dwells until the following spring. In entering the nostrils and leaving them they cause great pain. To prevent the deposit of the eggs by the fly, smear the nostrils of the sheep with tar, diluted with grease or butter. In the spring time the grubs may be dislodged by blowing tobacco snuff into the nostrils. The gad fly has wings which spread out over an inch. The body is stout and over half an inch long. Other flies that are annoying are the common flesh fly, the blue-bottle fly, and the meat fly. A sheep torn or wounded in any part of the body is apt to be attacked. Sheep that are filthy when troubled with diarrhoea are subject to attacks. Eggs or larvae are deposited in great numbers, and by their irritations cause a serous fluid to secrete. The flesh suppurates and wastes away. The remedies are to remove the wool from about the tail, to prevent the gathering of filth; watch for wounds or irritation from the scald of diarrhoea, and remove all dirty tags of wool upon which the flies may deposit eggs. The application of kerosene or whale oil will kill the maggots and drive away the flies. The editor understands that by the use of the word "skippers" in your letter you refer to the maggot. Hop-skippers may be driven away by dampening the head with kerosene and skinning it in over the wool of the sheep. It should not be applied in large quantity. When there are maggots in the skin, the kerosene should be liberally applied and well rubbed in.

Colt Stiff.

J. St. C., Indiana: Your colt has evidently caught cold from exposure to rain after being clipped. The drooping of the eyelids would indicate fever. Give in 1-2 pint raw linseed oil, 1-2 oz. nitrate of potash, 1 drachm calchicum and 1-2 oz. oil of turpentine, night and morning. Three days after this is given, let the colt have 1-2 oz. nitrate of potash morning and evening in drinking water. A case of this kind should have professional aid by one who can be present to watch all the symptoms and changes in temperature. Keep the colt from direct draught of air.

Abscess on Old Horse.

L. R. M., Arkansas: As your horse is 12 years old, you should first carefully examine his teeth to learn if they are decayed, do not meet properly, or are in any way not in condition for proper mastication. If they are uneven they should be filed. The trouble seems to be indigestion, with resultant cold abscess. These are large indolent swellings, containing but a small collection of pus. A fistula is more pronounced, and eventually points or "comes to a head," when he should be lanced. It is painful to the horse, while a cold abscess develops but little, if any, heat or soreness. To treat, carefully explore the abscess for the presence of pus. Then make a deep incision into the tumor and get the matter to escape. Then inject to the very bottom, sulphate of zinc, 1 drachm, water, 1 pint. Keep the orifice open, if it shows a disposition to heal at once, and inject the solution. The sit-fast on the back of the animal should be cut out with a sharp knife, and washed with the zinc and water. The pus in a cold abscess may be found in its center. Ill judgment should not be used in lancing the tumor. To cut anywhere excepting where pus is present, nothing will flow but blood. Previous to lancing the part, give the horse 10 ozs. raw linseed oil. Follow this for two days with an ounce of saltpetre, pulverized, morning and evening, in drinking water. Feed no corn for some time, and keep the bowels open with liberal feed of bran mashes, but do not allow the horse to run into excessive laxativeness. You must give him easily digested food, so that he will not have to take food to the stomach in a whole state. Be sure to give him his meals at regular hours. It will take some time for his system to return to its normal condition.

Congestion of the Udder.

T. D. McD., Nebraska: The causes of congestion of the udder are various—exposure to cold and wet, lying down and striking the udder on a hard substance, running from pasture while the udder is full, udder resting on a cold stone, sudden and extreme changes in weather, rich food such as cotton seed, beans, insufficient stripping of the udder, etc. To treat, the system of the cow must first be cooled by a dose of 3-4 lb. Epsom salts, followed with an ounce of saltpetre twice a day for three days in drinking water. Milk three times a day, to relieve the udder. Use a milking tube and if the teats become obstructed, inject with a sewing machine can, baking soda, 1 teaspoonful, warm rain water, 1-2 pint. The cow should be given after the salts, 1 oz. hyposulphate of soda once a day for two weeks on scalded bran or cut feed. Foment the udder with warm water, then dry well, and rub in with hard friction, camphorated liniment. Where abscesses form and break inject the part with sulphate of zinc, 13 grains, water 1 quart.

Affected Haws.

A. H., Kentucky: The haw in the eye of a horse is used to throw off any matter that may collect. The brutal idea of cutting the haw should not be tolerated. This is the washer that keeps the eye safe. When inflamed it is the symptom of some other trouble. If badly inflamed it may be pricked a little with a needle. Apply this to the eye: Break three hens eggs into a quart of clear, cold water. Stir until thoroughly mixed. Boil over a slow fire, and stir often. Add 1-2 oz. sulphate of zinc. Continue the boiling for a few minutes, and when it is ready to cool, strain and apply the wash to the eye with a soft feather. Give bran mashes to keep the bowels regular, and feed no corn. Watch the eyes carefully to see if the eyes are milky at the close of each month.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Does Horse Raising Pay?

The prices of horses are very low at the present time, yet when we consider the price of other farm products horses are comparatively profitable. In fact, good horses find a market at fair prices. It is only the common horse that is a drug on the market. Good horses are finding an outlet to foreign countries and to encourage the exportation, the farmers should strive to breed up to higher standards of merits. The large cities also want the best, and the demand is on the increase as prices recede. The care of horses has much to do with development of the best class which is more easy to find a market. Feeding for muscular development and vigor rather than fat is essential.

A writer of experience says about horses: Don't be afraid to buy a horse because he is thin. In other words, look out when buying a fat one. Flesh hides blemishes. Better muzzle the horses than hinder the free use of their necks by checking while at work. Checked horses sweat more and grow thin faster than free horses. A team that is yelled at and jerked will become so nervous that they do not know what they are about, they grow thin with half the work of one that is used kindly and steadily. The manners of the team show the temper of the driver. If for any reason the horses have not shed their coats or are unthrifty, give them a little oil meal in their feed daily. Begin with a tablespoonful and gradually increase until feeding a pint twice per day. Few feeds will give a horse so much strength and make him look so well.

Water is good for a horse's feet. If they get hard soak them in warm water. Never oil or varnish any part of a horse's foot. Keep a foot hook handy and clean out the feet every day. It will prevent thrush and other diseases of the foot. Have the collars made thin at the top and full where the draft comes.—Western Record.

Presidents From the Farm.

Eleven Presidents of the United States were called from farms:

1. Washington, the land surveyor and farmer, from Mount Vernon, Va.

2. John Adams of Quincy, Mass., who, during the last year of his Presidency, said: "I am weary, worn and disgusted to death. I had rather chop wood, dig ditches, make fences upon my poor little farm. Alas! poor farm, and poorer family, what have you lost that your country might be free!"

3. Jefferson, farmer, philosopher and statesman, from Monticello, Va.

4. Madison, farmer and lawyer, of Montpelier, Va.

5. Monroe, farmer, from Oak Hill, Va.

6. John Quincy Adams, from the Quincy Farm of one hundred acres, near Boston, Mass. "It is said that most of the trees were raised by John Quincy Adams from the seeds which he was in the habit of picking up in his wanderings. The most peculiar interest attached to a shellbark hickory which he planted more than fifty years previous to his death. In this tree he took a peculiar satisfaction, but he was an enthusiast in regard to all the trees of the forest, differing in this respect from his father, who was an agriculturist of the Cato stamp—was more inclined to lay the axe to them than to propagate them.

7. Andrew Jackson, of the "Hermitage" in Tennessee, who, as a farmer, soldier and lawyer was a most excellent type of the best Americanism.

8. Van Buren, of Kinderhook, N. Y., was called to the Presidency from his sheep and wool farm, although he was a lawyer of far above average acquirements and ability.

9. William Henry Harrison, from his farm at North Bend, Ohio.

10. Tyler, of Sherwood Forest Farm, Virginia, where he subsequently died.

11. James K. Polk, of Duck River, Tenn., also came from the farm to the Presidency.

THE POLAND CHINAS.

A Variety That Combines the Good Qualities of All Breeds.

The Poland China is a purely American breed, both in origin and type. It originated in Ohio, but has spread rapidly all over the country, and in the great corn-growing states generally divides the honors with the Berkshire, whom it outnumbers. The breed is believed to have resulted from a blending of the Big Chinas and the "native" hogs. The latter are supposed to be descended from Poland stock brought here by early settlers, hence the name. There is also a slight admixture of the Berkshire and Irish Grazier breeds.

The Poland Chinas are larger than the Berkshires, more quiet and slow in their movements, and not so steady on their feet. They are very popular among general farmers in the West, as their quiet and contented disposition makes them easy to manage and an excellent medium for converting corn into pork and lard. In the South the Poland China has not done so well, and does not seem so fitted for the climatic conditions prevailing there as the Duroc-Jersey. Except in color the two breeds are very similar.

The swine of this breed are strong and hardy, fatten well and mature reasonably early. At ten or twelve months they will sometimes dress 350 pounds. Under proper management they will weigh from 450 to 700 pounds when from eighteen to twenty months old.

The Poland Chinas have long, deep bodies; broad, straight backs; large, square hams and shoulders; head small in proportion to body, with thin, drooping ears and full, heavy jowl; short, well-set legs; hair fine, and sometimes curly. The color is black and white spotted or dark, the black with small scattered white spots being generally the most esteemed. They are very docile and make excellent mothers.

"BLACK HEAD."

Investigation to be Made of This Disease Among Turkeys.

An interesting and important bulletin has just been issued from the Rhode Island Agricultural Experiment Station at Kingston relative to a contagious disease among turkeys, known as "Black Head." For many years there has been a great loss among young turkeys raised in this state from this disease of "Black Head." The disease has been supposed to be a contagious one, but was not known to be such for certain.

A number of specimens of diseased organs have been forwarded to the chief of the Division of Animal Pathology, Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, at Washington. Dr. Theobold Smith has given an opinion that the disease is of an infectious nature. A representative of the Bureau of Animal Industry will visit this state about August 1, to investigate the disease.

The extent of this malady has been so great as to entirely prevent turkey raising on many farms, and has caused great destruction throughout Southern New England. The disease is usually accompanied by diarrhoeal trouble, and the head of the affected bird turns dark or purple. The liver and intestines are usually badly diseased.

The bulletin asks for the co-operation of the farmers of the state in seeking out and securing cases, as it is desired to supply the government investigator with birds that are affected with or have died from "black head." Turkey raisers having pronounced cases of "black head" among their flocks or those who know of such in their neighborhood are urgently requested to immediately inform the poultry division of the fact with all possible particulars. As investigations by the government expert will be continued only three weeks at the longest, it is very important that material be secured in good season.

The bodies of those that have died from the disease in this state, as well as infected live turkeys, are desired, and all persons having any available information relating to the way turkeys become infected, the age at which they are most susceptible, etc., are asked to report. Those whose turkeys are affected with tape worm are also asked to report.

The circular concludes with the following: This division would like to be informed of all serious outbreaks of disease among poultry of any kind that may occur in any part of the state at any time. While we may be able only to investigate some of the most pronounced cases, such information will at least furnish data as to the necessity of adequate measures for the state control of poultry diseases, and may be of use in the framing of suitable laws. It is possible that the inspection of poultry, as well as of other live stock, may yet be considered the legitimate work of a state live stock commission.

TUBERCULOSIS.

Rapid Spread of This Terrible Scourge Among Farm Animals.

Tuberculosis has been so associated with cows that few people have realized that other animals are equally liable to the dread disease. The truth of this statement is emphasized by a recent outbreak of tuberculosis among some flocks of sheep at Williamsport, Mass.

On the farm of Col. A. J. Hopkins, of that place, an old sheep was taken ill some months ago with what was apparently a heavy cold. It was examined by a surgeon, killed and found to be tuberculosis. Others that showed signs of disease were isolated, but too late to prevent its spread. It was found necessary to kill over three hundred fine Southdown and Shropshire sheep.

This condition of affairs aroused suspicion that the disease might not be confined to the sheep, and investigation shows that a fine herd of Jerseys is badly affected, besides some fine poultry, which shared the pasture with the sheep. Tuberculosis has also been detected in the large flock of poultry kept at Mr. L. P. Morton's Ellerslie estate, at Rhinecliff, N. Y., and orders for wholesale slaughter and cremation have been issued.—N. Y. World.

Soothing His Angry Feelings.

"Lay the cat on lightly, please," said the Delaware wife-beater to the sheriff, who was about to apply the lash to his back. "Lay it on lightly and you will soothe my angry feelings."

"Soothe your angry feelings, sir?" said the sheriff.

"Yes; a soft tan, sir, turneth away wrath."—Texas Siftings.

STAMPED OUT

—blood-poisons of every name and nature, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It rouses every organ into healthy action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses and renews the whole system. All Blood, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. For Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, and Carbuncles, the "Discovery" is a direct remedy.

CAROLINE WEEKLEY.

MRS. CAROLINE WEEKLEY, of Carney, Baldwin Co., Ala., writes: "I suffered for one quarter of a century with "fever-sore" (ulcer) on my leg and eczematous eruptions and gave up all hope of ever being well again. But I am happy to say that your Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery made a complete cure of my ailments, although I had tried different doctors and almost all known remedies without effect.

PIERCE Guarantees a CURE.

BUNDY'S STORIES OF LINCOLN.

The Congressman Tells of the War President's Kindness of Heart.

Representative Bundy, of Ohio, enjoys, among other things, two distinctions—he is the father-in-law of Judge Foraker, the noted Republican from the Buckeye state, and was a Presidential elector for Abraham Lincoln. "The following reminiscences about 'Old Abe,'" said Mr. Bundy the other day, "have never been in print. I heard them while visiting my town to see him in 1862, on which occasion I had come on to Washington to secure the release of a Union recruiting officer who had been unjustly charged with having made false vouchers of enlistments, and had been sent to Baltimore and placed in jail at Fort McHenry. Before me in the line of those waiting to see the President was the wife of a colonel of an Illinois regiment who had been captured and was imprisoned in the South. She wanted to secure a special order of exchange for her husband.

"I can't do it, madam," said Mr. Lincoln in his most polite manner. "There have been altogether too many special exchanges already. Besides Jeff Davis won't do anything I want him to do. He has 50,000 privates in his kingdom whom I should prefer to exchange rather than your husband."

"But my husband is a brave man and a loyal one. I cannot understand what you mean," was the lady's reply.

"Madam," responded Lincoln, as he pulled his old quill pen from behind his ear, "with this pen I can make a colonel in five seconds, but I cannot give him a regiment." Then he added kindly; "Go and see Gen. Hatch, who has charge of exchanges. If he will grant your request I will not interfere."

"The next person in line," continued Mr. Bundy, "was a man with some alleged letters of loyalty from an ex-governor of Maryland. As he handed them to Mr. Lincoln, another man caught what had been said, and interrupted the conversation to tell Lincoln that the papers must have been forged as the Maryland ex-governor had been dead for several years. The man who had brought in the letter collapsed, and Lincoln, with that peculiar pity which he could show even to those who least deserved it, replied quickly: 'O, never mind, sir, never mind, sir; it is far more interesting. I would rather get a letter from a dead man than from a live man any day.'

"The third to have a conversation with the President was a Wall street broker and adventurer, who wanted to be made assistant secretary of the Treasury, so as to relieve the government, as he declared, by floating an issue of bonds. His plan was to borrow for the government a certain amount of money on a pledge of $100,000,000 of United States bonds, which were to be issued as collateral for the payment of the loan. The plan of the schemer was very evidently to break the price of the bonds and then get possession of them at a price less than the market, for his margin was very narrow.

"Mr. Lincoln listened patiently until the man was through, and then, as he eyed him closely, he said solemnly: 'My friend that is a mighty good plan to get bonds for less than they are worth, and very well thought out, but,' as he shook his head, 'don't ask me to help you in it.'"

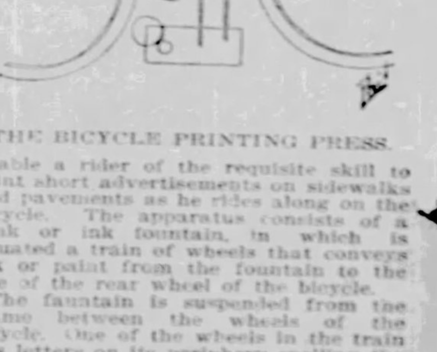
At last it was Mr. Bundy's turn. He told Mr. Lincoln, by way of introduction, that he had been a Lincoln elector, and that what he wanted to ask of him was simply an act of justice to the falsely imprisoned recruiting officer. Mr. Lincoln heard the story and then said: "My friend when are you going to start for home?" It was Saturday night, and Mr. Bundy told the President that, as he did not travel Sunday, he should not start until early Monday morning.

Mr. Lincoln paused a moment and then said: "Well, sir, unless you start for Ohio at once your friend will beat you home."—Washington Times.

BICYCLE PRINTING-PRESS.

How Advertisements May be Stamped on the Sidewalk.

A Rochester man has just received a patent for what is probably the most novel attachment which has yet been added to the bicycle. Its purpose is to



THE BICYCLE PRINTING PRESS.

enable a rider of the requisite skill to print short advertisements on sidewalks and pavements as he rides along on the bicycle. The apparatus consists of a tank or ink fountain, in which is situated a train of wheels that conveys ink or paint from the fountain to the tire of the rear wheel of the bicycle.

The fountain is suspended from the frame between the wheels of the bicycle. One of the wheels in the train has letters on its periphery spelling the word or sentence which is to be printed on the walk. By pressing on a handle the type wheel is forced against the bicycle wheel, and the latter takes the print from the type and transfers it to the walk on which the wheel is running. By keeping the typewheel in contact with the pneumatic tire a continuous line of words can be printed on the path of the wheel. The rider can curve the line at will and print the matter in any shape he can form on the machine.

The letters on the typewheel are to be made by "setting up" the words in ordinary type of suitable size and taking an impression from them by stereotype process. The matrix so formed can be placed in a circular mold and typemetal poured in it. Or a thin flat casting can be taken from the matrix and attached to the face of the typewheel, bending it to fit the pneumatic tire. The attachment will weigh but a trifle and is inexpensive. It will work on a snowcovered walk as well as in dry weather, and an advertisement can be put on a wheel by the plan in half an hour. It can be applied to any safety bicycle.

An Amiable Example.

As she took a seat in the car she inadvertently deposited her heavy market-basket on the toes of a passenger next to her. He winced, but made no outcry.

"Excuse me," she said, "I ought to have looked what I was about."

"Oh, it's no matter, madam," he replied. "I don't mind a little sociability."—Judge.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

A MODERN QUESTION ANSWERED BY A NOTED DIVINE.

Life Situations Which Produce Contentment or Dissatisfaction—Does It Pay to Live?

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now touring in the Australian cities, has chosen as the subject for this week's sermon through the press: "Worth Living," the text being taken from Lamentations III. 39: "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There must be some doubt about where the river rises, and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon in his unhappy moments says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Soloman was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a happy man, more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says in my text life is worth living.

In a book supposed to be doleful, and lugubrious, and sepulchral, and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The author of my text cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say: "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and all the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life has been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living and he will drawl out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much upon which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northwest and you ask him, he will say, "Yes;" and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him, he will say "No." How are we then to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on Eastern or Western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say "No." There would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble the "noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer it all depends upon the kind of life you live.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh, and the devil is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you sent to that cradle, or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription: "Better for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry; others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament; God gave me that. But here I am, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, at twenty years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best of music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome, or resist, or smite, or wave, or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

"Here is a world after six thousand years of battling with tempest and accident is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea, I have that at 20 years of age, which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul, with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old book among the family relics—a book with leathern cover almost worn out, and pages almost obliterated by oft perusal, joins the other books in saying I am immortal. I have 80 years for a lifetime, 60 years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the 20 I have already lived, that will bring me to 80. I must remember that these 80 years are only a preface to the five hundred thousand millions or quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now, I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities.

"If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The old book found among the family relics tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of his Son, one Jesus, he will give help to a man. To him I appeal. God help me! Here I have yet 60 years to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept, and garnished, and illumined, and glorified by all that I can do for it and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next 60 years? I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next 60 years? I will try. God help me!"

That young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried, he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes, and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joys of the Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, or eighty years of age; you can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words: "His Life Was Worth Living."

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds who read this. You say: "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah! my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living, if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of your souls. You are to be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace, but who despises the door of the Madeleine because there are grander glories within? Your life, if rightly lived, is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and who despises the first note of Haydn's symphonies? And the life you now live is all the more worth living, because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity."

Mrs. Mary A. Tupper has been released, at Wilton, Me., from the custody of extreme *Female Weakness*, which kept her a prisoner in bed unable to walk. *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound made the change. She advises all sick women to take this valuable medicine, and be thankful for their lives as she is for hers. It costs only a dollar at any druggists, and the result is worth millions.

BUXOM ESQUIMAUX BELLE.

Miss Palisah Who Goes Home to Marry Her Native Lover.

During these days of torrid sunshine there is some consolation for civilized persons in the consideration of long drinks with straws in them. But Miss Mary Palisah, who is now gracing New York society with her budding charms, has had as little experience in cooling draughts as she has had in the present seething condition of the atmosphere. Miss Palisah's native land is many leagues from here, and is a country where ice alone as an element of cooling drinks exists.

If you ask Miss Palisah the name of her home, she would return an answer that would look like a stickful of type in pi. It is down in the geographies, however, as Labrador. And with this single fact to think upon, it may readily be seen why Miss Palisah knows so little about cooling drinks. A midsummer beverage that would be appropriate in her native land is Tom and Jerry or hot Scotch. But the only drink Miss Palisah is really familiar with is melted seal blubber and occasionally a finger or so of "forty-rod" whiskey, dispensed by some passing whaler.

MISS PALISAH, OF LABRADOR.

But thus far she has made no attempt to sound the depths of scientific research in the long drinks of the summer day, and her only resource is to think of the miles and mountains of ice going to waste about the home of her father, Mr. Manasah, the Baron Rothschild of the Esquimaux.

She is also one of the few ladies of her native place to visit New York. She has been in this country about a year now, and as the days go on the desire grows to cast her lot here forever. But Mr. Manasah will not have it. He is rich—wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice—and he will not consent to have his riches go to an alien after his death.

There is no Bradstreet's among the Esquimaux, but it is pretty well known that he owns no less than two gross of needles, at least a dozen knives of different varieties, a whole handful of fish hooks, and more than four pairs of American trousers, slightly worn at the shoulders. And, in addition to this, Miss Palisah loves a young man in a neighboring tribe. She is not engaged to him, but she has every hope of being so when she returns this summer.

LO AND THE STRIPED STOCKINGS.

They Were "Mystified," and So the Race Was Easily Run.

The returned Lewistonian fell to talking over a revolver that he carried in the arrest of a desperado in New Mexico, and then he diverged and told this story to the Lewiston Journal:

"Once when we were going down in the Indian territory, as we rode out of the village we passed the house where a New Brunswick girl had just come to live in the little prairie village. There had been considerable joking about the new arrival, and as we passed she came out to hang up her washing on the line. I rode a little red pony—one that I had swapped a shotgun for—and when I saw the New Brunswick girl hang up a pair of the longest, biggest-striped stockings I had ever seen, I rode right up into the yard and under the clothes-line and seized those stockings and pulled 'em off the line and rode away.

"All that trip down across the hot plains and over the rustling buffalo grass the boys plagued me about those stockings. I had put them into my trunk and kept them. I don't know why I took them or kept them.

"Well, we got down into the territory and among the Indians. They are great gamblers, you know, and we bet with them everything we had. We raced and won from them all the money and blankets they possessed.

"The blankets were United States army blankets, but we can use them by cutting out the 'U. S.' At last we came down to foot runners, and the Indians brought out their man. He was tall, broad chested, and long limbed. He could go like the wind, and our best runner was nothing compared with him. Why, he was the best physical man I ever saw. He looked at our man and his thick lip curled in derision.

"'He no good—get a man!'

"The savage was stripped to his skin. I looked at our man.

"'Jake,' I said, 'you wait a minute.' Then I went and got those stockings. When I brought them out they created the biggest kind of a sensation, and the curiosity to touch them was something comical.

"They just wanted to put their hands on them to see what they were. I did not let them satisfy their curiosity, but carried them through the crowd as if they were holy relics.

"'Jake, put these on and run with them,' I said.

"'Why, I can't run with those on,' he said.

"'Yes, you can. Don't you see that they are mystified?'

"He put them on, and though he was a large man they came clear to his hips. We pinned them up, and he started with the big Indian. It was plain by the faces of the greasers that they had lost all faith in their man as against the striped stockings. The Indian ran a little distance and then fell behind, with his eyes fixed in terror on those stockings. He was beaten. And, do you know, I sold those stockings to the Indian for five ponies and a rifle."

Then He Sighed.

Husband—I witnessed a most distressing accident at the railway station a little while ago. A handsomely dressed lady was descending from the Pullman, when she missed her footing in some manner and fell partially under the car. The car started at that moment, and before any one could spring to her assistance the wheels passed over her neck, decapitating her before our very eyes.

Wife—Horrors! What did she have on?—Life.

THE LAST SURVIVOR.

The Lonely Eminence of the Last Living Veteran of the Civil War.

Herein are we admonished by unseen lips and innumerable voices that the day will some time dawn when all of the Grand Army of the Republic, now year by year closing in thinner ranks around the graves of their departed comrades, there shall but one survivor stand lone watch at the portals of the "eternal camping ground."

It is an impressive if not bewildering thought, says the Washington Post.

It carries us to a period when the millions of to-day shall be doubled, and when among the teeming hosts busied with their own ambitions, confronted with new responsibilities, radiant in the light of new revelations, strangers, except through history, to the mighty events out of which so glorious a destiny was wrought, this solitary soldier shall be the sole reminder and incarnation, as it were, of the Heroic Age of the Union.

The war of the American Revolution closed in 1783. At that time a soldier belonging to the regiment of New York militia commanded by Col. Marinus Willett, who had been four years in the army, was a young man of 23. Eighty-six years later, on April 5, 1869, having reached the great age of 109, he was gathered to his heroic fathers at the town of Freedom (not inaptly named), Cattaraugus county, N. Y. His name was Daniel F. Bakeman, and he was the last of the Revolutionary pensioners under special act of Congress.

The last of the Revolutionary pensioners on the regular roll was Samuel Downing, of Saratoga county, New York, who enlisted as a private in 1780, when only 14, and died in 1867 at 101.

Only twenty-one years ago there walked among us one who bore a musket at the surrender of Cornwallis, yet lived to hear the tidings of the surrender of Appomattox!

These incidents furnish no data, of course, on which to base exact foreknowledge of the time when there shall remain in the land of the living only a single soldier of the great armies that were disbanded in 1865, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that, even if none of the veterans of the war is spared to the extraordinary age of Daniel Bakeman, it will be reserved to some of them to turn the century point. If there is a soldier who, like Samuel Downing, was but 17 when discharged from the service, and live to Downing's age, he will die in 1949. If 23 at the time of his discharge, and he lives to the five score and nine of Daniel Bakeman, he will die in 1951. The chances are that the man who is destined to bear the proud but melancholy distinction of being the last survivor will not be living later than 1950.

And what a retrospect will be his, as standing upon this remote and isolated acclivity he peoples the hazy distances of the past with armies and banners; with the great captains long since called to their reward; with the charge and countercharge of legions melting in the smoke of the conflict; with the sheeted dead that haunt vast battlefields; with the final blending into the skies of blue the vanishing clouds of gray, the aftermath of glory, the grand review, the grateful incense of peace, and the line of march toward immortality, of which uncounted headstones are the only traces—save his worn and weary self, waiting for the signal of welcome from the shining ramparts just above him!

Sixty years from to-day, it may be, in some great cemetery of the nation's dead, or haply within some quiet churchyard, will be reared a mound of flowers over the grave of the last survivor. For, though he be a stranger among strangers, a waif upon the shore left by the receding tide, with not a comrade to bear him company, he will not be unbefriended. There will be sons of veterans, grandsons of veterans, daughters and granddaughters of veterans to guard his declining footsteps, to smooth his dying moments, sublimer far than those of Napoleon at St. Helena, to write his wondrous epitaph, and over his ashes build a fitting monument.

Many and momentous may be the changes that our country, in the evolution of its progress, shall meanwhile witness. The flag that floats above us this morning in all its constellated splendor may gleam with other stars, transplanted to its azure field from both the Northern and Southern firmaments. New conditions may be developed to challenge the profoundest philosophy and bravest statesmanship of the age in their adjustment to an advancing civilization. Dangers that we wot not of may arise in the solution of social and economic problems to further tax the stability of our institutions; but in God's good providence the covenant of union, sealed with the blood of opulent self-sacrifice, the fragrance of which ascends to-day from a hundred thousand altars, shall remain unbroken and immutable, like the bow of promise in its beauty, but like the over-arching heavens themselves in its bending majesty and perennial duration.

The earlier symptoms of dyspepsia, heartburn and occasional headaches, should not be neglected. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to be cured.

Their Last Dollar for a Dog.

I heard this week of a family who had about reached its last dollar, and when that was spent would not know whence to draw another. It was only one out of a hundred similar cases which the hard times has brought to light, but it had a feature wholly its own. So depressed and miserable were these people, accustomed to a better condition of affairs, but latterly on their uppers, that they went forth and bought a dog! As one of them said, with more pathos than reason, in excusing the purchase: "We were so unhappy."—Boston Herald.

Not in the Race.

Jaspar—How are the Jumpuppes getting along at housekeeping?

Mrs. Jaspar—Poorly. Mrs. Jumpuppe is not yet strong enough to fight for bargains at the big stores.—Truth.

Doubtful Compliment.

She—What did you mean by saying that I looked like a chromo?

He—Why—er—I meant to say that you did not look as if you were painted.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

Edgerton's Battery.

Part Second.

We looked more like sheep washers than soldiers, but Mitchell and Detachment F were bound to find Beauregard, and we were going to hunt for him rain or shine. Morning finally dawned, and thanks to some fair lady that lived near the cornfield that got Ed Rowland, Ben Marshall, Star Welcher, Jesse Chapple and O. P. Clark a good warm breakfast—I think her name was Hill. After breakfast we went back to the battery, and began to prepare to cross the Barren river on a flat boat. We worked all day in the mud and water, and finally got across about 4 p. m. of the 22d. Billy Simpson, of Detachment E, came very near being drowned. I caught the worst cold I ever had. We were on the Bowling Green side of the river now; our horses hitched on, everything ready to mount and march again. Edgerton gave the command to the bugler, and he blew the blast. Sergt. Welcher gave the riders and cannoneers orders to mount. Warren ordered the bugler to blow the advance; then Sergeant Welcher said "Detachment F, forward, right oblique, march!" and Edgerton's Battery E, 1st O. V. L. A. was advancing on Bowling Green, Ky. Not a shot was fired by Beauregard. We took the town, that is Detachment F took it, with the help of 20,000 more. The railway shops were burned, railroad cars and other things destroyed by Beauregard. We took up quarters in a hotel, built fires and got supper. Besant said: "These are very good quarters, but not quite so good, as they have in hold Hengland." Dan Bush said: "Shut up with your darn English; if England was not helping the South, we would soon get through with this job, but we will lick the Confederacy, and then if England don't keep her nose out of our fry, we will make it look red."

"Hi know it," said Besant; "Hi'll 'elp you stir hup John's plum pudding, the bloody rum, red-coated old booger." Detachment F got their clothes dry, and their blankets warm, and turned in for the night. We were in good quarters, by a good fire, under a roof, and it never rained a drop. Bowling Green was alive with Mitchell's men; the town was full, and so were some of the men of Detachment E. I was amused at a conversation between Slater and Walter West, of Detachment E, and Henry G. Loveland, of Detachment F. Slater and Walter were two young, innocent boys; Slater had been in the navy, and I don't know where Walter had been. The night of the 22d of February, '62, at all events, he had found something, and it was in a vial. Slater and Walter were trying to get Henry to taste, but Henry was young and inexperienced, and that night Henry, Walter, Slater, painted the town red, and the next morning were ready to march. The horses, mules and men were all in line, the bugle blew the blast, the riders and cannoneers mounted to their respective seats, the mule drivers had their whips in hand, and all was ready, and the bugle sounded "March!" on the morning of the 23d of February, and Detachment F was hunting for Beauregard again. We marched along the Bowling Green and Nashville pike, went through some very good-looking country, but the mules kicked Miller, and he said "Darn the mule!" and maybe some other words, so the chaplain reported the affair to Capt. Edgerton. Captain looked at the chaplain with that sober, piercing look, and said, "Do you suppose that one of my men can drive a government mule without swearing at it?" "But, sir," said the chaplain, "you ought to have your men under better discipline." The captain said: "My men suit me, and my discipline suits my men, and if you don't like my style you can go to glory!" The day wore off, but Mitchell did not find Beauregard, and so Detachment F did not have to shed any rebel blood that day. We went into park, and found quarters in a railroad depot.

Beauregard had torn up the track and down the bridges and telegraph wire, and played havoc generally. I could never see any sense in the Johnnies going through their own country, burning and destroying everything. What good was there in destroying the round house, cars and engines at Bowling Green? It amounted to nothing in the end, only to make the South poorer, and now they want the government to pay for the property they destroyed. To follow the line of march through the South and note down property destroyed, you would find that nearly all was destroyed by the Johnnies.

My cold got so bad I was about sick the next morning, February 25, 1862. Department "F," men and horses, were fed and watered at an early hour, and were ready for the march. My position was No. 2, which would bring me on the limber of the piece, not a very good place for a sick body and an aching head, but we were after Beauregard, you know, and he wanted to take up quarters in some other part of the Confederacy. He had made strong fortifications at Bowling Green, but if Fort Donaldson should fall the Tennessee river would be navigable for Yankee gunboats, as this would cut off Beauregard's retreat. We marched, and I held my position until noon; then I had to go into the ambulance. The battery went into park in a field by the roadside, and I was taken to a little log shanty. The boys took care of me that night. The next morning Mitchell's orders were to move forward, but I could not go, so was removed to an old planter's house, as the boys supposed, to die, as the captain afterwards told me that he never expected to see me again, and at Athens, Ala., preached my funeral sermon, and told the boys as they laid John Lilley away that I was probably dead, but Billy Morse, the saddler of the battery, was left in charge of me. He was a good nurse, and took such good care of me that I hope to repay him some day. He went and got a doctor—I suppose he was a rebel—but he came cheerfully. We stayed at the planter's about two weeks. There was only one white man on the place, and that was the owner. He said he was a Secesh if the war was to free the niggers, and if it was not he was a Union man. Billy and the colored folks had a department by themselves, and he used to read the Bible to them and tell them to be good, and some day God would lift the shackles off their feet. One day Billy's watchful eye spied a carriage coming down the road, so he hailed the driver and found that he was going on the same road that Department "F" had gone. Billy in a businesslike way asked him if a Yankee could ride with him as far as he went our way, and he said he could, so Billy came in and told me to get ready to march. As Billy had got in the good graces of the cook they filled our haversacks with corn pones and ham, and we bade them all good-bye. Billy was mounted and I was in the carriage with a young man who was going after a school teacher. We were riding past a plantation when we saw George Randall, of Department "E," in the front yard. We stopped to talk to him a few minutes, and he said his brother Albert was in the house sick. We drove on until about 4 p. m.; then we stopped at a planter's house on the Bowling Green and Nashville pike for the night, but Billy went on to Nashville. That evening the lady played several pieces on the piano, and the young man and the planter talked of the war, and said that the whole Mississippi Valley was one solid camp of rebel soldiers, and that the Yankees were deserting by the thousand. I was very quiet, so they had a glorious feast telling how easy they were going to clean out the Yanks.

O. P. C.

(To be Continued.)

Lincoln, Stanton and Yates.

Editor Campfire:—I will bring along some Buffalo chips and corn cobs to keep the fire blazing. It has been some time since I was around the camp fire with my mite. I have been waiting for some one more worthy with the pen, but I saw a call from some one in the 8th Illinois to speak, so W. F. S. Ray's battalion of S. S., I want to say that the 8th Illinois cavalry brigade is still living. They hold reunions every year on the 18th of September, the day they were mustered in the United States service. The 18th of September, 1861, we mustered 1,300 strong, were recruited up to '62; veterans in '63, and recruits again. We met last year at the World's Fair in Chicago in the parlors of the Illinois building. Thirty had passed away since our last muster. At that rate, there will not be many more musters. The brigade was encamped the winter of '61 at Camp Col. Gen. E. W. Sumner's division, south of Alexandria, Va.

The writer was doing dispatch duty for Gen. Sumner. One of his duties was to go to the War department for dispatches for Gen. Sumner. Stanton was Secretary of War, Gov. Yates was governor of Illinois. He was down to Washington in '61 to see the secretary, and Stanton and he had had some words. The writer had seen the secretary several times when he had been to the War department, but did not know him or the governor. Coming in one day he met Gov. Yates in the hall of the department, the governor asked him what regiment he belonged to; told him the 8th Illinois cavalry, and passed on to the office inquired of one of the clerks if there were any dispatches for Gen. Sumner. He said yes, and rolled out a large roll of papers, commissary and quarter-master's blanks. There was 75 or 100 pounds in the roll. He told the clerk he could not carry that on his horse. The clerk turned on his heel, saying: "I leave them at your risk." Another man, one of the employes of the department, told him to go to that man with the spectacles on. So he went to him at his desk, and told him. He came out, saying: "I suppose you can not carry anything unless you carry it in your pocket." "Come out and see," he told him. So he came to where the roll of paper lay. Gov. Yates was standing by when they came up; the governor spoke: "Here is another Illinoisan that knows something," he said to the secretary. "He knows there is 1,000 teams lying around Washington doing nothing, and he is not going to kill his horse with that roll." The secretary gave the roll a kick, called the clerk, and made it blue for him for a few minutes. The governor asked of the soldier where Col. Farnsworth was encamped; he was Col. of the 8th Ill. at that time. Stanton said (not very mild) "Why don't you salute the governor. He said: "I salute no man unless he has on a uniform so I can tell him, unless I know him," (meaning Lincoln). "I would not own him as an Illinois boy if he had saluted me," said the governor. The writer turned to Gov. Yates, and bowing, said: "I am highly honored with your acquaintance, Gov. Yates."

"What's the trouble, now, Yates?" We turned. There stood President Lincoln. The writer raised his hand to salute the President, but before he got his hand to his cap, Lincoln caught it, saying: "Give your hand instead of a salute to Uncle Abe," and gave it a hearty shake. The secretary turned to his desk, saying: "An Illinois President, an Illinois governor and an Illinois high private in rear rank having an Illinois tete tete."

The writer left Lincoln and Yates laughing at the oddity of Secretary Stanton. One of the clerks called out dispatches for Gen. Sumner; taking them and thrusting them in his jacket pocket, he left the department for Alexandria, Sumner's headquarters, having a higher opinion of our rulers, and a corresponding hatred for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy for bringing on this war.

It is needless to say that the next day a four-horse team with that roll of papers arrived at Gen. Sumner's headquarters.—J. A. Northrop, Co. D, 8th Ill. Cav. Brigade.

That Storming Party.

Editor Camp Fire:—I see in the 5th of July issue of The Blade that medals of honor were awarded to twelve members of the storming party at the siege of Vicksburg. To my best recollections the entire party numbered fifty privates, commanded by Lieut. Geo. H. Stockman of my company. They were volunteers under the promise of thirty days furlough. I wonder how many of that number are living to-day, and if there are not more than twelve to receive medals of honor. I think that it would be interesting to all Camp Fire readers, for some one of that noble band to give a full account of that hazardous undertaking. Joe Labille was the man who volunteered from my company and he carried our regimental flag, taking the lead of the party, and planted it against the rebel's big fort, and as he informed me, he was the only one that was successful in reaching the enemy's works. And there he stood all that day holding up the flag right under the enemy's big guns, and a continuous roaring of cannon over his head. When night came he made a safe retreat. Surely there is no one more deserving of a medal of honor than he. Our lieutenant was shot in both legs, and was carried off the field that night, and never returned to us again, as for other casualities I never learned.—P. W. S., Co. C, 6th Mo. Inft. Vol.

Reunion of the 66th Ills.

The eleventh annual reunion of the 66th Ills. W. S. S. will be held in the city of Sheffield, Bureau county, Ill., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 15, 16 and 17. John M. Moody, secretary.

When Traveling.

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

BOSS SNAKE STORY.

It Gets Loose in Fayette County, Pa., and a Native Corrals the Facts.

A few days ago Samuel Lowry, who warks with me at the furnace, asked me to go to the mountain with him and he would show me a snake den, says the Uniontown, Penn., News-Standard. Sam is an old hand at the business. He took with him a small hand drill and hammer and a liberal supply of dynamite and drug store whisky. About five miles back in the mountain from the furnace we found the den. Sam proceeded to drill a small hole in a kind of a flat rock that lay by itself in a small cleared space. When Sam had got everything in shape we retired a short distance till the explosion of dynamite had shaken the snakes up; then we proceeded to arm ourselves with a stout stick apiece and went for the snakes. As we came near the rock, that was now blown to pieces, I got very sick from the smell of the snakes, but Sam did not mind the smell. He just took a drink of whisky and went for the snakes. He killed forty-three that were crawling away from the rock.

After the air had got a little purified about the place we proceeded to explore the den. Carefully rolling the heavy pieces of rock away we found a space of about ten feet square covered a foot deep with dead snakes. We got sticks with hooks on and counted them. There were 209 rattlesnakes and 138 copperheads, in all 347. I never knew before this that two kinds of snakes would stay in the same den.

Any one wanting to prove the truth of this so-called snake story, let him come to Dunbar and I will show him the remains of the snakes.

This Mouse Knows Its Friends.

An intelligent little mouse lives behind the desk in the weighing clerks' apartment at the postoffice scales. During the duty tour of one of the clerks, whose dislike of mice is scarcely exceeded by that of a normal school beauty, that mouse never shows itself, lest it should become the target for a paper weight, or be crushed under the clerk's heel. After a certain hour, when the scales are in charge of a clerk who rather enjoys letting the timid little creature run up inside the leg of his trousers, the mouse fearlessly emerges from his dark nook, gathers up the lunch crumbs, and does just about what it pleases until the scales begin to bang.—Philadelphia Record.

A Cause for Thought.

"You say you want to marry my daughter. Have you spoken to her?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, "and have gained her consent."

"Well, if she has said 'Yes,' that settles it. Anything I might say or do wouldn't have the slightest influence."

Then the young man went home and wondered if he was not too young to marry such a girl.—Amusing Journal.

The Sunday School.

The Baptism of Jesus.

LESSON VI. AUGUST 5, 1894.

Golden Text: Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Mark 1:11.

(Mark 1:1-11. Memory verses: 9-11.)

Compare Luke 3:1-23.

COMMON VERSION.

1. The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God;
2. As it is written in the prophets, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.
3. The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.
4. John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.
5. And there went out unto him all the land of Judea, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins.
6. And John was clothed with camel's hair, and with a girdle of a skin about his loins; and he did eat locusts and wild honey;
7. And preached, saying, There cometh one mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose.
8. I indeed have baptized you with water: but he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.
9. And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan.
10. And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon him:
11. And there came a voice from heaven, saying, Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

Illustrative Applications.

The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ (v. 1). A beginning is always a stage of progress. It involves the idea of something before it, as well as of something after it. Hence any beginning is one of many beginnings. It is never the first beginning. Mark tells of this beginning of the gospel when Jesus began to preach it. Luke tells of the beginning of the same gospel when the angel declared it to the shepherds of Bethlehem, at the birth of Jesus. Matthew tells of its beginning even before that, when an angel foretold it to Joseph, the husband of Mary. The Old Testament tells of its still earlier beginning, when God himself gave a promise of it to Adam. John, again, goes 'way back of all this, and tells of the begining of the gospel of Jesus Christ before the world was. It is not easy to imagine a beginning earlier than John's; but all of us have had its beginning this side of Mark's starting point; and there isn't one of us who oughtn't to be the means of its beginning to some soul that needs it as much as Adam did.

As it is written in Isaiah the prophet (v. 2). All that is written by command of God will be fulfilled by consent of God. The present was foretold. The future is foretold. You and I may not now read the prophecy for the future with clearness; but its fulfilling will make it plain to all. It is a very common thing to find out some great mistake in man's record of history; but no mistake was ever yet found out, nor ever can be, in God's record of prophecy. Countries and men, of which history has testified for centuries, have proved to be mere myths. Not one jot or one tittle of the inspired foretelling of events up to the present time has been lacking in absolute accuracy. Prophecy is surer than history at every point where the two seem to conflict. Set that down for sure!

Make ye ready the way of the Lord (v. 3). If you would like to have the Lord's presence with you, you must make ready for him. He could prepare his own way; but he leaves it for you to do. Your preparing for his coming is a sign of your wish and purpose as to his coming. If you wanted a guest in your house, you would recognize the duty of having your "spare room" ready for him, and the doorway unblocked. You ought to do as much as this for the Divine Guest, whose coming is to be looked for. His coming to you is not dependent on your preparation for him; but the manner of his coming to you is. If you do not prepare your way as your guest, you are liable to a call from him as your judge, while you are still unprepared for his coming in any guise.

There cometh after me he that is mightier than I (v. 7). It is comparatively easy to confess that those who went before us knew more than we know, and did better—for they were older than we are; but to agree that our juniors are in advance of us, in skill and knowledge and judgement and spirit—that goes against the grain. It is hard for an old minister to admit that a young man not only has a better hearing that he has, but deserves it; hard for an old professor to admit that the younger one's theology is probably sounder, and his Bible knowledge greater, than his own; hard for a man in any profession or branch of business to realize that his evident losing ground in comparison with his younger rivals is because of his inferiority to them; but there is no truth truer than that the good times and the good men—the better days and the better people—are to be looked for after us instead of before us. This was true in the days of John the Baptist as he looked forward to the beginning of the gospel of Jesus; it is true in these days of further progress toward readiness for the second coming of Jesus Christ, to establish his kingdom permanently. Yet it is a singular fact, in proof of the perversity of human nature, that many a man who professes to be preparing the way for the coming of Christ is constantly moaning over the former days as the better days, and is sure that those who are coming after him are not quite so spiritually minded or so soundly orthodox as he is.

A voice came out of the heavens (v. 11.) A voice is continually coming out of the heavens. It is, speaking personally to every child of God. It always speaks the right word for the moment to the one to whom it is addressed. It speaks words of warning, or of counsel, or of suggestion; or it speaks words of sympathy, and of comfort, and of inspiration, and of approbation. It is a great thing to recognize the voice of God out of the heavens. Many a child of God longs to hear the voice of God, and yet fails to recognize that voice when it speaks out of the heavens. The closer one keeps to Jesus, and the more one lives in the spirit of Jesus, the readier one will be to recognize the voice of the Father in its timeliness and in its helpfulness. Meanwhile, to be in the discharge of one's simple duty, as Jesus was when he heard the voice of his Father, is the surest way for any child of God to have a voice from heaven telling him that his course is well pleasing to his Father.—H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.

Following Directions.

It was raining pretty hard when the old man came into the parlor. In fact, the rain was rattling on the tin roof of the porch so loudly that there could be no doubt about the weather.

"Er—how is the weather out?" asked the young man who was calling on the daughter of the house. He asked in trepidation, because he knew he was not any too welcome.

The old man looked at him for a moment and said: "Clear."

And the young man cleared.—Indianapolis Journal.

By Their Works.

Chicago Girl—You have heard of our Mr. Goldbag, of course?

Boston Girl—Goldbag—Goldbag. H'm! Will you name some of his works?

Chicago Girl—Oh, there's the Consolidated Sausage Factory, the South Side Packing House and any number of others!—Puck.

Domestic Intelligence.

In Texas the colored servant changes her employer about once every two weeks.

"Am dat you?" said Matilda Snowball, meeting Belinda Jackson.

"Ob course hit's me!"

"Who am you living wid now?"

"I ain't livin' wid nobody. I'se married."—Texas Siftings.

In a Slander Case.

Counsel for Defendant—"True, your honor, my client did call the plaintiff a donkey, but at the present high market rate of those valuable animals is this not rather a compliment than otherwise?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

IT WAS ONLY A KISS.

I kissed her, I kissed her; she didn't refuse.
And who was there poorer or wiser?
Her lips were so ripe that I couldn't but choose
With one little kiss to surprise her;
And the stars they looked out in a wondering way,
For they're wiser, much wiser and older
Than when Adam kissed Eve in the Garden, they say,
Heigho! but they're older and—colder.

I kissed her, I kissed her; the man in the moon
Winked once and returned to his dreaming,
For he knew 'tis the way of earth's children to spoon
When the stars through the tree tops are gleaming.
Her lips were so lucious, so ripe and so red,
That I had been less than mortal
Had I failed to partake of the feast for me spread,
Or to halt at the beautiful portal.

I kissed her, I kissed her; her cheeks were aflame
While her lips to my own I was pressing—
Ah, the bright god of love such a trophy might claim,
And deem it his ultimate blessing!
But what is there wrong in a man growing gray,
If he kisses his sister, his sister?
—The Club.

"LITTLE RUBY" CHARMS ROYALTY

How the Four-Year-Old Yankee Girl Dances in England.

The glamor of the child-phenomenon seems to be resting upon society just now. Pianists, violinists, violincellists, vocalists, contortionists and dancers of tender years engage public attention, and in many instances are deserving of it. The very tiniest and most babyish of the genus "child performer," "Little Ruby," had the honor one evening last week of appearing at Marlborough House, before an audience that included nearly a score of the members of the royal family, says a London paper.

Little Ruby has the advantage over most infant phenomena of being exceptionally charming to look upon. She is a tiny mite who is not yet four years old, but, so daintily is she made, and so bright and animated are her gestures and her merry little face that one loses sight of the unduly developed state of her brain, and merely admires the childish grace with which she trips through the measures of her "Tambourine Dance," or gives a quaint imitation of a nigger's "walk-around."

Ruby, of course, hails from that land of precocious childhood, America; in fact, she is a true "Yankee," having been born in one of the New England states. At Marlborough House, after the baby performer had danced three of her most dainty little measures, she was told to come and speak to the Prince and Princess of Wales. This she did, with absolutely no shyness, and when the Princess presented her with a charming basket, trimmed with violets and filled with sweets, she said, "Oh, thank you, ma'am," in the most natural and "American" little way possible.

LITTLE RUBY.

The Crown Princess of Roumania and the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) had quite a friendly little scuffle as to who should have the child on her knee, and the Princess Victoria and Maud kept close to her the whole time. Then some one requested that Ruby should give another dance, if she was not too tired.

"Oh, I like it," said she; "what shall I dance?"

The Princess of Wales selected the "Tambourine Dance," and this the child repeated with much success. Ruby danced in one of the drawing-rooms overlooking the park, and a sort of miniature stage was made for her, embowered in palms and flowers. The royal audience sat in rows facing the cleared space.

BILLED FOR TO-NIGHT.

Mutual Surprise.

They were sitting on the sofa in the first sweet rapture that follows the confession of a mutual and undying regard.

Her head was on his shoulder. Her right hand lay tenderly clasped in his. His left arm encircled his waist, and their lips met at frequent intervals.

The breast of the maiden was filled with flutterings of intense happiness; with the joy of an ambition gratified; of a goal attained. For had she not brought him to the point at last!

Nevertheless, she said shyly, while intermittent little blushes chased themselves swiftly over her fair young face.

"Oh, Charlie, this is such a surprise. When you began to speak I hadn't the slightest idea that you were going to say—to say that, you know."

"No," replied Charlie, with a direct and unnecessary frankness. "By jove! Neither had I!"—Life.

May be Either.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "is a jackass a biped or a quadruped?"

"Please, sir," said Johnny, "that depends on the jackass."

POPE LEO'S SUCCESSOR.

Cardinal Rampolla the Coming Man in the Pontifical Succession.

Cardinal Rampolla is now looked upon as the almost certain successor of Leo XIII. He has not come to the front with a rush, as sometimes happens. He has grown slowly but steadily. Fortuitous circumstances have aided him, too, by removing from his path powerful rivals.

Three years ago Cardinal Parocchi was looked upon as the coming man. The trend of events has put him in a sense out of the question. Then Cardinal La Saltetta was mentioned and then Cardinals Simeoni and San Felice, and then the name of Cardinal Lavigerie, the apostle of Rome against the African slave trade and Tippo Tip, pushed all the others to the rear. But Lavigerie is dead, and Rampolla is the man of the hour. Everything is in his favor. He is young, he is able, he is available, and availability here as in American politics is a strong point. Then Rampolla is an Italian, born in Sicily, and none but an Italian can now become pope without stirring up trouble in Europe.

The pope who may be is a man who is splendidly equipped mentally as well as physically. Born in Sicily, he is still in the fifties as to age, and his training has been at once severe and thorough, for he was educated by the Jesuits. From the very earliest time of his service in the church he has filled high and responsible places, and in his dealings with rulers and governments he is implicitly trusted by Leo XIII. Rampolla has the reputation of being cool under any emergency, a man of resources at all times, a worker of the Gladstone order, a man of the most temperate methods and the most even disposition, and at the same time capable of ruling with a firm hand, one fully confident in his own powers, fully self-reliant.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1894.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.........Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE................Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 124,000

OUR PREMIUM OFFER EXTENDED.

About the beginning of July was inaugurated the greatest labor strike ever known in the history of our country. While this strike did not extend to every part of the country, it was of such importance as to create consternation and alarm in the minds of the people of this whole great nation. But little else has been thought of during the greater part of July, and consequently little time was given to raising clubs for our July premiums. We are daily receiving some clubs, but not enough to take one-quarter the number of our premiums. In justice to those who are competing, it would be unfair for us to call off the offer; but on the other hand we want enough competitors at least to take the whole number (160) of premiums. We have therefore decided to extend the time to September 1. This will not work injustice to any one. It will give time for new workers to enter the field, and those who have already made a good start, can augment their number largely during August. This statement will show to those who gave it up without a trial, that it is a simple matter to get one of the premiums, if they will only half try.

HERE'S A SNAP!

Our premium offer as it stood during June and July, rewarded only those who sent us large clubs of three months' subscribers. Those who sent us clubs of ten, or any small number, were not allowed any commission, and besides were at the expense of postage, exchange, etc., to say nothing of time and trouble without pay. Well, at ten cents for The Blade three months we could not afford to pay even a trifling commission, as we do not get near actual cost.

However, we have determined to go one step further, and pay for clubs of ten sent us during August. But little over half of the 100,000 three months' subscriptions we originally offered the public has yet been taken, and we want to see if we can place the remainder before September 1st. Therefore, we now open the race to all who will send us a club of ten three months' subscribers at ten cents each during August, we will mail free to the club raisers a choice of the following books: "The Nasby Letters," "Nasby in Exile," "Reveries of a Bachelor," "Lays of Ancient Rome," "House of the Seven Gables," "Cranford," "The Coming Race," "Dream Life," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The Scarlet Letter," "Essays of Elia," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Twice Told Tales," "Paul and Virginia," "Story of An African Farm," "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," "Lucile," "Dreams," "Black Beauty," "One of the Profession," "Sartor Resartus," "The Idyls of the King," "The Pleasures of Life," "The Lady of the Lake," "Mornings in Florence," or "Rab and His Friends." All standard works, no trash.

One dollar in current funds must be sent with each ten names. If your club be 20 with $2, select two books from the list; 30 names, three books, and so on. Of course, these clubs to which we award book premiums will not be counted in among competitors for the 160 premiums awarded to largest lists.

We want clubs of ten everywhere. No coupons needed for this competition. Many can send eight or ten clubs of ten during August, and thereby get eight or ten books free. We are prepared for several thousand clubs of ten on this offer, and hope to get them. Don't omit to name your choice of book. Now begin at once. It is possible for some to send a club every week day.

NICKEL AND PLATED GOODS.

Referring to our Publishers' department it will be noticed that we have largely extended the list under the above head. During the past year we have sold hundreds of dozens of solid nickel spoons, forks and knives, and naturally we have had many inquiries for plated goods. By special arrangements with one of the largest manufacturers of these goods, we are enabled to offer at much less than regular prices, everything necessary to embellish the table of the most particular housewife. These goods are all of late designs, and plated with a view to long service.

THE NASBY LETTERS.

For some weeks yet we shall be able to supply copies of our book, "The Nasby Letters," to those who send us one dollar for a year's renewal to The Weekly Blade. We shall print no more, but out of about 63,000 copies published we have about 3,000 only left. We advise all desiring a copy of this book to make sure of it within the next month or two.

Attorney General Olney's move in the Southern Pacific combine matter is one for which, on its face, the public will feel like congratulating him. The Southern Pacific combine has for several years held California in its grasp. All competing lines and branches have been taken in by the S. P. until the state is Collis P. Huntington's. The suit now filed is for a dissolving of the combine and separating from the S. P. all corporations which have combined with that company.

Steerage passage to Europe can't get any too cheap for hundreds of American citizens who desire to see an exodus of aliens to Europe.

Anybody familiar with the 13-15-14 puzzle should apply to Congress for a job as chief entangler of the tariff muddle.

SATOLLI AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The pronouncement of the Papal ablegate, Satolli, against liquor dealers is really the most important act of his official career so far. It has caused a vast deal of discussion already in Catholic circles, and is not without its interest in temperance circles outside the domination of the Roman church.

The matter had its origin in a pastoral letter issued by Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, Ohio, in which that prelate declared that no person engaged in any manner in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors shall be admitted as a member of any society affiliated with the Catholic church. He withdrew his sanction from all societies in which liquor dealers hold office, and forbade them to admit to membership any one dealing in liquors. This, of course, applied only to the diocese of Columbus. Bishop Watterson having no jurisdiction outside its boundaries. It is well to note, too, that this does not refer to membership in the church, but only to membership in Catholic societies.

This raised a storm in the diocese, and those thus placed under the ban, with their friends and sympathizers, made an appeal to Satolli, who is a sort of vice-pope for the United States. His decision is in favor of Bishop Watterson, whose letter he sustains in very emphatic terms. For instance, he declares that "the liquor traffic, especially as conducted here in the United States, is the source of much evil, hence the bishop was acting within his rights in seeking to restrict it." It will be noted that Satolli is in line with the decree of the plenary council of Baltimore. The ablegate's decision must stand, so far as the diocese of Columbus is concerned, unless it is overruled by the Pope himself—which is not at all probable. However, it has roused the ire of Catholic saloon men all over the country, as well as in the Columbus diocese, who fiercely resent the "interference" of an Italian monsignore, even though he be the Pope's lieutenant, with supreme authority in the United States, subject only to the head of the Roman church himself.

The importance of the decision lies in its moral weight, and in the permission it gives to all other Catholic bishops to take the same stand as has Bishop Watterson. It is not a decree which all bishops must obey; it is merely a decision supporting Watterson's action in the Columbus diocese, and indicates that Satolli would do were other bishops to take the same ground. It is a somewhat interesting question to know what the persons against whom it is directed will do—whether they will abandon the Catholic societies and continue their occupation, or whether they will continue the latter and give up their places in the societies. Another question of interest is why the bishop did not go a step farther and order his clergy to refuse absolution and the sacrament to all Catholics engaged in liquor-making and liquor-selling. If the heads of the Catholic church in the United States should take this stand it would deal a heavier blow to the liquor traffic than it has ever received here. Possibly this may come later. The Roman church may in time complete the work begun by the bishop of Columbus.

The step already taken is another in the slow but sure relegation of the liquor traffic beyond the pale of honorable business, and putting it into the category of dishonorable and disreputable callings, along with the keeping of houses of ill-fame, the running of gambling hells, and so on. That is the proper place of the saloon. Like those named, its function is a ministering to vice, to an unworthy appetite. As this process goes on, it will gradually eliminate all respectable and self-respecting men from the liquor trade, and leave it in the hands of a class who will wield far less influence in the community. This will render easier the effort to exterminate the saloon, destroy the liquor traffic, and Pulverize the Rum Power.

GRESHAM BLUNDERED AGAIN.

Secretary of State Gresham has again evinced his unfitness for high executive station. He is a blunderer always. He blundered in Hawaii, he blundered in Samoa, he blundered in Bluefields, and now he is blundering in Japan.

He has sent an official dispatch to the Japanese government, expressing dissatisfaction over its attitude in the Corean troubles, in which he declares that Japan is levying an unjust war upon weak and defenceless Corea. This dispatch is said to have been the result of the influence exercised over Secretary Gresham by the Chinese minister at Washington.

It would occur to any one not a meddler by nature that the United States has nothing to do with the rivalries between China and Japan, and the ulterior designs of Russia in the premises—both of which had their share in bringing about the Corean dispute. Neither is it the province of Gresham to pronounce an ex parte judgment on the dispute, any more than it is a part of our national policy to take sides in an international quarrel between nations half-way around the world.

If this thing goes on, Gresham will prove to be the millstone around the neck of the Cleveland administration.

PRESIDENT DOLE.

The Republic of Hawaii began its constitutional existence on July 4, with Sanford B. Dole as its first president. At the time of the revolution which deposed the queen he was a justice of the supreme court of the islands. He resigned this place to take the chairmanship of the executive council of the provisional government. His superb executive abilities were clearly demonstrated during the trying scenes of the year which followed, and he steered the provisional government safely through the plottings of the ex-queen's adherents, the attempt on the part of Cleveland and Gresham to reinstate Liliuokalani, the jealous machinations of England, the troubles with Japan, and the other perils which environed it. His selection as the first president of the new republic was a fitting reward for his eminent services, and by the time his term is over the island republic of the Pacific will be firmly established, with the respect of all other nationalities.

Archbishop Ireland takes an extremely sensible view of the recent strike question. He declares that resistance to law and order is anarchy. The man, he says, who respects not the liberty of others shows himself incapable of his own liberty, and the country that permits riots and mob rule signs its own death warrant. All of which should be learned by the labor element which indulges in strikes.

Rev. Myron Reed, of Denver, is evidently in training to succeed Governor Waite.

AS TO RAILROADS.

A Blade subscriber at Palmer, Neb., writes us a long letter apropos of an editorial on "The Great Strike," in these columns recently. He makes the rather surprising statement that there is not one single article in his state which farmers have to buy that is any cheaper than it was two years ago. This is certainly not the case in the East, though it may be with our Nebraska friend. Then he goes on to say:

Why is it that in times of depression we never see railroad fares, steamboat fares, street car fares, not even Pullman car fares, come down one cent, but they are always away up on the top shelf? It appears to be a great means used by all corporations, to cut wages when they want a little more money. The railroads have got transportation charges so high that farmers cannot afford to ship, consequently there are thousands of pounds of produce thrown away that would be shipped to market if they would charge a reasonable freight rate. From here to Chicago it costs 28 cents per 100 to ship wheat in car lots.

The country is almost controlled by railroads; the legislatures are run by railroads; Congress is, to a certain extent, controlled by railroads; and we fear that if corporations, monopolies and money kings are not checked in their corruption that the present strike will only be a drop to what must inevitably follow sooner or later. Labor can only be oppressed to a certain point.

Railroads of all kinds are run to make money, the same as other business enterprises. It probably does not need to be explained to our friend that in dull times, when trade is depressed, the volume of freight transported is much less than in brisk times, and the receipts less accordingly. The same is true of passenger business, for in times of depression so many people do not travel. Hence the earnings have fallen off enormously. A very good comparison to make is that of the first six months of this year with the first six months of the preceding year, for the business depression had not become so great by the end of June, 1893, to affect railway earnings to any great degree.

The comparison of gross earnings—that is, all receipts from all sources—for 124 roads for six months, and 76 roads for five months (the reports of the latter for June not yet being given) and embracing 148,772 miles out of the 178,000 total railroad mileage, shows a decrease of almost seventy-five million dollars! The totals are:

Gross earnings first 6 months, 1893	$451,105,576
Gross earnings, same period, 1894	376,598,983
Decrease	$ 74,506,576

This is a loss of about 17 per cent. in gross earnings as compared with the same period of last year. We do not know any business man who would meet such a decline in his receipts without endeavoring to retrench, and we do not see why a railroad company shall not retrench as well as anybody else.

As to the rates of freight and passenger tolls, to reduce them would still further decrease earnings. There are few roads, outside of a few of the most profitable trunk lines, that could do this without being obliged to go into receivers' hands. Look at the vast number of railroads already gone into receiverships, and you will see that the railway business is by no means so immensely profitable as seems to be believed all over the West. This is a country of magnificent distances, and it would be well to consider whether the length of haul has not something to do with high freight rates. We do not sympathize with nor uphold the railroads, nor anybody else, in extortionate rates; but would it not be well to first be certain whether a given rate is extortionate, before condemning?

Here are some facts which are pertinent in this connection. More than 60 per cent of the total railway stock in the country paid no dividends last year, and more than 10 per cent of the mortgage bonds paid no interest, while the outlook for this year is still worse. One hundred and fifty railroads are in the hands of receivers because their earnings did not meet their expenses, and the number is likely to be increased. And the fact must be remembered that these latter roads not only can not pay their operating expenses, but pay nothing at all to the stockholders. The money invested is earning nothing. There is a confusion existing in the popular mind between speculation in Wall street in the bonds and stocks of railroads, and the actual operation of the roads—two quite distinct things. The railroads of the country are operated as carefully and economically as any other large business.

Now let us call our friend's attention to one other point. If state legislatures are controlled wrongfully by railroads or other corporations, the fault lies with the people themselves in not electing honest men to the legislature, instead of loud-mouthed demagogues, who are patriots for profit. If Congress is controlled by them, it is for the same reason. The remedy is plain: Elect honest men! Elect men who will do justice on either hand, and neither oppress one side nor the other.

If corporations are really becoming formidable, abolish them! Each state has its laws regarding the formation of stock companies. Repeal them, and compel all combinations of capital to take the form of an ordinary partnership, in which each partner is liable for all the debts of the partnership. These laws were first enacted because it was believed that the combination of the capital of many men would be of public benefit, in undertaking enterprises that individuals or partnerships could not undertake. If this has proved to be an error, correct it by abolishing corporations.

We know this common-sense plan is not what many people in the West think they want. They clamor for government ownership of railroads. If the government owned all the railroads, it could not run them any cheaper than they are now run; nor would it be able to reduce freight or passenger rates, unless the road was paying its way in every respect; nor could it raise wages unless the road were paying. The country would not submit to be taxed to make up deficiencies. We know the idea is that railroads are making enormous profits, but would it not be well to investigate and see whether this is so before acting upon the belief?

The vigorous campaign conducted by the woman suffragists in New York before the assembling of the Constitutional convention appears to have had an adverse effect. The committee on suffrage, by a vote of 13 to 4, has decided to report against all propositions on the subject, except one in regard to school elections. The committee even rejected the proposition to submit the question to a vote of the people. Probably the strong protest of women who do not deem it wise to confer the ballot upon their sex had much to do with this action. It remains to be seen what the convention will do in the matter.

CLEVELAND'S LETTER.

There was a sensation in Washington over the letter from the President to Chairman Wilson on the Senate tariff bill. It startled the sleepy Senate and the inactive House of Representatives like a strident blast upon a fish-horn, and was about as unpleasant to hear—at least to Brice, Gorman and their confreres in the elaboration of the measure which excited the ponderous President to this utterance.

Mr. Cleveland's letter is simply an injunction to the House to stand pat on the Wilson bill as it left that body. He demands a strict adherence to the principle of "free raw materials." Incidentally he administers a severe rap to the Gorman-Brice combine when he points out the inconsistency of putting wool on the free list and protecting ore and coal.

His paragraphs on the sugar schedule are written in pure Clevelandese. They are weighted with ponderous polysyllables, so involved in construction as to be more or less obscure to those unaccustomed to the President's verbose style. He believes sugar a legitimate subject for taxation. He admits that the manipulation of the Senate by the Sugar Trust has roused much "Democratic animosity;" but he don't seem to know, you know, how to get around the schedule as it now stands, and thinks that the people should overcome their "prejudice" concerning trusts and combinations sufficiently to let the sugar schedule stand as it is. If any other meaning can be gotten out of it, our discernment is at fault.

The letter was written to Mr. Wilson, and marked "private;" but the chairman of the Ways and Means committee had it sent to the clerk's desk and read to the assembled Representatives. Of course he had Mr. Cleveland's permission so to do. It is, in reality, a message to the House of Representatives, not to the Senate. It is another illustration of the chronic inability of Mr. Cleveland to distinguish between executive and legislative functions, and to confine himself to the former, which is his exclusive province. He desires to shape legislation to suit himself, and makes himself a meddler in the attempt.

This letter makes the tariff muddle worse than ever. It will intensify the purpose of the House to oppose the Senate amendments to the last; and it certainly will not cause the Senatorial combine to lose heart and recede from the bill as it now stands. It is now pretty certain that there will be a prolonged struggle between the two Houses on this measure—the Senate on the one side, the House, reinforced by Cleveland's backing, on the other. And it promises to be the longest and fiercest deadlock that has ever occurred.

The result may be that the McKinley law will not be disturbed.

ACT QUICKLY.

Ninety-eight of the great business firms of Chicago have signed a demand upon Congress that it shall end the suspense which has so long paralyzed all kinds of legitimate business through uncertainty concerning tariff legislation, and thus give the country a chance to recuperate. The document is brief and to the point. Here it is:

Chicago, Ills., July 18, 1894.—To the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, Washington, D. C.: The whole country demands that Congress terminate the pending tariff legislation immediately. Failure to dispose of the question quickly will work incalculable loss and irreparable injury to financial and industrial interests.

This was forwarded to Senator Palmer, and will be laid before the tariff conference committee. But in view of the deadlock now on between the two houses of Congress, it is doubtful if it will have the weight it should carry. It is not a political appeal, but a business one, and is signed as numerously by Republicans as by Democrats. As Mr. Higinbotham, who circulated it, said: "We don't care how you settle the question, but we want you to settle it some way at once."

He expresses exactly the situation of the business world. For a year our industries, our distributing and retail trades, have been discounting the coming tariff change. Only one thing was certain—that duties would be lower. Lower duties mean more active competition from foreign sources; to meet it, American goods must be cheapened in production. Labor is the chief element of cost price; hence labor must be cheapened. The American wage-scale, confessedly at the highest level of any in civilized countries, must come down. This process began with the business depression a year ago. It has gone on ever since. How far it must go, depends upon the tariff schedules as they are finally enacted into law.

There can be no great revival of industry and trade until this matter is settled. Then the country will quickly return to such measure of prosperity as the new tariff will permit. Manufacturers will know what wages they can pay, and the labor item will be settled. That is, no man will run his mill or his factory or his shop at a loss; if his workmen decline to accept the lower scale, he will shut up shop. Importers will extend their orders; for imports for months have been only to fill orders for immediate consumption. Manufacturers did the same thing in their lines for the same reason—that no sagacious man will accumulate a stock the value of which is uncertain until the tariff controversy in Congress is ended.

The complete paralysis of trade that has resulted from the suspense is well illustrated by Charles L. Hutchinson, president of the Corn Exchange, of Chicago, who says:

I cannot understand how those members of Congress down in Washington can be so blind as not to see the ruin they are working. All kinds of business must remain stagnant to a certain degree until they reach a decision. One of the heaviest depositors in our bank is a merchant who makes large importations each year from foreign countries. He has already purchased a large amount of goods for his Christmas trade, and he has waited for weeks hoping that the tariff rates would be definitely fixed before he ordered them shipped to this country. A very small change in the schedule after they were here might mean the loss of every cent of profit for a season's goods. Merchants will not take such risks as that, and, as a consequence, trade is dead. This is only one instance among hundreds. Every one, from the highest to the lowest, is a sufferer. Even the railroad companies have been disastrously affected owing to the great decrease in freight shipments.

Every day the deadlock continues is an injury to the whole country. Delay paralyzes every interest. Whatever Congress intends doing should be done quickly. It is a crime to postpone action. If a tariff bill is to be passed, it should be done before the present month is ended. If the deadlock is to continue, Congress should pass a resolution declaring that no change in the McKinley law during the present Congress will be made.

Clifton R. Breckinridge got the Russian mission as a consolation for losing his renomination by his Arkansas constituents.

$500 IN PREMIUMS!

To be Given to Friends of the Weekly Blade who Will Assist us to GIVE AWAY 100,000 Three Months' Subscriptions.

Our donation offer of three months' subscriptions for the month of June was a wonderful success. The duplicate proposition for the month of July, which at first promised larger returns, was nearly paralyzed by the recent labor strike, which so distracted the minds of all the people of this great nation. As the number of competitors is not yet sufficient for all the premiums offered, we have decided to extend the time to September. This will be no injustice to those who are in the competition, and will enable others to come in, now that times are more favorable for such work. Crops are moving, and a better feeling exists all around, so that the month of August will be a better month than was June for this remarkable Blade offer.

We firmly believe that the Toledo Weekly Blade is the best newspaper published for the masses, and we have an idea that if we can nominally give away 100,000 three months' subscriptions now, to those who appreciate a good family newspaper, a large percentage will become our regular patrons upon the return of better times. Hence this bold and remarkable proposition, expensive to us, but which we hope will be appreciated by at least 100,000 new readers.

NO COUPON CARDS.

The offer below of five hundred dollars in premiums to friends of The Blade who will assist us to distribute the 100,000 subscriptions, is open to anybody. We will not send out coupon cards for August, nor will we require coupons, as we did during June and July. An interested reader may join this competition by sending us clubs as often as possible upon terms stated at the close of this article. We will forward sample copies of The Blade on application.

The Premiums.

Last year we gave thirty-three premiums in June, and the same in July, worth $200. This year we offer 320 premiums, worth $1,000. Deducting one-half already awarded for June leaves the following liberal offer for the months of July and August:

First. To the person sending us, before Sept. 1st, the largest number of addresses for the Weekly Blade three months, upon terms stated on our coupon card, we will give a first-class Family Sewing Machine worth $45.

Second. The same to person sending us the second largest number before Sept. 1st.

To the third largest before Sept. 1st, a Gents' Gold Hunting Case Watch worth $40.

To fourth largest, an open face Gold Watch worth $30.

To fifth largest, a Ladies' Gold Watch worth $25.

The next ten largest clubs in order, will each get a nickel case Elgin or Waltham Watch, worth $16 each.

The next ten largest clubs in order will each receive a set of Chambers's Encyclopedia.

The next ten largest clubs in order, each a dozen nickel teaspoons.

The next fifty in order, each a Columbian Souvenir Half Dollar—now very rare—worth at least one dollar each.

The next twenty-five, each a copy of the book "Nasby in Exile."

The next twenty-five, each a copy of the "Nasby Letters" in book form.

The next twenty-five, each a paper cover novel.

Above enumerates 160 premiums, worth $500, to be awarded to the largest lists sent us in July and August. Practically, almost every competitor for premiums will win something. Of course, we expect clubs from thousands; many sending clubs just to favor the friends of their community, without expecting remuneration.

We want some persons at every postoffice to mail us clubs of ten or more early in August. You can select a book which we offer for clubs of ten, or you can let it apply on the premium competition, sending additional clubs from time to time. After sending one club, additional clubs will be easier to obtain, as by that time the wonderful cheapness of The Blade will be much talked about, and every family will want to come in. After sending a second club your chances are good for one of our premiums, and those who send above 100 names will be pretty close to one of the high premiums. Remember that the above 160 premiums are awarded, one each, to 160 persons sending the most names to us before September 1. This plan is all the more interesting because many who earned premiums in June will be just as likely to get another, and many who failed to get a premium in June will know better how to make pretty sure of one this time.

As stated above, we shall practically give away these three months' subscriptions. We will make a nominal charge of 10 cents each name the amount being barely sufficient to cover cost of mailing and premiums awarded for collecting the addresses—leaving us an expense of several thousand dollars for paper, postage and other details as our donation to those out of employment, and for other reasons embarrassed for want of reading matter in all parts of the United States.

Never was there a time so easy as now to take names for a good newspaper under such an arrangement as we offer, as never before were so many families without newspapers. While this offer is especially designed for the needy of every postoffice, it is also open to all. It will be possible under the liberal offer we propose to secure the name of every reading person at every postoffice that does not now take the Blade, whether they take other papers or none. After September 1, this low price will be withdrawn, and 30 cents will again be the price for the Weekly Blade three months.

Instructions and Conditions.

Every person reading this announcement may join the competition. Write us at once for specimen copy or copies of the Weekly Blade to show while canvassing. You take the subscriptions for 10 cents each for three months, remitting us the full amount, without deducting commission or cost of mailing. For small clubs of ten you will get your pay in books, as announced elsewhere, and for large clubs you will come under our offer of 160 premiums. Send your first club by August 1 and follow with other clubs as often as possible, mailing your last club not later than August 31. Number your names as you send them, from 1 up to whatever total number of names you send us, so that the last name of your last August list will represent the total number of names you have sent. This will enable us to quickly make up the award. All lists sent us in July will be reckoned with those sent in August. The July competitors can, therefore, have time to add other lists in August.

Please remit in current funds. Do not send checks on country banks, nor postage stamps. Remit by money order, express order, New York, Chicago or Toledo exchange, or by registered letter.

Clubs of Ten.

Of course this competition will bring us many large clubs of 50, 100, or even more, according to the size of the community. Aside from the competition, we want hundreds of clubs of ten—yes, thousands—in order to introduce The Blade to new readers. Ten names three months for $1 is an actual loss of money to us, but we have decided, for the month of August only, to make the loss greater, by giving a book premium for each club of ten three months' names at 10 cents each. Read the article on fourth page, headed "Here's a Snap!" This offer should, during August, bring us 5,000 or more clubs of ten. Any person can raise such a club in an hour. Of course all clubs of ten that ask for a book premium, will not be counted with the premium competitors.

Now let some member of every household who takes The Blade get right out and raise us one club to start with. Let us see how many names we can have during the first week in August. The people want The Blade at this nominal price, if you will only give them the opportunity.

PUBLIC MONEY FOR SECTARIAN SCHOOLS.

There was an animated debate in the United States Senate yesterday over the item of the Indian appropriation bill appropriating $1,095,000 for Indian schools. The debate, of course, turned on the fact that various churches have established schools on the reservations for educating Indian children, and each year receive appropriations of public money to support, or to aid in supporting, these denominational schools.

The Catholic schools, being the most numerous, of course obtain the lion's share of the annual appropriation, and this fact was at the bottom of the debate. Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, made a strong protest against government aid for sectarian schools, "especially when one church received so much more than the others." He said there is already a gathering storm in this country against appropriating money for sectarian purposes, and it would break before long on the people and the Congress of the United States.

There is a short road out of the whole snarl. It is, to prohibit the appropriation of public funds, national, state or municipal, to any institution, educational or charitable, of any kind, under sectarian control. The New York Independent says "this is not only a question of expediency but of principle—the sound principle of the entire separation of church and state no matter whether Protestant or Catholic institutions get the bulk of the appropriations. Let all fare alike. Put both on the same absolute equality. Let neither have a cent from state or city."

SHILOH NATIONAL PARK.

The bill for the purchase of the battlefield of Shiloh, and the creation of a great national military park, has been favorably reported to the House by the committee on military affairs, which recommends the passage of the bill. This measure appropriates $150,000 for this purpose and creates a Shiloh commission, composed of one member of the Army of the Tennessee, under Gen. U. S. Grant; one from the Army of the Ohio, under Gen. D. C. Buell; one from the Army of the Mississippi, under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, with a secretary and historian. This bill is only justice to the old soldiers of the West and South, who have none of their battlefields marked and many of their dead uncared for.

There were engaged in the battle of Shiloh, fought on April 6 and 7, 1862, troops from 21 states of the Union besides the regulars, making, in all, 258 different organizations. There were 114,338 men who took part in the battle, with a loss in killed and wounded of fully 30,000. The troops engaged were the flower of the Western and Southern armies. This was the first great open field battle of the war in the West. This battlefield is worthy of being preserved as a great national memorial park, and Congress should pass the bill, and thus do justice to these old soldiers.

An outrage has been perpetrated in Austria by the arrest, secret trial and conviction of a 14 year old boy of Trieste, for "making improper remarks" against the emperor of Austria. The boy was sentenced to two months of hard labor in prison. The boy, Ercolessi, is said to be the youngest person ever held for such a crime. No wonder the kingdoms of Europe are shaky.

Mr. Secretary Gresham ought to read a few volumes on international courtesy.

PREPARED TO WALK.

Slocum—Say, Walker, yer looks tired.
Walker—Well, yer see, I never did ride on common cars, an' since de Pullman strike, I'se been walkin' a good deal.

THE FORTY-FIFTH STATE.

The President has signed the act enabling Utah to hold a constitutional convention and prepare for statehood. The bill does not make Utah a state, but opens the way to sisterhood. The constitutional convention will meet next March to frame a state constitution, which will be submitted to the people for ratification at an election in November, 1895, when the governor and other state officers and a member of Congress will be elected. If the constitution is ratified, and if the President finds that it provides for a Republican form of government under the provisions of the act of Congress, he will issue a proclamation announcing the fact that and declaring Utah a state. The forty-fifth star will thus be added to the flag, and there will be one less territory to squabble over admission.

The bill makes stringent provisions concerning a number of things which have hitherto prevented the admission of Utah. The first requirement as to the state constitution to be framed is that it shall be republican in form, and make no distinction in civil or political rank on account of race or color, except as to Indians, who are not taxed; that it shall not be repugnant to the constitution of the United States and the principles of the Declaration of Independence.

The question of polygamy is settled by the provision of the bill that the state constitution shall provide by ordinance irrevocable without the consent of the United States and the people of the state that perfect toleration of religious sentiment shall be secured, and that inhabitants of the state shall never be molested on account of the mode of religious worship, provided that polygamous and plural marriages are forever prohibited.

Utah is to be liberally dealt with as to the public lands. She is first to disclaim all title to the unappropriated public lands, and all Indian lands are to remain under the absolute jurisdiction of the United States. But 100 sections are given for public buildings at the capital, 5,000 acres for an agricultural college, two townships and 110,000 acres for the University of Utah; for irrigation purposes, 500,000 acres; for an insane asylum, for a school of mines, for a deaf and dumb asylum, for a reform school, for a state normal school, for an institution for the blind, each 100,000 acres, and for a miners' hospital, 50,000 acres. The United States penitentiary near Salt Lake City is granted to the state.

All granted lands are to be sold at public sales for not less than $5 an acre, but the state may lease them for terms of five years. Ten per cent. of the proceeds of the sale of the public lands after the admission of the state is to be paid by the government to the state as a permanent fund for the support of the common schools, of which the interest only is available. All of the educational institutions are to remain under the exclusive control of the state, and no part of the proceeds of the land can be used for the support of any sectarian or denominational school—which is another precaution against undue Mormon influence.

PROFITS ON WHEAT.

The chronically low price of wheat is stirring up the farmers of the Northwest to ascertain whether the middle-men are not getting more than a proper share of profit for handling it. On June 1 of this year No. 1 hard wheat sold in Duluth at $57.88 per hundred bushels. In Liverpool the same wheat sold at $70.50. Who benefited by the difference—$12.62—between the Duluth and Liverpool prices—a difference of a shade over 12 1-2 cents per bushel? This question has been answered by the St. Paul Pioneer Press, which finds that the transportation, elevator, insurance and other charges which had to be paid on the wheat before it reached Liverpool amounted to $11.85 per 100 bushels. Of this, $7.55 was the cost of freight and insurance, the remaining $4.30 being for elevator storage, weighing, inspection, commission, and other legitimate charges. This made the actual cost of 100 bushels, laid down at Liverpool, amount to $69.73. Deducting this from $70.50, the Liverpool selling price, and there is but 77 cents profit, or only 3-4 of a cent a bushel—which is certainly not exorbitant.

It will be seen that the cost of wheat transportation to Europe is astonishingly low. The time is well remembered by men in the grain trade when the total cost of transportation of a bushel of wheat to Europe was 30 cents and over. Now it is reduced to a fraction over 11 cents. This cheapening of the cost of freight and handling should benefit the producer to some extent. The inquiry should now be pushed at the other end of the line—between the farmer and Duluth. It is clear there is no exorbitant profit to anybody between Duluth and Liverpool. But is there any excessive profit between the farmer and Duluth? Is the producer getting all that he should receive, after all reasonable expenses are paid between himself and the European market? Unless the buyers from the farmer are getting too large a profit, the situation is one that can not mend until the world produces less wheat as compared with the demand, than it is doing to-day.

Minneapolis should hold its enthusiasm. Having a million-dollar bonfire in celebration of the fast time of its cruiser is not profitable.

PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN.

Mr. Gompers is a cigarmaker by trade, and rolled the weed from the time he was ten years old until nearly fifty. Mr. Evans, his chief assistant, is a coal miner. Peter J. McGuire, of the executive board of the Federation, is a carpenter and joiner. Gompers is a short, thick-set, dark-complexioned man, with a bushy head of hair and marked features. He moves rapidly and speaks cautiously. He is of Jewish stock.

Judge Woodbury's advice to the people of the Isles of Shoals when they were about to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" on the Fourth, is worth preservation. He remarked that it would add to the harmony of the occasion, if those who knew how to sing would sing loudly, and those who didn't know how to sing would sing low.

Ida Lewis, who began her wonderful life-saving record by saving four small boys whose boat had capsized in the harbor before her, is still alert and strong, though now past fifty. Her salary as keeper of the Lime Rock Light, at the south end of Newport, is $750 a year and two tons of coal to boot.

J. W. Eagan, chairman of the General Managers, whose roads are now suffering from the strike, was once a machinist's apprentice in the Illinois Central shops, and rose step by step until he became president.

Jean Jacques Sebatier, aged 102; Victor Baillod and Jean Bousset, each 101, and Joseph Rose, 100, are believed by a French newspaper to be the only survivors of Napoleon's grand army.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, the novelist, is said to have been the first woman who wrote for the daily newspapers. Since her first novel appeared, forty-six years ago, she has written over fifty volumes.

Miss Annie Thomson Nettleton has resigned her position in Vassar college to become presiding officer of Guilford cottage at the women's college of the Western Reserve university.

Inventor George Westinghouse is said to be at work at an underground system of street car propulsion which bids fair to revolutionize all existing systems.

Prof. Guide's book, "Caligula," which is supposed to refer to the Emperor William, has had a wonderful sale in Germany. Over 150,000 copies have been sold.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Debs gets $3,000 a year. He'll be apt to get six months before long.

The price of brimstone has fallen off one-half. This information is exclusively for sinners.

Mrs. Alexander, the novelist, whose real name is Mrs. Alexander Hector, is now 70 years of age, but is still in vigorous health.

The fact that Santo, President Carnot's assassin, has asked money of President Casimir-Perier, breaks the record for all Gaul.

Samuel B. Arnold, who was sent to Dry Tortugas for life for being implicated in the assassination of Lincoln, but was pardoned by President Johnson, is keeping a butcher's stall in a Baltimore market, and manages thereby to make ends meet.

One of the three dozen shirts possessed by Napoleon at St. Helena—an ownership that begot him an imperishable hatred among the anarchists—was recently sold at auction for 150 francs. They were originally divided among his companions at the time of his death.

Rear-Admiral Frederick Maxse, whose daughter was married the other day to a son of Lord Salisbury, was the hero of the famous ride through the Russian army from the English army to the English fleet, during the Crimean war. His deed was immortalized by Punch in a poem entitled, "Lieutenant Maxse's Ride."

In a brief autobiography published in a new library edition of his works, Huxley shows that he exhibited at school none of the qualities that lay at the bottom of his success in after life. He was educated, very much against his will, as a physician and surgeon, and several years of his life were passed as a surgeon in the English navy.

OLD AGE.

Arnauld translated Josephus when 80 years old and at the age of 82 was still referred to as "the great Arnauld."

Michael Angelo preserved his creative genius to extreme old age. His favorite motto is said to have been: "Yet I am learning."

Dante proposed to translate the whole "Iliad" when in his 68th year and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

"The era of threescore and ten is an agreeable age for writing," wrote Becker. "Your mind has not lost its vigor and envy leaves you in peace."

Sir Christopher Wren, who retired from public life at the age of 86, spent the next five years in literary, astronomical and religious studies.

Sir Henry Spelman, who passed his early life as a farmer, began his scientific studies at 50 years of age and before his death came to be known as the most learned antiquary and legal authority of his time.

The opening of one of La Mothe le Veger's treatises is as follows: "I should but ill return the favors God has granted me in the 80th year of my age should I allow myself to give way to that shameless want of occupation which I have condemned all my life."

"In my 80th year," wrote Humboldt in 1849, "I am still enabled to enjoy the satisfaction of completing a third edition of my work, remolding it to meet the requirements of the present time." Five years later Humboldt was hard at work completing his "Cosmos."

Dr. Johnson was 73 years old, and while staggering under an attack of paralysis sufficiently severe to render him speechless, composed a Latin prayer in order to test the loss or retention of his mental faculties. A few years before his death he applied himself to the study of the Dutch language. In one morning shortly before his death he amused himself by committing to memory 800 lines of Virgil.

NOTABLES HERE AND THERE.

All the grandsons of Charles Dickens bear the name of Charles.

Mr. Labouchere carries his radicalism so far as to refrain from giving the readers of his paper any information of the birth of an heir to the throne.

M. Casimir-Perier, the new President of France, received from his father the snug legacy of 10,000,000 francs, and has since added largely to his fortune.

One of the best known figures in Paris is Mme. Yoer, who, upon the death of her husband, a reporter for the French press, took up his work and has conducted it with marked enterprise.

Mark Twain says there are three "infallible ways of pleasing an author: 1. To tell him you have read one of his books; 2. to tell him you have read all of his books; 3. to ask him to let you read the manuscript of his forthcoming book. No. 1 admits you to his respect; No. 2 admits you to his admiration; No. 3 carries you clear into his heart."

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian author, loves to keep his hair in disorder. This is said to be his one vanity. He always carries a little toilet case, says a Danish writer, containing a looking glass and a comb, attached to the lining of his gray hat. He often removes his hat to look into the mirror to see how his hair is lying. If it is not rough enough to suit his fancy, he uses the comb to give it the requisite tangle.

The strike summer of 1894 is the logical outcome of the action of the workingmen in voting for a "change" in 1892.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE.

Tenth Paper.

"Usury" and "Interest"—They are the same.

Interest is the rent or hire of money. If it is right for a man to get rent for his house; if it is right for a livery stable man to receive hire for his team; if it is right for a man to take hire for his work, then it is right for a borrower to pay interest to a lender. All these cases cited, and all similar ones, are identical in principle—payment is made for services rendered.

The rate of interest normally depends on the demand for loans. The law of demand and supply operates here as it does in fixing the price of everything else. There is a revival, at the present time, at various points in the United States, of a feeling against not only "usury," but against the payment of any interest on bonds. The latter is so absurd that it needs no discussion; but the matter of usury is one that is historically interesting, and we are able to trace the opposition to it back to its religious origin.

What is usury? The word comes from the same Latin root as our word "use;" and usury meant originally the payment for the use of money; that is, its original meaning, and the one in which it is used in the Bible, is the same as interest. Cruden, the author of the Bible concordance which bears his name, in that work, says: "By usury is generally understood the gain of anything above the principal, or that which was lent, exacted only in consideration of the loan, whether it be in money, corn, wares or the like."

Now let us examine the Mosaic prohibition of usury. It would seem that the Israelites were intended to be a pastoral and agricultural people, not a commercial or trading one; and the reason is to be found in the fact that they were the "chosen people," intended to be kept apart from close communication with the heathen nations around them. This would be comparatively easy with an agricultural people, while commerce would bring them in close relation with surrounding nations. In Exodus xxii, 25, this command is put upon the Israelites: "If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as an usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury;" that is, interest was not to be charged by one Israelite to an Israelite. Then again, in Leviticus xxv, 35, 36, the command is, "if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee," he is to be aided, and no usury nor increase is to be taken.

Note in both these cases it speaks of the Israelites in their dealings with their brethren. This prohibition of usury, or interest, being charged by an Israelite to an Israelite is repeated in Deuteronomy xxiii, 19; but in the next verse, the 20th, it says: "Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury; but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon usury." That is, the Israelites were permitted to charge interest to strangers, but not to their brethren.

From this it is clear that the prohibition of usury, or interest, applied only to the Jews in their intercourse with their fellow-Jews. There was no sin in taking interest, because it was allowed in dealings with other than Jews. Why were they prohibited from taking interest of Jews? Cruden says as to this: "And such provision the law made for the preserving of estates to their families by the year of jubilee; for a people that had little concourse in trade could not be supposed to borrow money but out of necessity; but they were allowed to lend upon usury to strangers, whom yet they must not oppress."

Now it is clear that there is no obligation resting upon us not to take interest. It is clear it never was a sin, because the Israelites were allowed to take interest from any but of their own race, and the reason for the exception is plain. Yet for centuries, during the Dark Ages, it was accounted wrong to take interest, and the prohibition in the Mosaic law was quoted as authority. Christ never raised his voice against the practice of interest paying. He drove the money-changers out of the temple, along with those who sold doves for sacrifice; not because of the nature of their occupation, but because the house of the Lord was not a proper place to transact business.

In point of fact, the church held to the belief that all interest-taking was against the law of God, until some astute theologian in her ranks created a new definition for the word "usury." He declared that it meant excessive or unjust interest, and that the payment for the use of money was proper and just, as it undoubtedly is. Then, and only then, did the church retreat from untenable ground, and give her sanction to a practice which all thinking men knew to be just and right; and allow to be done openly that which was for centuries done secretly.

Yet to-day we find people who have the feeling that somehow the old Mosaic provision ought to bind men now, and they rail at interest as if it were an evil thing. The writer heard a Populist orator speaking against it, declaring that "interest works all the time, day and night; it works even on Sunday; it takes no rest, but eats into your substance continually." This is foolishness. A farmer's crops grow day and night, and Sunday as well; so do his colts and his calves and his lambs and his children. The rent of a house goes on all the time, in the same way, and so do numerous other things.

No; there is no good objection against the payment of interest. Then comes the question, "How much?" As we stated before, the rate really depends upon the demand for money. Laws attempt to fix the rate, but every one knows that such a law is violated constantly. "But should there be no legal rate?" asks one. Yes, for the settlement of accounts, etc., where no rate has been mentioned; but any rate should be allowed by agreement between the parties. What is the use of a law which is rejected by the common sense of the people, and which they therefore violate without compunction?

We will next take up the discussion of the reasons why interest is so low in our great financial centers and so high in the farming states.

A Pity.

Strelezki, the pianist, tells the following story of Liszt: "I remember once a Miss M—— playing a sonata by Sterndale Bennett, a work of a very prosy type, and certainly lacking in anything like spontaneity or poetry. Liszt was evidently not familiar with it, so after playing some six or seven pages, he gently tapped Miss M—— on the arm, and said:

"Mademoiselle, would you kindly name the piece you are performing?"

"Certainly, sir," she replied; "it is the sonata 'The Maid of Orleans,' by William Sterndale Bennett."

"H'm,' 'said Liszt; "it's a pity the original manuscript didn't meet the same fate as the 'Maid."

GEN. HANCOCK IN BRONZE.

Colossal Equestrian Memorial to be Erected.

A colossal equestrian statue in bronze of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock will in about a year be set up by the state of Pennsylvania on the top of Cemetery Hill, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, where he stood with his staff and Gen. Howard discussing the action and pointing in a general way toward Round Top.

The 9-foot pedestal, designed by an architect friend of Mr. Elwell, is remarkably artistic, with cartouches on either side, one with the name of the subject on the right and that of the sculptor and the date on the left. The statue will be one of the largest equestrian works in the country. The figure of Hancock standing would measure 13 feet 6 inches.

Mr. Elwell's statue is picturesque,

ELWELL'S STATUE OF HANCOCK FOR GETTYSBURG.

The statue, which is to cost, with its granite pedestal, about $30,000, is the work of F. Edwin Elwell, and has just been finished in the plaster by the sculptor at his studio in New York city. It will be put into bronze by Bureau Brothers, of Philadelphia. The statue is 17 odd feet high; the horse measures 9 feet 6 inches to the withers, and the bronze plinth is 11 feet 3 inches long by 4 feet 6 inches wide.

strong, simple and broad, the textures being notably well preserved and the fact being made essentially evident that the man and horse and trappings are separate objects. The general sits in his saddle like a fine horseman.

The face of Hancock is full of life, dignified and forceful, and is said to present an excellent likeness of Gen. Hancock as he appeared at the time. The pose of the figure is easy and yet commanding, and the modeling of the horse is remarkably life-like and alert.

FRIETSCH MUST GET TO SWEDEN.

So He Sailed From Milwaukee in a Funny Sort of Craft.

Moored to an ice barge at the foot of West Ninety-seventh street is a diminutive flat-bottomed craft, in which Capt. Adolph Frietsch, of Milwaukee, proposes to sail to Stockholm, Sweden, says the New York World. The craft itself is 47 feet long over all, but the captain says she is as seaworthy as a liner, and he is so confident of success that he invested every cent he could scrape together in its homely composition. He has a wife and four children in Milwaukee, but they are content to remain ashore, however.

The Nina, the name of the little wanderer from the lakes, is built on the model of the Fairhaven sharpie, a craft which preponderates in the harbors along the Connecticut coast. The captain is in pecuniary difficulties at present, and until he overcomes this, he and the Nina will remain in port. He hopes to get a berth somewhere about the Battery, and then he will go into the exhibition business until he has gathered capital to buy provisions, charts and nautical instruments for his trip.

He will take supplies for 100 days, but he expects to make the other side in thirty days. A feature of Captain Frietsch's craft is an attachment by which the boat will take care of itself when he turns in at night. Instead of using a sea anchor or drag, as other navigators in small crafts have done, the captain has screwed a ratchet bar along the stern combing. On the under side of the tiller is a strap of iron which drops down into the teeth of the bar. When ready to turn in he will shorten sail, and then gauge the position of the tiller along the ratchet bar so that it will hold the boat on a straight course.

THE DARING LAKE SAILOR.

HIGH NOON.

Time's finger on the dial of my life
Points to high noon. And yet the half-spent day
Leaves less than half remaining! For the dark
Bleak shadows of the grave engulf the end.

To those who burn the candle to the stick,
The sputtering socket yields but little light.
Long life is sadder than an early death.
We cannot count on ravelled threads of age
Whereof to weave a fabric; we must use
The warp and woof the ready present yields,
And toil while daylight lasts. When I bethink
How brief the past, the future still more brief
Calls on to action, action! Not for me
Is time for retrospection or for dreams;
Not time for self-laudation, or remorse.
Have I done nobly? Then I must not let
Dead yesterday unborn tomorrow shame.
Have I done wrong? Then let the bitter taste
Of fruit that turned to ashes on my lip
Be my reminder in temptation's hour,
And keep me silent when I would condemn.
Sometimes it takes the acid of a sin
To cleanse the clouded windows of our souls
So pity may shine through them. Looking back
My faults and errors seem like stepping-stones
That led the way to knowledge of the truth
And made me value virtue! Sorrows shine
In rainbow colors o'er the gulf of years
Where lie forgotten pleasures. Looking forth
Out to the western sky, still bright with noon,
I feel well spurred and booted for the strife
That ends not till Nirvana is attained.

Battling with fate, with men, and with myself,
Up the steep summit of my life's forenoon,
Three things I learned—three things of precious worth,
To guide and help me down the western slope.
I have learned how to pray, and toil, and save;
To pray for courage to receive what comes,
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent;
To toil for universal good, since thus
And only thus, can good come unto me;
To save, by giving whatsoe'er I have
To those who have not—this alone is gain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Difference Noted.

It is necessary to meet good luck half way but bad luck will chase you.—Atchison Globe.

Old Hen—"Yes, it is true that at times, in moments of enthusiasm or unusual energy, I do lay an egg with a double yolk." Pullet—"Well, madam, as the representative of the Egg-Layers' Union, I want to tell you that your energy is misdirected and your enthusiasm is uncalled for, and if you offend again, you will hear from us unpleasantly. Good morning."—Detroit Free Press.

ONE QUESTION TOO MUCH.

Congressman Bynum Lost a Case Through Over-Inquisitiveness.

Representative Bynum, of Indiana, is one of the best parliamentarians and most successful lawyers in the house. Before coming to congress he acquired considerable prominence as a criminal lawyer, and was in great demand to defend criminal prosecutions. In the Washington Times he tells a story on himself to illustrate the fact that sometimes an attorney can ask one question to much. And this is the way he tells it:

"A number of years ago, when a young attorney, I was employed to defend a man charged with mayhem in a little town in southern Indiana," said Mr. Bynum, "and among the witnesses for the defense was an odd character named Jo Bates. When Jo came on the stand and after the preliminary questions I asked him if he had seen the fight in which my client was supposed to have bitten off a piece of the other man's ear.

"'Oh, yaas, mister,' replied Jo, 'I seed all of it.'

"'How did you come to see it, Jo?'

"'Waal, tell you how 'twas. I heered a good deal about Jim Haskins' fitin,—as how he was a good man—and I wanted to see as how he handled hisself.'

"'Did you see the fight end, Jo?'

"'Yaas, mister.'

"'Could you see them both all the time?'

"'Oh, yaas, mister.'

"'Did you see Jim Haskins bite off Bill Brown's ear?'

"'Oh, no, mister.'

"'Did you see him try to bite Bill in any way, or was the fight fair and without gouging and biting?'

"'Yaas, the fight was fit fair and Jim licked Bill without turnin' a hair, and I did not see Jim bite Bill in any way,' answered Jo.

"'That will do, Jo,' said I, and just as Jo was leaving the witness chair—for the prosecutor did not want to examine him—an unlucky thought occurred to me, and I told him to sit down and answer one more question.

"'Jo,' said I, slowly, and in an impressive manner, 'did you see anything during the fight, or immediately after it was over, that led you to think that possibly Jim might have bitten off a piece of Bill's ear?'

"'Waal, mister', replied Jo, 'I didn't see Jim bite Bill, nor would I tho't anything about it, only after the fite was over, Jim spit out a piece of ear 'fore he cud take a chaw terbaccer; but I don't know whether it was Bill's ear or not.'"

Mr. Bynum says that he lost the case, and that his experience with Jo taught him to let well enough alone when examining witnesses.

Impossible.

There's bliss in early rising,
But, though your best you try,
You can't get up in time to beat
The early morning fly.

Sise a Consideration.

Jaspar—Why did Carson marry such a little woman?

Jumpuppe—He has been married before and knows the limitations of a Harlem fla'.—Truth.

Christians in India.

There are about 1,700,000 Christians in India, out of a population of 260,000,000. The Christians are mostly Roman Catholics.

THE LAW FOR THE WOLVES.

Now this is the law of the jungle—as old and as true as the sky;
And the wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf that shall break it must die.

As the creeper that girdles the tree trunk the law runneth forward and back—
For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.

Wash daily from nose-tip to tail-tip; drink deeply but never too deep,
And remember the night is for hunting, and forget not the day is for sleep.

The jackal may follow the tiger, but Cub, when thy whiskers are grown
Remember the Wolf is a hunter—go forth and get food of thy own.

Keep peace with the Lords of the Jungle—the Tiger, the Panther and Bear,
And trouble not Hathi the Silent, and mock not the Bear in his lair.

When Pack meets with Pack in the Jungle, and neither will go from the trail,
Lie down till the leaders have spoken, it may be fair words will prevail.

When ye fight with a Wolf of the Pack ye must fight him alone and afar,
Lest others take part in the quarrel, and the Pack is diminished by war.

The lair of the Wolf is his refuge, and where he has made him his home,
Not even the Head Wolf may enter, not even the Council may come.

The lair of the Wolf is his refuge, but where he has digged it too plain,
The Council shall send him a message and so he shall change it again.

If ye kill before midnight be silent and wake not the woods with your bay,
Lest ye frighten the deer from the crop and thy brothers go empty away.

Ye may kill for yourselves and your mates, and your cubs as they need and ye can;
But kill not for pleasure of killing, and seven times never kill Man.

If ye plunder his kill from a weaker, devour not all in thy pride.
Pack-Right is the right of the meanest; so leave him the head and the hide.

The kill of the Pack is the meat of the Pack. Ye must eat where it lies;
And no one may carry away of that meat to his lair, or he dies.

The kill of the Wolf is the meat of the Wolf. He may do what he will,
But, till he has given permission, the Pack may not eat of that kill.

Lair-Right is the right of the Mother. From all of her year she may claim
One haunch of each kill for litter, and none may deny her the same.

Cub-Right is the right of the Yearling. From all of this pack he may claim
Full-Gorge when the killer has eaten; and None may refuse him the same.

Cave-Right is the Right of the Father, to hunt by himself for his own;
He is freed of all calls to the Pack. He is judged by the Council alone.

Because of his age and his cunning, because of his gripe and his paw,
In all that the law leaveth open the word of the Head Wolf is law.

Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they;
But the head and the hoof of the Law and the haunch and hump is—Obey!

—Rudyard Kipling in "The Jungle Book."

FOUR STORIES OF CHILDREN.

Story of a Modest Little Boy.

Eight-year-old Fred was the youngest member of a large family, and, unlike many boys of that age, was accustomed to regard himself as a person of little importance.

At the table he ate what was given him with a thankful heart and a vigorous appetite. He was not consulted as to his personal likes or dislikes, as far as food was concerned.

Naturally enough, therefore, his ideas were much confused when, on the occasion of his first dining out at the home of one of his schoolboy friends, he was asked whether he would like his slice of beef rare or well done.

"Why—I—think," stammered Fred, bashfully; and then, with his usual bright smile, he said:

"It doesn't make any difference, Mrs. Brown. Any old thing will do nicely for me!"

Freddy Acted Just Like Some Men.

Harriet and Freddy are both very timid little children. They were staying at the house of an uncle, who is generous and kindly when his liver is not out of order, but quite the reverse when it is. One unfortunate morning the uncle rebuked the boy unjustly. Freddy's quick temper rose, but his adversary was too formidable; so turning suddenly to his unoffending little sister, the boy proceeds to vent his wrath on her (a fault grown people are not always entirely free from.) "Harriet," sputtered the little boy, "if you don't put down that syrup jug, I'll—call a rat!"

This Was Johnnie's Guess.

Johnny had been studying his spelling lesson and learning definitions, particularly of words with prefixes from the Greek. He had defined monologue as a soliloquy or "one man talking to himself."

"Now what is a conversation between two persons?" asked his teacher.

"A dialogue."

"And between more than two persons?"

"A pollywog," answered Johnny promptly.

Mere Politeness On His Part.

Metaphors are like fireworks; they are ornamental, but they need careful handling.

"The minister says he had a nice chat with you down the street this afternoon," said Mrs. Henderson to her youthful son Amos.

"A nice chat!" answered Amos. "All the boys had gone down to the pond for a swim, and he kept me there almost ten minutes. I put on a pleasant face, I guess. I tried to, anyhow; but I was on pins and needles all the time behind my back."—Chicago Post.

MULEY ABDUL-AZIZ.

The New Sultan of Morocco is Educated and Energetic.

The accession of the new Sultan Abdul-Aziz to the throne of Morocco, which for some time was rather doubtful, seems now to be an accomplished fact. The remains of the late Sultan Muley Hassan were buried June 13 with great pomp at Rabat, and immediately after the interment Abdul-Aziz was proclaimed Sultan at the chief mosque, and the imperial umbrella raised over him.

Muley Mohammed, the elder brother of the new ruler, at first protested against the accession of Abdul-Aziz, who, by the late Sultan had been appointed his successor, but has now submitted, and other pretenders to the throne have likewise been disposed of.

SULTAN MULEY ABDUL-AZIZ.

Muley Abdul-Aziz, although very young, is very energetic, well educated, an excellent horseman, and fearless hunter, while his elder brother is a fanatical Mussulman, and detests all Europeans and Christians. He is known as the "One-Eyed Decapitator," from his love for ordering summary executions, and was formerly Khalif of Marrakesh; but was deposed and imprisoned by his father, owing to his ferocity and insubordination.

True Equality.

Little Ethel—Nellie Nexdoor is taking painting lessons, and the teachers say she is a perfect genius. Mayn't I take painting lessons, too?

Mother—Do you think you have any talent for painting?

Little Ethel—Of course. Our family is just as good as Nellie Nexdoor's.—Good News.

Spain spends $100,000,000 to maintain its army, and $1,500,000 to educate its children.

GREETED THE FIRST CROP.

Arrival of the First Michigan Peaches in Chicago.

About 5 o'clock this morning the first Michigan peaches to arrive in Chicago this season were unloaded at the Graham & Morton dock, and the occasion was observed by the freight handlers employed by the company, as is the annual custom.

The shipment was a small one, consisting of only 12 half-bushel baskets. They came from J. K. Bishop, of St. Joseph, Mich., to Barnett Bros., South Water street, on board the city of Chicago.

About 5:30 o'clock this morning, when the stevedores came to their work and found an invoice of peaches to be unloaded. Foreman Max Shulze hurried to the office and brought out a large, dust-covered American flag, which has participated for years in the demonstration which marks the opening of the Michigan peach season in Chicago. Twelve men got into line, headed by Foreman Shulze, who had the Stars and Stripes wrapped about him, and each took one of the peach baskets upon his shoulder. In this manner they marched out of the transportation company's freight house and down South Water street to Barnett Bros'. place, yelling and cheering.

THE PROCESSION OF THE FIRST PEACHES.

The sight was one familiar to most of the men along Water street, and all knew what the unusual spectacle and noise meant. In most cases they answered the salutation of the paraders, and the excitement which reigned for a few moments would have caused a casual observer to believe that the street had "gone crazy."

From this time on the shipment of Michigan peaches will grow larger and larger, until they will become very plentiful. This year's crop promises to be a very large and healthy one.—Chicago News, July 14.

PERVERTED VERSE.

There was a young fellow named Cholmondelay;
Who in face and figure was colmondelay;
He was married one maughan
To a lady named Vaughan,
But they quarreled and always sat glolmondelay.

There was a young man of Bordeaux,
Who called to his horse and said "Wheaux!"
But his horse ran aweigh
With a terrified neigh,
And is probably still on the geaux.

There was a young poet in Wemyss,
Who cried, "O, how awful it seems,
When asleep late at night,
Lovely poetry to wright,
And awakening find it's a dremyss!"

THE "TOLEDO" BIRD.

A South American Song and Dance Bird—Its Note.

Perhaps the most curious dance on record of a bird is that of the Toledo, a little manikin which lives in Central America. Mr. Nutting, an American traveler in Nicaragua, has described its habits as follows: "The natives call this bird 'Bailador' or 'Dancer.' It was not until I had been in the region for some time that I understood why it was called by this name. One day, when hunting through the dense forest, the profound silence was suddenly broken by the regularly repeated note of 'El Bailador,' and, softly making my way toward the spot whence the sound proceeded, I witnessed one of the most remarkable performances it has ever been my lot to see. Upon a bare twig which overhung the trail at a distance of about four feet from the ground, two male 'Bailadors' were engaged in a 'song and dance' act that simply astounded me. The two birds were about a foot and a half apart, and were alternately jumping about two feet in the air, and alighting exactly upon the spot whence they jumped. The time was as regular as clockwork, one bird jumping up the instant the other alighted, each bird accompanying himself to the tune of 'To-le-do—to-le-do—to-le-do,' sounding the syllable 'to' as he crouched to spring, 'le' while in the air, and 'do' as he alighted. This performance was kept up without intermission for more than a minute, when the birds suddenly discovered that they had an audience and made off."

"TO-LE-DO!"

Had been Mistaught.

"Will you," he said timidly, "will you have some ice-cream?"

"No, thank you," replied the young woman. "I very seldom eat it."

He looked surprised.

"Do you mind getting engaged to me? I know that you have been engaged to several other young men this summer. But that doesn't count."

"I was never engaged in my life," she replied.

A slight pallor came over his face.

"Pardon me, but do you know that your hat is not on exactly straight?"

"Isn't it? Oh, well, I can fix it when I get home."

He looked at her with a ghastly stare.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "have I read the comic weeklies all these years for nothing?"

And he sank to the pavement and moaned.—Washington Star.

Bead and Pearl Ornaments.

Sashes of soft, black gauze and of moire, with long floating ends, are very much liked, and bead ornaments of every description, especially those in fine jet with festoons and fringes of beads, are lavishly used. Pearls and gold beads form charming ornaments for evening dresses; a bodice, for instance, in shot straw color and salmon pink silk, has a large puffed sleeve finished off above the elbow with a Louis XIII revers of silk, pearls, and gold beads above a flounce of guipure. The bodice, open in a V point, is embroidered in the same way, and epaulets to correspond fall from the shoulders.

A Great Educator.

In a spelling match at Waterville, Me., the superintendent of schools went down on the word "two." He spelled it t-o-e.

WANTS THE PRESIDENCY.

That is the Mark Aimed at by the Cleveland Free Trader.

Cleveland, O., July 20.—Hon. Tom L. Johnson, the millionaire member of Congress from the Twenty-first Ohio district, the single tax advocate and the Democratic leader of his party cohorts in Northern Ohio, has entered the race for the Presidency and his

TOM JOHNSON.

great preliminary stroke of politics will be to get himself re-elected to Congress in a district that gave Governor McKinley 4,000 majority.

The normal majority of this district is 2,000. Democrats here say that Johnson can overcome it. A prominent local politician, in speaking of the probabilities that Mr. Johnson would soon make known his intentions of entering the race for the Presidency, said last night:

"The congressional campaign in this district is going to be the most hotly contested of any fight in Ohio this fall. Its influence will be national and will have an important bearing in the Presidential contest of 1896. Tom L. Johnson is not only willing but anxious to risk a defeat as a free trader in a district which is clearly and decidedly partial to a protective tariff. Mr. Johnson believes this to be a strategic movement and he believes firmly that the issues will be closely drawn between free trade and protection in 1896.

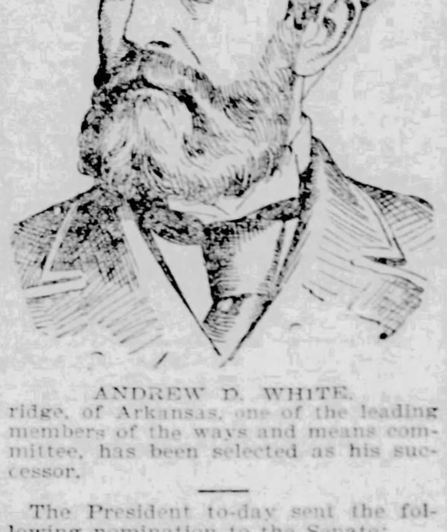
"His great ambition to-day is to lead the Democratic party in a national campaign. Upon the issue of free trade his congressional speeches have attracted more attention and have been more widely circulated than those of any of his colleagues. The demand for these speeches came largely from the Populistic stronghold.

"Mr. Johnson is preparing to spend a large amount of money in the approaching campaign to re-elect himself to Congress."

MINISTER WHITE RESIGNS.

Rumored That C. R. Breckenridge Will Become Russian Minister.

Washington, July 19.—Mr. Andrew D. White, United States minister to Russia, has tendered his resignation on account of ill health, it is said, and Representative Clifton R. Breckenridge, of Arkansas, one of the leading members of the ways and means committee, has been selected as his successor.



ANDREW D. WHITE.

The President to-day sent the following nomination to the Senate:

State—Clifton R. Breckenridge, of Arkansas, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Russia, vice Andrew D. White, resigned.

THE INFANTA EULALIE AGAIN.

She is Living in London in Obscurity and Poverty.

New York, July 20.—Information has been received that the Infanta Eulalie is living in great obscurity in London, and the news has caused some surprise in this city. It is hardly a year ago when she was feted and treated like a queen in New York and throughout the country. There has been some disagreement between that charming and volatile old lady, ex-queen Isabella, to whom the Infanta is indebted for a part of her allowance. She has but one maid of honor, and is living in the most economical manner possible.

Queen Isaballa has never been kind to her daughters or to her sister-in-law, most of whom live in Paris in exile and form a little circle of Infantas of their own. They are in great requisition, these ladies, for dinners, as it is something of a feather in the cap of a bourgeoise or a nouveau riche to have a regular royal princess dine with them. And they accept. Yet there is always that bit of Spanish court etiquette surrounding them which tells you "Ne touchez pas a la reine."

The Infanta Eulalie was generosity itself, and never did she leave a hotel but that she did not fee the attendants liberally. She scattered largesse everywhere, and she left behind her a most charming memory. It is to be hoped that her poverty is only temporary, and that the queen regent of Spain will do something to relieve it.

LAST OF THE MIAMIS.

Surviving Member of the Famous Tribe Dead.

Ft. Wayne, Ind., July 22.—James R. Godfrey, the only surviving son of the last of the chiefs of the famous Miami tribe of Indians, died Saturday on the reservation of 1,900 acres of land given to him by the government in 1819, on which he has lived and farmed with his children and grandchildren for the past 60 years. His father was Francis, a chief who succeeded Little Turtle in command of the Indian forces in the Maumee and Wabash Valleys. His mother was also the daughter of a chief, John Baptiste Richardsville. The deceased left a large family, and 72 of his descendants are now occupying the reservation, which is a valuable tract of land four miles south of the city. The youngest is George L., a prominent citizen of Ft. Wayne, and is one of the few Indians who ever joined a secret society, and is the highest in Masonry of any Indian in the world, having taken every degree in both rites except the thirty-third, and is anxious to take that. The deceased chief was highly respected by all who knew him. He was social in disposition, very polite and thoroughly honest, and up to two years ago was a familiar figure on Ft. Wayne streets. Since then he has failed rapidly, and often said recently that he was ready to visit the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Ohio Headquarters.

Columbus, O., July 21.—Mr. D. S. Wilder, chief of staff of the department commander of Ohio G. A. R., returned from Pittsburg yesterday, where, in company with Commander Nutt and Inspector Winans, he was engaged in arranging for department headquarters during the coming encampment. Mr. Wilder states that Ohio will have as elegant and comfortable headquarters as any of the states. She will have her banner out at the Monongahela house, where she will be at home to her friends during the entire meeting.

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 15
½ dozen table knives	2 25
1 dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

PLATED SILVER GOODS.

The following list of small articles are sent postpaid by registered mail. Ask for "The Christine" Goods, triple plate on white nickel.

	½ doz.	1 doz.
Teaspoons	$2 00	$3 75
Tablespoons	4 00	7 50
Table forks	4 00	7 50
Dessert forks	3 50	6 50
Dessert spoons	3 50	6 5[illegible]
Sugar shells, each		85
Butter knives, each		1 00

PLATED SILVER GOODS.

Which Are Sent by Express, at Buyer's Expense.

These goods are "The Christine," triple plated on white nickel, all same pattern, and in rich box:

Berry spoons, each	$1 50
Pie knives, "	3 00
Fish knives, "	3 00
Fish forks, "	2 25
Oyster ladles, "	3 00
Soup ladles, "	3 50

ELEGANT HOLLOW WARE.

Beautiful new designs, superbly finished, either triple or quadruple plated. By express at buyer's expense:

	3 plate.	4 plate.
Sugar bowl	$1 75	$2 25
Cream pitcher	1 75	2 75
Spoon holder	1 75	2 75
Pickle castor	2 25	3 25
Butter dish	2 75	3 25

THE PACIFIC REPUBLIC.

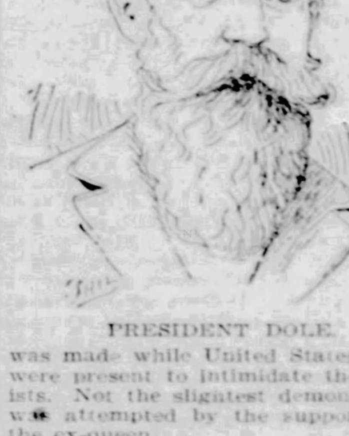
Hawaii No Longer a Provisional Government.

Honolulu, July 13—The provisional government is no more and the republic of Hawaii holds the reins of power. But it is only a change of name, the same people are in power and the avowed purpose of the government is the same—to obtain annexation with the United States.

The new constitution, which was finished on the third, was promulgated on the Fourth of July, from the front steps of the former palace. A large crowd was present, and when President Dole appeared he was greeted by a mighty cheer. While surrounded by his cabinet, the military and the members of the late constitutional government he read the proclamation of the new republic as follows:

"I, Sanford P. Dole, President of the provisional government of the Hawaiian Islands, by virtue of the charge given me by the executive and advisory councils of the provisional government and by act dated July 4, 1894, proclaim the republic of Hawaii as the sovereign authority over and throughout the Hawaiian Islands from this time forth. And I declare the constitution framed and adopted by the constitutional convention of 1894 to be the constitution and the supreme law of the republic of Hawaii; and by virtue of this constitution, I now assume the office and authority of President thereof. Long live the republic."

J. W. Kalau, one of the leading native annexationists, next read the proclamation in Hawaiian. Both were greeted with cheers, and the ceremony was over. There was no military display whatever. The men on the Philadelphia were not landed, the government thinking it not best to give its enemies the chance to say as they did before that the change



PRESIDENT DOLE.

was made while United States troops were present to intimidate the royalists. Not the slightest demonstration was attempted by the supporters of the ex-queen.

A few evenings before the Fourth the royalists had a mass meeting, at which about 2,000 were present and passed resolutions protesting against the forming of the republic, claiming that President Cleveland had not yet answered the petition sent by Liliuokalani to be restored to the throne. Copies of this resolution were sent to the representatives of foreign governments with the request that they should not recognize the republic. It had no effect in that way, however, as all these representatives have recognized it with the exception of Minister Woodhouse, the English minister resident, who simply stated that he would inform his government of the change. On the evening of the Fourth the annexationists held a big mass meeting for the purpose of ratifying the new constitution. It was a most enthusiastic meeting.

The Fourth was celebrated in true American style, the double holiday making it peculiarly a day of jollification for Americans. Captain of the Marines Cochrane, of the Philadelphia, delivered the oration. He showed himself an annexationist, opening his speech by saying that he hoped soon to be able to call those present fellow citizens. Throughout his oration he lauded the provisional government and its supporters. Admiral Walker and his staff were present, and the admiral evidently endorsed the speech of Capt. Cochrane. He was also at the executive building at the time of the promulgation, though not officially. The republic having been launched, Minister Thurston will probably return to Washington soon. He was not present on the Fourth, having gone to the volcano.

One of the royalist papers, the Holomua, which has been a rabid supporter of the ex-queen, has changed its policy, and is advising all royalists to take the oath of allegiance to the republic, and acknowledges that the cause of the ex-queen is dead.

A royalist commission, consisting of Samuel Parker, H. A. Wideman and John A. Cummins, leave for Washington on the Rio Janeiro this afternoon. It is their intention to go to Washington at once, and try to obtain an interview with the President, with the idea of forcing him to give them an answer as to what he intends to do in the Hawaiian matter. Their expenses have been paid by prominent royalists here, and they carry a secretary with them. Parker and Cummins are half Hawaiians, but Wideman is a German. The royalists here have great hopes of the commission's success.

BRAZIL'S RECENT ELECTION.

Prudente Jose De Moraes Barros is President.

New York, July 18.—The following has been received by steamer from Rio de Janeiro:

Special Correspondence of The Associated Press.

Rio de Janeiro, June 18.—The following is the final result of the vote for president and vice president of the republic as declared to-day by the national congress in committee of the whole: For president—Prudente Jose de Moraes E. Barros, 290,883; Alfonso Agusto Moreira Penna, 38,291; Jose Cesario de Faria Alvim, 3,719; Ruy Barbosa, 3,718; Jose Luiz de Almeida Couto, 3,437; Lauro Sodre, 1,876; Gaspar da Silveira Martins, 1,234.

For vice-president—Manoel Victorino Pereira, 266,060; Jose Luiz de Almeida Couto, 31,819; Jose Paes de Carvalho, 21,160; Gaspar da Silveira Martins, 2,467; Jose Cesario de Alvim, 1,760; Prudente Jose de Maraes Barros, 1,444; Francisco Silviano de Almeida Brandao, 945.

EXPECTED THIS WOULD HAPPEN.

A Revolt Among the Indians of Mosquito.

New York, July 21.—The Herald's Panama dispatch says: It is reported that Indians and Jamaicans of Mosquito have revolted, and the Nicaraguan commissioner has fled. The government was ready to send troops to Bluefields when the last reports were received, and Col. Madriz was expected to go with them, although at that time the revolution in question was said to have been partially subdued. Modesto Barres has been appointed minister to England. Senor Calindo, special envoy to Peru, arrived here to-day, and will depart tomorrow for Lima. The provincial assembly has adjourned, and the national congress met in Bogota to-day.

CATTLE FOR SWITZERLAND.

Great Opportunity to Place a Surplus There.

Washington, July 23.—United States Consul German at Zurich believes that this is an opportune time for cattlemen to place surplus cattle in Switzerland. Owing to the hay famine last year all surplus stock was killed, and now there is a great scarcity.

Beef on the hoof brings $15.40 per 220 pounds and dressed beef $30.88 per 220 pounds. The consul suggests that American stock shippers communicate with the President of the Swiss Butchers' association.

To be Tried by Judges.

Paris, July 21.—The chamber of deputies has adopted the second clause of the anti-anarchist bill, providing that anarchist trials shall be before a correctional tribunal, composed of judges instead of being tried by juries. The vote was 330 for the clause and 176 against it.

HYMNS AND HYMN WRITERS.

"Come, Thou Almighty King" was written by Charles Wesley in imitation of "God Save the King."

"Infinite God, to Thee We Raise" was a translation by Charles Wesley of a part of the Te Deum.

"When on Sinai's Top I See" is from the pen of Montgomery. It was originally called the "Three Mountains."

"He Dies, the Friend of Sinners Dies" was written by Isaac Watts. It has been materially altered by John Wesley.

"The Lord My Pasture Shall Prepare" was written by Joseph Addison, and was first printed in the Spectator in 1712.

O, Jesus, Light of All Below" was translated by Edward Caswell from St. Bernard's hymn, "Jesu Dulcia Memoria."

"Come, Ye Disconsolate" was written by the famous Irish poet, Thomas Moore, and appeared in his sacred songs in 1816.

"Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs" was written by Isaac Watts, to be sung at the close of a special sermon in 1707.

"Joy to the World" was written by Isaac Watts. It has been popularized by being set to a fragment of melody from Handel's Messiah.

"Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow," was one of the seven hymns written by Charles Wesley for New Year's Day. It was first used in 1750.

"Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning" was written by Reginald Heber, and was first published in the Christian Observer in 1811.

"There is a Fountain Filled With Blood" is the most popular of Cowper's hymns. It is considered one of the classic lyrics of the English language.

"Before Jehovah's Awful Throne" is a paraphrase of the hundredth psalm by Isaac Watts. It was much altered by John Wesley, who gave it the present form.

"Guide Me, Oh Thou Great Jehovah" was from the pen of William Williams, known as the Watts of Wales. The English translator of the lines is unknown.

"And Are We Yet Alive?" is by Charles Wesley. It is the opening hymn used by Methodist conferences the world over, and has been so employed for a hundred years.

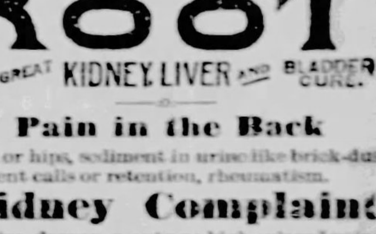
"Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken" was from a book of short poems by Henry Francis Lyte, printed in 1833. The melody to which it is sung is from one of Mozart's operas.

"My Faith Looks Up to Thee" was a production of Ray Palmer when he was 22 years old. It was published anonymously, and first attained popularity in England.

"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" was written by Edward Perronet, in 1779, and published anonymously in the Gospel Magazine in the following year. All else from the pen of this writer has been forgotten.

"Just As I Am" first appeared in the "Invalids' Hymn Book," in 1836. It was the work of Charlotte Elliott, who became an invalid in 1821 and remained such until her death in 1871. To this remarkable collection of hymns she contributed over 100 lyrics of striking beauty.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul" was written by Charles Wesley just after an escape from a mob. He took refuge in a tool-house attached to a foundry, and wrote the hymn with a piece of lead he hammered into a pencil. It is one of the most, if not the most, popular of the 19,000 hymns in the English language.

DR. KILMER'S
SWAMP-

ROOT
THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Pain in the Back

Joints or hips, sediment in urine like brick-dust frequent calls or retention, rheumatism.

Kidney Complaint

Diabetes, dropsy, scanty or high colored urine.

Urinary Troubles

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CONQUERED.

"I'll woo no suffragist wife," said he,
"Talking of moonshine equality;
The girl that I love
Must be meek as a dove,
One who in all things will look up to me."

"I'll never marry at all," said she;
"No man shall ever my master be;
I'll live my own life,
Happier far than a wife;
Let those marry who will! I was born to be free."

But it happened by chance on a sweet summer day
This couple met quite in a commonplace way,
And naturally, too, as a matter of course,
Each vaulted on his or her favorite horse,
They quarreled and fought,
And they honestly thought,
They stood up for principle just as one ought.

But neither saw Cupid was close at their side
Or knew that the wicked boy laughed till he cried
At the shaft which he shot and which they tried to hide.

But it happened one day, that they found they agreed,
And in fact, that they both held the very same creed!
For he said a wife would not be worth her salt
If she couldn't be master sometimes and cry "Halt!"
And she said, a woman had no heart or soul
Who could not yield sometimes to love's sweet control;
And as upon these points they hadn't a doubt,
They thought they'd best marry and then work it out.

And who has the mastery now? That's just it,
They neither now want to be master a bit—
'Tis love ohlds the mastery now most completely.
He rules over both
And they'd each take their oath
There never was argument settled more neatly.
—Wagner Snoad in Woman's Tribune.

HOME TALKS.

AN ALL ENDURING PATIENCE SEEMS UNATTAINABLE.

If Ever This Quality Was Needed That Time is the Present—It Must be Patience Without Fear.

I do not believe in complaining about the weather. It is a cardinal principle of mine to endeavor not to grunt and groan over an every day thing like this, that is absolutely outside of my powers. There are times, however, when this rigid self-control is in danger of giving away, and that point of danger, I am sorry to say, is very near. Only the daily opportunity I have in the intervals of work of gazing into the cool, green depths of the beautiful trees has enabled me thus far to preserve my equanimity. And I wonder with a wonder that grows apace, how people who can not have this delight, who are shut among walls of brick and stone, with glaring pavements, instead of the soft, velvety grass, always before them, can hold themselves together and work to a purpose. Necessity, however, is a hard task-master, and this, in many cases, is the explanation.

This is dissolving weather. I feel excused for breaking over any reticence upon the subject because of the exasperating continuance of the mercury up in the sky-attic instead of coming down upon the first floor where we feel that it belongs. I have decided that liquifaction is not conducive to human happiness, and the only good to be obtained in the slow process to which we have been subjected is the proper ripening of corn. I say that because the necessity of heat for the decent performance of this act of nature is the usual consolatory remark advanced by the philosophical individual who is trying to make the best of Old Sol's capers.

I did not start, however, to write a phillippic of the weather, but to say a few earnest words about the quality which is a most needful possession just at the present time, for many reasons. I mean the quality of patience, one of the most important and the hardest to acquire, and for which a single life-time seems not sufficient to bring to its perfect flowering.

Temperaments differ, it is true, and it would seem as if people came into this world some in the primary class of this acquirement, while others have already gone far beyond such beginnings. There are absolutely none, however, who do not require constant watchfulness over self to be sure that this self is not going to break its leash and plunge the individual headlong into difficulties, and perhaps dangers which it will be hard to recover from.

It is not, though, so much in the greater things of life that this sublime quality of patience is needed. It is in the little, every-day trials which come to all alike—those which arrive unexpectedly, as if an army of little imps were constantly awaiting the moment when one's armor is not on, to get in and jag and kick and scratch, the very littleness of each single attack adding to our powerlessness. Too often our armor is off. Too often we do not panoply our spirits in the beginning of the day's duties and pleasures with the earnest aspiration and resolve to make the best in all ways—spiritual, mental and material—of the opportunities held in the swiftly passing hours ere another night comes. And even if we do resolve, even if we stop long enough to think at all, the thought rests with the material, which may, perhaps, include the mental, leaving the spiritual out of the reckoning. Under such circumstances there is small chance for the growth of patience; a dim prospect of arriving at that state of calm self-control which is the secret of all power.

Even looked at from the standpoint of this one single physical life, this assertion holds true. The man or woman who allows every passing annoyance or perplexity to ruffle and annoy, who is not able to stand in some degree firm and steadfast even though unexpected difficulties shape themselves in the pathway, is not the man or woman who gains the greatest successes. Irritation and anger never conduce to clear judgment, and always weaken the influence over others. In nine cases out of ten the cool, calm, patient individual will carry his point over the fretful, nervous, angry one, even if the position of the latter is really the intrinsically right one.

It is, however, the higher patience, that which belongs to spiritual growth which is most important. It is that patience which leads to forbearance with the faults of others; to that charity of judgment that condemns the deed but not the doer; to a realization that the wrong-doing of others might have been our own under the same circumstances; to thoughts of love rather than of hate; to a recognition of the fact that this life is only a school where each and all are set to learn those lessons as yet unlearned, and that therefore no one can say to another, "I am better than thou." It is this higher patience that is needed to-day in an especial degree; needed in the homes because of the inconveniences, the privations, the sufferings that have been brought there by the doings of others; in public places because wisdom in dealing with present conditions is an absolute necessity and only the patience which casts out thoughts of hatred and revenge will bring that wisdom.

Let it be remembered, however, that this patience also casts out fear. In the "Voice of the Silence" a beautiful translation of some fragments from the Eastern "Book of Golden Precepts" it is said to those who are seeking to make spiritual advancement:

"Beware of trembling. 'Neath the breath of fear the key of Kshanti (Patience) rusty grows; the rusty key refuseth to unlock.

"The more thou dost advance, the more thy feet pitfalls will meet. The path that leadeth on, is lighted by one fire—the light of daring, burning in the heart. The more one dares, the more he shall obtain. The more he fears, the more that light shall pale—and that alone shall guide."

It is easy to see what this means, and that it applies in small things as well as great. I think many times we believe we are being patient when we are only fearful. We do not dare to do what we know to be right because we are afraid of the consequences. We do not speak words of warning in season fearing anger or grief. We are weak and wavering when we should be strong and steadfast, lest we bring uncomfortable results.

The patience that includes fear may be a greater sin than the impetuous and unwise action, for thus a wrong is often confirmed. "The more one dares the more he shall obtain," meaning that the more fearless we are in doing what we are convinced is right, regardless of results to ourselves, the greater the good that will come. And what is true for individuals is true for communities, and for nations. And so the greatest need of the day is for that higher patience that lies outside of fear, but holds aloof from every trace of hatred and revenge.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

About a Good Work Done for Humanity's Betterment.

I wonder how many who read this page know about the work which is being done at the Hull House, in Chicago, for the working girls of that great city. If there were more institutions of this kind, more of such self-sacrificing work as Miss Addams is doing, the world would grow better faster.

Those of the Household who do not know much about this gentle, heroic woman will be interested in the following in regard to her life, which was published not long ago in Harper's Bazar in an account of those who are leaders in the Chicago Women's club.

"By those who consider doing good to one's fellow mortals as the greatest glory attainable on earth, no one in the club is more to be envied and admired than Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House. She is a gentle, fragile-looking young woman, with pale cheeks, delicate features, and large, soft, dark eyes. She lives all the time at Hull House, which is on West Halstead street, in a locality inhabited by poor Poles, Bohemians and Italians. There are evening classes of all kinds held in her house—a kindergarten, a creche, a sewing school where girls are taught fitting and dress making, and an employment bureau. There is an art gallery in the house, where wealthy citizens exhibit their finest pictures. Miss Addams gave at a club meeting a touching account of the enthusiasm and patriotic pride of the Italians on receiving a bust of Garibaldi that was presented to their gallery. No Italian so poor, so low, so squalid, that he did not know about the hero and rejoice in his fame. Though Miss Addams has now many assistants, she is the mainspring of the institution, and her fertile brain and clear judgment really manage the whole. It is not that she gives so much money in charity, but she gives herself. Her plan is to become the trusted friend of the unfortunate, and to enable them to develop their own latent resources. Two or three years ago, at her suggestion, ten working girls took a flat together and tried housekeeping. This experiment was so successful that it has been repeated again and again. They are near enough to Hull House to enjoy its privileges, and yet they have the independence of a home of their own, wherein can be developed the household virtues that are latent in every woman, but are often repressed by factory work and a boarding house life."

"WORDS OF WISDOM."

Helpful Hints for Householders From Other Householders.

A Plea for "Home Rule."

The first duty of a woman is the education of her children; this outranks house work, or equal suffrage and stands foremost in all classes of society. I have known women so absorbed with their "good housewifery" that they neglected their children sadly, and, on the other hand, have known those who were so interested in the Woman's Rights question that they had no time to devote to their young people; whatever the object, I think every mother who neglects home and children to attain it, violates the most sacred trust given her by God. If she patiently and diligently studies the minds of her little ones, she will gain entire control over them, and may make of them noble men and women, who will be life-long blessings to parents and country. But is it possible for those mothers who spend so much of this time in public, to find opportunity to instill true and noble sentiments in their children? Is there not danger of their growing up with their opinions formed, and their characters insensibly moulded by those to whose care and companionship their mother has left them, and who are not always the teachers she would choose for them?Mothers, cannot we benefit our country far more by training our children in the right way, than by vainly trying to influence the rulings of the legislators?—"Olga."

L. A. F.'s Ideal Neighbor Personified

"One who is neighbor in every sense of the word." L. A. F. speaks of in Household Chat of June 30 and if you kindly permit me to say so, I know one who answers the description given. I would like to publish her name, but fear to offend her, for she is of a retiring nature, and would shrink from publicity in any form. I may say "Mrs. G." says very little about her neighbors, unless to their credit; then she is sure to tell of it; there is no doubt of her sincerity; as you found her yesterday, so you will find her to-day. In my experience she is a rare, good woman, and I think if more of us had her good traits, if we were less selfish, we should be able to discover more goodness in our neighbors. —Mrs. R. F. H.

Another Householder Falls in Line.

In response to your call for helpful hints in the Household, I fall in line like a good soldier and offer the following:

Did any of the sisters ever try making oil cloth mats for the family bedroom or for the children's room?

They are cheap, pretty, durable, easily made, and easily kept clean; and, where careless hands make havoc with the dainty trifles we provide at the expense of so much time and labor, and hate to see soon destroyed, are a great saving of time and patience. The body of these mats is made of table oilcloth, in plain cream color, or of any of the small designs in flowers or figures; and a pretty edge crocheted around in some matching or contrasting color. An attractive design for the children's room, is of a child's face peeping over a fan.

They can be made in sets, and of any shape you prefer; long, round, square, with the corners cut off. I have one of marbled oilcloth, finished with an edge of maroon colored Germantown yarn; and another, covered with little pink fans, has a border of green shaded zephyr. It is a good way to work up odds and ends of yarn that accumulate on one's hands. A mat of this kind is quite handy to lay on the bureau to receive the brush and comb, and cannot be broken or bent, as the china or metal trays often are, when knocked to the floor by careless hands.

They are also useful to hold flower vases on the parlor table, saving the cover from stain or spot, a pretty fluffy border quite concealing the body of the mat.

A piece of the same oilcloth covered with blue or pink cheese-cloth, gathered so as to form a ruffle about two inches wide at top and bottom, fastened with butterfly bows of ribbon at the corners, forms a serviceable splasher for the wall back of the washstand. The cheese-cloth may be renewed at a trifling expense, and the color varied at pleasure; while the same piece of oilcloth will last, as the children say, "most forever."—Mrs. E. F. Enman.

"USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL"

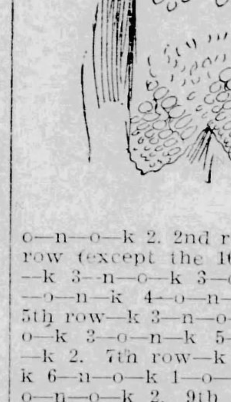
Are These Things Which Our Householders Send In.

Ring Lace.

(By Request.)

This is the lace finish for sofa pillow spoken of by the maker, May 17, and requested by Mrs. C. H. W., June 28. Abbreviations k, knit; o, over; n, narrow;.

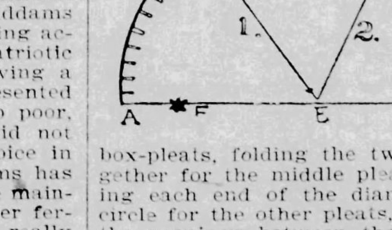
Cast on 32 stitches and knit across plain. 1st row—k 4—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 6—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—



o—n—o—k 2. 2nd row—and every even row (except the 16th) plain. 3rd row. —k 3—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 4—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2. 5th row—k 3—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 4—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2. 7th row—k 4—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 6—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 7—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2. 9th row—k 9—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 14—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2. 11th row—k 8—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 14—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2. 13th row—k 8—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 15—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2. 15th row—k 9—n—o—k 1—o—n—k 17—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 2. 16th row—Bind off 8 stitches and knit the rest plain. Commence the second point at 1st row.—"Farmer's Daughter."

Directions for Lamp Mat.

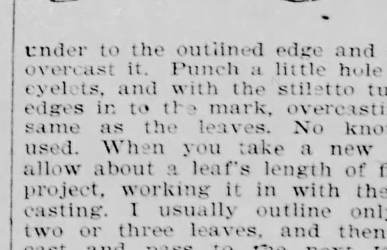
For Mrs. A. L. Van B:—Fold each of your ten circles in the center, then take 2 seams clear across the half circle, along the lines 1 and 2, then you have three openings in each circle which are to be laid in three



box-pleats, folding the two seams together for the middle pleat, and folding each end of the diameter of the circle for the other pleats, or open out the openings between the seams and fold a, b c and d together making the pleats lay horizontally on the mat. The point at letter e is where you sew the pieces to the bottom of your mat. The ten pieces are to be sewed on at equal distance apart, about 1 1-2 inches from the outer edge; then each pleat is to be tacked to the one next to it, just at the edge, where it is worked; after they are all tacked, take a double coarse thread and take one stitch in each piece at letter f, to draw the mat up after putting the lamp in.—Mrs. M. E. Hawkins.

Another Dolley Design.

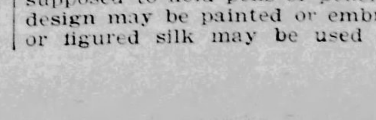
I am making a doiley ten scallops square, of Irish linen. I marked the design on a window pane. The edge is done in button-hole stitch, with white embroidery floss; the leaves, or the four little long sections in each circle are then outlined with floss. With a pair of sharp pointed scissors cut a little slit in each of these sections; with a needle turn the cut edges



under to the outlined edge and closely overcast it. Punch a little hole in the eyelets, and with the stiletto turn the edges in to the mark, overcasting the same as the leaves. No knots are used. When you take a new thread allow about a leaf's length of floss to project, working it in with the overcasting. I usually outline only one, two or three leaves, and then overcast and pass to the next leaf by working the intervening eyelet, so as to avoid breaking of thread. I think it would be nice used with or without the scallop, for almost anything in which such work is employed.—Helen Jay.

Portfolio.

This pretty addition to "my lady's" writing-table is made of bengaline, stiffened with canvas. The ends are folded over until they nearly meet in the center, and between the folded-over parts and the under part are fans



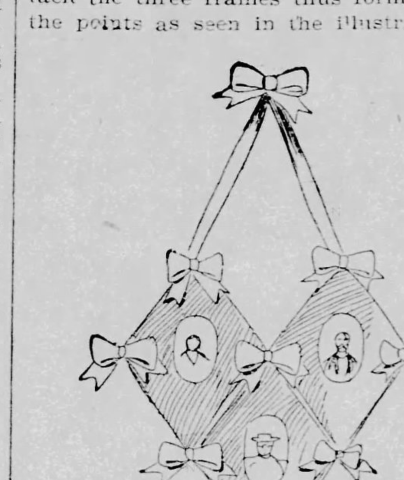
of silk, which give the necessary width to the pockets thus formed. The three bows tacked in the corner, are supposed to hold pens or pencils. The design may be painted or embroidered or figured silk may be used for the covering, in which case no decoration will be found necessary.

Trinket Cups.

A pretty and handy article for the toilet table may be made in the following way: First, you must get three seashells, such as were seen in the illustration for toilet bag in Blade of December 14. Take three strips of thin pasteboard, each an inch and a half wide, and long enough when joined in a circle to correspond with the shells, as the shells are to be used as lids to the cups. Join and place the cups on a piece of cardboard in the form of a clover leaf. Mark around with a lead pencil and cut out. This is for the bottom. Cover the outside of the cups with shell pink satin shirred at top and bottom. Cover bottom with same. Line cups inside with any pretty color. Now fasten cups to the bottom. Bore two holes in the back of each shell and fasten to the cups, placing bows of baby ribbon over the fastenings.—Mrs. D.

Photograph Frame.

Cut out of cardboard six diamond shaped pieces, varying in size according as the photographs to be framed are large or small. In three of these pieces cut an oval opening, and cover them all neatly with daintily flowered China silk. Slip the photographs into place and join the two parts of each frame with fine overhand stitches. Attach the three frames thus formed at the points as seen in the illustration,



the joining being covered with bows of ribbons matching or prettily contrasting with silk covering the frame. Similar bows are put at the outer points of the frame, and to conceal the ends of the suspension ribbon which is in two pieces, tied at the top in a pretty bow.

A Pretty Apron.

For this apron use scrim or Swiss, the cream colored material is prettier than the pure white. First make a hem six inches deep for the bottom, and turn down the top two inches for the ribbon ties to run through; make a second run along the first if desired, to give a little frill. Stamp in the lower corner a spray of wild roses, outline this with equal parts of ivory black and burnt sienna thinned with turpentine, using a very fine sable brush. After the outline is dry, paint the flowers in their natural colors, taking care not to use so much of the thinned paints that it will run. Before painting, stretch the material tightly on a board over a light brown paper. These aprons can be washed nicely in a lather of fine soap, and must be ironed on the wrong side.—M. G. Slade.

VARIED INFORMATION.

And Numerous Things That "We Want to Know."

The editor returns thanks to Olga, and to Mrs. "E. F. I.," whose letters appear in to-day's correspondence for their early response to her request for opinions and helpful hints; and assures "A. E. M." that her article was most acceptable, and that other letters bearing the "butter brand" will be very welcome. She is glad to hear also that "L. A. F.'s" "ideal neighbor" really exists.

"Inquirer" writes: "Will you tell me whether it is proper to introduce step-parents by this title, especially when they have come into the family after the children have grown to manhood or womanhood? That is, if one's step-mother was visiting them, would it be proper in introducing her to a neighbor to say: 'Mr. A, allow me to introduce to you my step-mother?' Would it be perfectly respectful and delicate?"

The editor thinks this is a case where the manner of the speaker would count for more than her words, and if the step-mother's title was mentioned in a respectful, kindly tone, there could be nothing wrong about it; on the contrary, it might serve to relieve the minds of both relative and guest, as it would explain exactly the relations between you, and put them in more intelligent "touch" with each other. It is the spirit that matters in such cases more than the words.

Will some member of the Household tell me of a pretty decoration that I can make of a number of reunion badges that I have, and would like to preserve in such a manner?—Helen A. C.

Tell "An Old Subscriber" who is troubled with an unnatural thirst, to drink cold tea instead of water, or with about 1-2 teaspoonful of soda to 1 pt. of water.—Saxum.

To "One Interested":—The medicine for warts and moles is tri-chlor-acetic acid. When I read my article, I saw that my writing had been misunderstood, but I found out there was but one acetic acid or I should have sent a correction. It is not a common medicine, nor one that has been long in use; it could not be obtained in my own town, or in Kansas City. That which I have came from St. Louis. "One Interested" might send for it herself, but as it comes in an ounce bottle with a glass stopper, and would probably cost about 80 cents, if a druggist would send it would be cheaper for her, as she would only require 5 or 10 cents' worth. I would be glad to hear what success she has.—Helen Jay.

Will some one tell me what to do for my canary? One foot is doubled back under itself, and he cannot open his toes to support himself on the perch, or to hop about, but goes on one leg and "roosts" on the floor.—Auntie.

'TIS FAR TOO HOT TO EAT.

The Cook Has Taken to Drink—Her Friends Offered Various Elixirs.

Temperance Blackberry Cordial.

Mash 1 qt. of blackberries, add 1 oz. of crushed cinnamon bark, 1-2 oz. each of allspice and cloves, and 1-2 pound of granulated sugar. Simmer to 1 pt. This makes excellent cordial; 1 tablespoonful to a glass of cold water makes a very satisfactory drink.—Eliza R.

Pineapple Punch.

Boil together 1 lb sugar, 1 qt. water, and a little orange peel for 15 minutes. Strain, and when cold add the juice of 1 orange, 1 grated pineapple, 1 pt. of cracked ice, and water to make it of the right "sweetness." After this has stood for an hour, the pine apple may be strained out.—Adelaide.

Grape Punch.

1-2 pt. grape jelly, the juice of 2 lemons, 1 lb sugar and 2 qts. water; boil for five minutes; strain, and when cool add sufficient cracked ice to make it deliciously cool.—Anna D'Omini.

Dandelion Wine.

Over 2 qts. of dandelion flowers pour 1 gal. of boiling water and let it stand for 24 hours; then strain, add 2 lbs of white sugar and 2 lemons; boil down to 3 qts; strain again, let stand two or three days and bottle.—Aunt Ruth.

Mead.

1 qt. water, 1 pt. molasses, 1 lb sugar, 1 oz. tartaric acid, 1 oz. essence of sassafras.—Betsy Ann.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

Several New Members and a Sprinkling of Old Ones.

"Leta" says she should think Miss Prudence would get cross sometimes with so many children to look after, but "Leta" is mistaken; nothing puts the chaperone in better humor than a great package of short, chatty letters from her girls, so let every Blade reader who feels disposed to join the circle, never hesitate for fear she (or he) will not be cordially welcomed. Our rules and regulations are very simple, and the door stands wide open these warm days to all of you. "Leta" says that she is a school-girl, 17 years old, and hopes to begin teaching next spring. Her favorite authors are Longfellow, Whittier and Will Carleton; and, like "Red Rose," she enjoys horseback riding. She is piecing a crazy-quilt, and wonders how many of the other girls have done likewise. She is one of the girls who "will correspond." "Daisy-Belle" steps in to tell the circle that she is a farmer's daughter, and would like to hear from some of the other girls who live on farms; she thinks Carl had better return to the circle, and that Excelsior is a splendid motto, and takes her leave asking if she may come again. Miss Prudence assures her that she may come just as often as she chooses. "U No Hoo" comes to the front again in one of his characteristic epistles. He says that he believes one of the girls expressed doubts of his extreme timidity and frankly admits that he entertains such doubts himself! He describes his "ideal" as "just 15," has red hair, greenish eyes, straight mouth, crooked nose, "yaller" complexion, and, in fact, all the peculiarities that go to make up a beautiful girl. The best of it is his ideal is not imaginary since he claims to have already found her! He withdraws his design for a badge in favor of "Excelsior," which seems to be the general favorite.

"Brown Eyes," who by the way, is of the masculine persuasion, asks the privilege of joining the circle, though he too claims to be bashful in the presence of "lots of good-looking young ladies," and hardly dares to stay long. His home is in the beautiful and fertile western part of Ohio, and he agrees with Irene that it is not necessary for brothers and sisters to quarrel, and advocates their living in peace and happiness. Miss Prudence understands from "The School-Mistress" that "Brown Eyes" is a wonder column boy who has been playing truant lately. How is that, sir?

"Little Belle" writes: "I have been a silent listener for a long time, and as I can not keep still any longer I concluded to ask admission to the circle. I find the Merry-Go-Rounds column very entertaining. I am a young milliner and would like to hear from some other girls who follow that "profession." My favorite poets are Longfellow and Whittier. I am very fond of music, playing both violin and organ. Miss Prudence agrees with "Little Belle" that there is "nothing so grand as music," and of all music that of the violin appeals most directly to her sense of enjoyment.

"Frank" sends a well-written word of praise for Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." Miss Prudence suggests that when her girls are "out of material" for letters they write a similar "digest" of some favorite book of theirs giving the outlines of the "plot" and the "motive" or object of the book as they understand it. All the books that are written nowadays have in view the forwarding of some popular reform or the correction of some existing evil; and why should not "we girls" discuss these things together and get the benefit of one another's ideas?

So many of the readers of this department write that they do not enjoy Victor Hugo's writings; I have never read but one, his "Les Miserables," a very sad but interesting story of life in France beginning in 1815 with an account of the battle of Waterloo and a description of the place before and after the battle.

To me the book seemed grand; I think my time would have been well spent in reading it if there had been nothing of value excepting the life of Jean Valjean, who stole a piece of bread, and for this crime was kept a galley slave for 19 years! After he was freed, though the influence of a good man he became a Christian; but he soon found that "Liberation is not deliverence. A convict may leave the galleys behind, but not his condemnation." Though always hunted by Jarnet a "pitiless detective" he managed to be a great help to fallen humanity. I felt that I was better for having read his life, and that I ought to do more for others. I think such books have a tendency to make people more noble and generous.—"Frank."

Will "Tamarack" please inform this company why he did not intend to come again? Was he not well treated on his former visit, or is it the failure of the Merry-Go-Round cooks to send him the recipes he asked for? Whatever the cause we feel obliged to "Sam Igotus" and "Nil" for breaking his resolution, and sincerely hope he will not make such an unsociable resolve again.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I had not intended to come again, but "Nil" and "Sam Igotus" have advanced opinions with which I cannot agree. I believe that marriage was divinely ordained to give the greatest possible pleasure to the human race; still I believe too that no one should marry until they have found a congenial mate, one who is able to appreciate their highest ambitions and help them to make the best of their life.

Perhaps I am severe on those of my own sex, but I think men should be measured by the same moral and intellectual rule that they use in judging women.

I am "baching" alone, and I find it very tiresome and disagreeable, but you may be sure that I shall remain single until the "right one" is found. —"Tamarack."

Soap Bubble Parties.

Soap bubble parties are again beginning to be popular. The spring and early summer seem to be the season for giving them, as frequently they are found to be quite entertaining when given in the open air.

The hostess provides each guest with a bowl of "suds" or soap solution and pipes tied with gay-colored ribbons. The long-stemmed Dutch clay pipes are the most unique and make pretty souvenirs of the occasion. Prizes are given for the largest bubbles, and if the party be given out of doors, for the bubbles that go highest. A couple of referees should be appointed to make the awards.

One method of entertaining at a bubble party is to divide the company into two parties, all the pipes of each party being trimmed alike, and the two factions contending for prizes. Or the gentlemen's pipes may be provided with ribbons to match the ribbons of the ladies, thus separating the company into couples. A contest might be arranged by marshaling the company on either side of a room, and allowing points for all bubbles that passed across a ribbon suspended in the center. This plan could be used on a tennis court, using the net for the dividing line.

Soap bubbles may be blown that will last several hours by using a prepared solution, made in this way: Dissolve one part, by weight, of palm oil soap (the very best of castile is a fair substitute), cut in thin shavings, in forty parts of rain water and filter. Now mix one part of the filtered solution with two parts of pure glycerine at a temperature of about 68 degrees Fahrenheit, and, after shaking them together in a large bottle, let the mixture settle for 48 hours. A clear liquid will settle at the bottom, and this should be sucked off with a siphon, leaving the turbid liquid above. This turbid liquid may be filtered and used also. Bubbles blown with this solution are very tough, and last a long time. Less glycerine may be used, and for ordinary occasions perhaps half the quantity will suffice.

Very large bubbles may be blown by using a glass funnel about two inches across the mouth, or a lamp chimney, instead of a pipe. The chimney should be well soaped around the lower edge in order to make the large bubbles cling well.

If the bubble party is given on the lawn, as darkness draws on, a pretty effect can be obtained by blowing bubbles with illuminating gas and touching them with a torch as they sail up. The best way to use the gas is to fill a rubber gas bag from a gas jet and carry it to the lawn, where the bubbles may be blown as wanted.

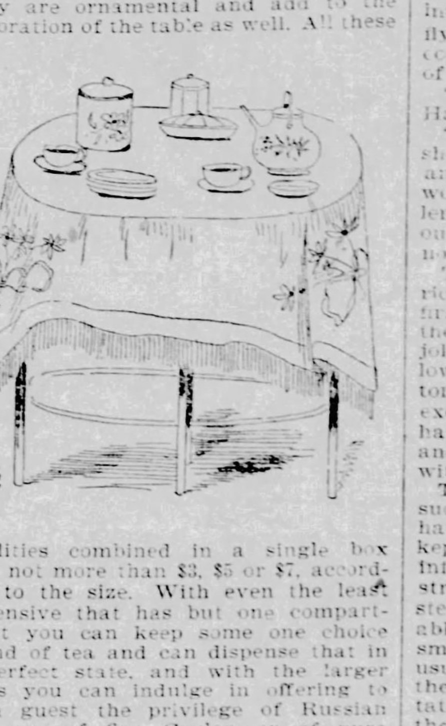
Prizes for bubble parties may consist of anything that fancy dictates, but little knicknacks suggestive of airy nothingness are desirable. Bubble blowing always arouses good appetites, so that it is commendable to have refreshments after the contests have closed.—May Bell.

Fashionable Tea Serving.

There is a subtle charm about a tea table that attracts both men and women alike, and the household that boasts of a dainty equipment for afternoon tea drinking is certain to prove a social center.

There are now the most fascinating tables possible imported from Japan that seem just suited to the tea service that cost only $4 or $6, and there are others of bamboo for a similar price, either of which is suitable. Then there are urns of copper and of brass that will heat the water boiling hot, as well as the most elaborate repouse silver that can be purchased for $3 and upward.

The latest improvement in the way of tea chests enables you to keep two or more sorts upon your table without risk of impairing the perfect flavor. Tiny chests of Japanese lacquer are made ornamental without and impervious to damp within. They have one, two or four compartments, are zinc-lined and keep the tea in a perfect state, while at the same time they are ornamental and add to the decoration of the table as well. All these



qualities combined in a single box cost not more than $3, $5 or $7, according to the size. With even the least expensive that has but one compartment you can keep some one choice brand of tea and can dispense that in a perfect state, and with the larger sorts you can indulge in offering to each guest the privilege of Russian caravan, of fine Ceylon or of pure Japanese.

In a cracker jar, that need not cost more than a single dollar, you can store away the lemons that all true tea lovers prefer, and in another you can keep your favorite biscuit, so that even on your busiest day they will be ready, crisp and fresh; then with some lovely cups and some bread and butter plates, a cut-glass dish for the sliced lemon and some pretty odd spoons your outfit will be complete.

On your table spread a linen cloth, embroidered or hemstitched, or a fine bit of damask.

When the visitor takes you unawares, fill the kettle, light the alcohol lamp, and while the water is heating slice a lemon in the thinnest possible slices and lay them in the cut-glass dish, where their lovely yellow will make the brilliant points take on most fascinating hues. Whether you brew in a pot or make each cup of itself, remember the sage saying of a Hindoo gentleman who, with an inimitable shrug of the shoulders, assured me: "You ladies of America, you make soup, no tea." And acting on the advice of the same authority: Fill a good-sized tea infuser or tea ball, and when you have filled the pot with boiling water, drop it in, cover with your cozy and let stand seven minutes by the watch. Or if you prefer to make the tea in cups fill them up with water and immerse the ball three, four or five times, according to the strength required, but do not let it stand. Drop into each cup a lump of sugar and a slice of lemon, and then, though you have only a biscuit to add, you will have prepared a real feast.

Unless the kettle boiling be,
Filling the teapot spoils the tea.

Remember, before all else, two things:

And one more injunction given by the Hindoo gentleman, never to pour boiling water upon the leaves. The stirring that they thus receive causes the first aroma to escape, and therein is fault No. 1 of the ordinary tea maker's methods. Allowing the tea to remain too long is No. 2, and permitting it to boil is a crime, and on which rests the charge of making soup.

If guests are expected and you like to add a well-made sandwich, some salted almonds, olives and the like, you can, of course, enlarge the spread, but so long as you tea is perfect and your table dainty you will have that at hand which is worthy to set before a king.

THE ROSETREE'S SECRET.

E. H. CHASE.

Out in my garden a rosetree grew,
All its branches with crimson were glowing
As if its deep heart were o'erflowing.
And I said to the tree,
As it glanced up at me,
"Pray, have have you a secret worth knowing?"

And clear, like a bee song, the rosetree spoke,
All its roses a deep blush showing,
As if half afraid of my going.
"I am sure," said the tree,
Breathing perfume to me,
"I tell all the secret by growing."

"Man from his Eden has wandered away,
And thorns have come up from his sowing,
And sadness and sin have been growing.
But love," said the tree,
As it smiled back at me,
"Healeth all. 'Tis a secret worth knowing."
—The Housekeeper.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

One of those heroines whose names are little known until death has crowned their work was a trained nurse who died the other day in Bellevue hospital. Mrs. Juliet Henshaw was the first woman to come forward two years ago when there was a call for volunteers to nurse the cholera patients at Swinburne Island. She was a King's Daughter, who offered her services in His name, and her skill was not inferior to her zeal. So great were her courage and her ability that she was soon put in charge of all the nurses, and the mortality at her post was lower than had been known in any hospital in a cholera epidemic. She slept in the pest-house with her patients, and her devotion and bravery were the inspiration of doctors, nurses, and sufferers.

The Rational Dress club of Denver will doubtless be a great success if its promoters can secure the necessary number of women who will pledge themselves to wear a "rational dress skirt," a blouse or waist containing no whalebone or stiffening, no corset waist, and shoes with common-sense heels, for a working, business, or street costume for three months. Mrs. B. O. Flower, the wife of the editor of the Boston Arena, has furnished this model, and several prominent Denver women are interested in it; but at last reports the list of devotees to the cause still fell far short of the hundred who must sign the dress-reform pledge before the costume is seen in public.—Harper's Bazar.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

WHAT BECAME OF A LIE.

First, somebody told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongues rolled it
Till they got it outside;
When the crowd came across it,
It never once lost it,
Bus tossed it and tossed it
Till it grew long and wide.

From a very small lie,
It became deep and high,
Till it reached to the sky,
And frightened the moon
For she held her sweet face,
In a veil of cloud lace,
At the dreadful disgrace
That had happened at noon.

This lie brought forth others,
Dark sisters and brothers,
And fathers and mothers—
A terrible crew;
And thus, headlong and hurried,
The people were hurried,
And troubled and worried,
As lies always do.

And so, evil boded,
This monstrous lie goaded,
Till at last it exploded
In smoke and in shame:
While from mud and from mire
The pieces grew higher,
And hit the sad liar,
And killed his good name.

JOE'S FOURTH.

(Continued from last week.)

The boys meantime were having a jolly celebration in the woods; in fact, rather too jolly. Being tired after their row, they rested lazily upon the grass after landing and fished at their leisure, being desirous of catching enough to eat with their lunch only, which, as the fish were in good humor, was soon accomplished. The lunch was soon unpacked, and as Sam Smith's basket was uncovered there was a shout of inquiry. "What's that, Sam?" "Say, that looks like wine!"

"Well, it is wine," replied Sam coolly, "you needn't be so scared, it's nothing but home-made an' won't hurt a fly, but a fellow needs something coolin' this hot weather, and Fourth of July don't come but once a year."

"Did your mother put it in?" asked Harry Knowles.

"Well, no," confessed Sam rather sheepishly, "but then, she's no temperance screamer, you know, and wouldn't care anyway. Pa says a feller that can't drink a little wine without makin' a brute of hisself ain't no gentleman, and I think so too.

The boys partook gingerly of the rich looking fluid at first, but as the first sip produced no particular effects they grew bolder, and pronounced it jolly good stuff, and Sam a good fellow for bringing so important a factor in the day's enjoyment, with the exception of Harry Knowles, who, having been brought up on temperance principles, partook sparingly, and with a conscience ill at ease.

The temperance tables were a grand success, and many a man who would have gone home undeniably tipsy, was kept from the saloons through the influence of the workers; and the strong coffee that was served there steadied many a dizzy brain, and enabled it to keep its balance on a much smaller supply of celebration than usual. And Mr. Knowles was here, there and everywhere as he unhesitatingly took a stronger stand against the rum curse than he had ever done before.

Joe Watson was just going home by the river path, after his busy day's work, with a bright, new silver dollar in his pocket. "Pears like dat's de purtiest money I eber saw in all my life," he said as he took it from his pocket, and looked it over again lovingly, "but not half so purty as de missy dat gib it to me," he continued, his mind going back to Jenetta's kind words with fresh pleasure. "Pears like eben black Joe might mount ter sumpin' ef ebery body was like Miss Jinitty."

Just then his eye wes caught by the sight of the boat coming homeward, and he went down to the landing to watch her approach. "Dey pulls dreffful onsteady-like seems though," said Joe, as he noticed the rather piratic course the boat was taking.

It was too true; the bottle of wine had been drained, to the last drop, and Sam in particular was in a state of unsteady exhilaration.

"There's black Joe at the landing," he was saying, "let's give his white suit a good splashing when we get near enough."

"All right," said Will Bagley, his naturally kind disposition clouded by the wine.

"Let me take the oar," said Harry, "you are getting too far out to touch the landing."

"No you don't!" replied Sam obstinately, "guess I know as much about rowin' as you do! Hello there, Blackie," he continued, rising unsteadily and waving a small flag.

"Hello!" answered Joe cheerily.

"Be careful, Sam, or you'll tip us over!" said Harry uneasily.

"'Fore I'd be a coward!" returned Sam scornfully, and to show his superior courage he began rocking the boat; but his head was too unsteady for pursuing the amusement in safety, and in a flash he had lurched to one side and they were all in the water.

Joe gave one frightened glance as he said to himself, "Sam ner Harry can't swim no mor'n logs," and he had stripped off his coat and shoes, and with a cry for help, was in the water swimming swiftly toward the struggling boys. The cry was heard by a man passing on a street near by, who gave the alarm, and a crowd soon gathered by the riverside.

Meantime Joe had reached the boys, two of whom were swimming to shore; but Sam stretched out his arms, wildly screaming, "Help me, Joe!"

But Joe answered quickly, "Stop dat ar clutchin', Sam, or you'll drown us bofe!"

Sam sank for the second time, and when he rose, unconsciousness accomplished what common sense would not have done, and Joe was enabled to tow his burden to the shore by exercising all his strength and discretion; while another swimmer went out to the rescue of Harry Knowles and Will Bagley, who were clinging to the boat.

Just as Joe had nearly reached the shore with the unconscious Sam, his attention was so concentrated upon his work that he failed to notice a jagged branch of an old tree which had long been buried in the water, and which, as he swam, struck him a cruel blow straight across the eyes, blinding and stinging him with pain. "Oh! oh!" he screamed in his agony, but still clinging to Sam in desperate energy; and a bystander, seeing the accident, waded in and brought both boys to shore, where Joe danced in torture, as he clasped his hands to his face crying, "Oh, my eyes! my eyes!" He was carried to his home by willing hands and a doctor sent for, who did all in his power to relieve his sufferings; a sad ending to his happy, busy day.

Sam was out again in two or three days, none the worse for his wetting and scare; in fact, much the better, for, as he realized how near he had brought himself and others to death through the agencies of "harmless wine," he very sensibly abjured the stuff forever, joined the blue ribbons, and influenced the other boys to follow his example.

Poor Joe, however, was confined to his room a long, weary four weeks, with his eyes bandaged, and with the wild fear that he might never see again. He had never dreamed that sight was such a blessing until he was threatened with the loss of it.

To their credit the boys were very kind, reading to him and talking over their plans with him, especially Sam, who, in his gratitude for the service he had done him, made amends for his past unkindness.

At last the day came when the bandages were to be removed and the question decided whether or not the inflammation had destroyed the sight. Jennetta was there holding Joe's poor, little wasted hand tightly in hers, as she sympathized with his intense anxiety. Sam's father was there, too, with the doctor, and as the bandages were removed, Sam held up a glistening object, saying eagerly:

"Say, old fellow, can you see that?"

"Yes, yes!" cried Joe, joyfully. "Tank de Lawd I kin see! What is dat, Sam?"

"It's yours, Joe, to keep, to pay you for suffering so much for me," said Sam, coming forward and placing a little watch and shain in Joe's hand, who, in his delight, hardly dared move for fear it would all prove only a happy dream.

"Is it really for me, Sam?" he said at last, as he slowly turned it over and over.

"Yes, Joe, I bought it with my own money, and if ever I call you mean names again just show me that, will you?"

"This is my son's present to you, my boy," said Sam's father, who, by the way, was a rich banker; "but the future will show that I too am not ungrateful for the service you have done me."

"Miss Jinitty," said Joe after they were all gone, and Mammy Watson was wiping away the joyful tears with the corner of her blue gingham apron: "Pears like de Lawd is a heap better to dis chile den he deserbs."

"Didn't I tell you, Joe," she answered smiling, "that he will honor brave, unselfish work whenever and by whomsoever it is done?"

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

WHO WAS HE?

He was born in New York in 1791. His grandfather was at one time mayor of that city, and was deputy quartermaster general during the revolution. His father was a lieutenant in the Continental army. He had little opportunity for going to school, learning the hatter's trade in his early youth, afterwards becoming successively a brewer, coach-maker, cloth-shearer, cabinet-maker, grocer and a manufacturer of woolen goods, iron and glue. He erected iron works at Canton, near Baltimore, in 1830, and, some years later, in Trenton, N. J. He built the first American locomotive, and was the founder of a great institute in New York city.

"U. NO. HOO."

2.—QUOTATION PUZZLE.

The initials of the authors of the first six quotations give the name of the author of the seventh.

1—"Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
Well used to war's alarms."

2.—"Pause not to dream of the future before us,
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us."

3.—"I stood on the bridge at midnight,
When the clocks were striking the hour."

4—"The scene was more beautiful to the eye
Than if day, in its pride had arrayed it."

5.—"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky arrives the snow,
And, driving o'er the fields, seems nowhere to alight."

6.—"How does the water come down at Lodore?"

7.—"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way?"

"BUB."

3.—CHARADE.

A word of six letters, yet spell me with three,
And my whole of myself you will speedily see.
My first's the beginning of fancy and fun,
And my second the lead takes of every one;
My third is the prime of all things great and good,
And they're all three in music, where note them you should.

"C. O. NUNDRUM."

4.—DIAMOND.

1
2 3 4
5 6 7 8 9
10 11 12 13 14 15 16
17 18 19 20 21
22 23 24
25

My 1, 2, 7, 13 is a plant of India.
My 7, 14, 19, 14 is a girl's name.
My 2, 3, 4 is a sward.
My 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 is a shrub used for medicine.
My 17, 18, 19, 20, 21 signifies uniform.
My 22, 23, 24 is a diminutive spirit.
My 24, 25, 11, 10 is the principal surface.
My 16, 15, 12, 5, 17 is to excite.
Central words down and across are the names of two distinct countries.

"CAPT. JINKS."

5.—QUERY.

Who can explain the origination of the phrase, "Sent to Coventry?"

6.—QUOTATION.

"Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together."

Answers to Puzzles of July 12-13.

1.—A river.
2.—Place the words in a square: Pine, idea, near, Earl.
3.—Sold 16; had left 48; number at first, 64.
4.—Alb-any, Beau-regard, Butt-rick, Clay-borne, Still-water.

QUERY—"HALCYON DAYS."

Halcyon days is a name given by the ancients to the seven days preceding and following the shortest day of the year, because of a fable that, during this time, while the Halcyon bird, a species of Kingfisher, is breeding, there always prevailed a calm at sea. From this, the phrase "Halcyon days" has come to signify times of peace and tranquility.

"PAULINE."

Thomas Campbell is the author of the lines:
"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view
And wreathes the mountain in its azure hue."

Chat.

This warm weather seems to have a bad effect upon the puzzlers, but there are a few courageous workers, who are on hand every week.

Among those whom the editor confidently expects to hear from every mail, and who seldom disappoint her, are "Belle N. Y.," "Helen," "Pauline" and "O. J. R."

The last named, though a comparative "newcomer," has sent some capital lists recently, that are bringing his "prize account" well up.

Quotations count five, remember; queries, printed, count ten, and unprinted but correct, five.

V. Johnson:—Your solution of the arithmetical problem was correct. Come again.

Jenny Lind.

The medallion that has been erected to Jenny Lind in Westminster Abbey, near the memorial to Handel, is a tribute as much to the woman as to the artist. Her love for humanity, her generosity to the poor and struggling, her feeling that her great income was a trust for those less fortunate, are all honored in this monument to the woman who wept when she heard the high admission prices charged to her concerts in this country. "For," she said, "I wish the poorest to be able to come to hear me, if it would give them pleasure."

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

FIERCE TARIFF QUARREL

CLEVELAND'S LETTER ATTACKING THE SENATE BILL.

Sensation in Congress—Gorman's Reply—A Scathing Denunciation of Cleveland.

Washington, July 19.—Intense interest was created by Mr. Wilson's announcement in the House to-day that he had a letter from President Cleveland, which the latter had permitted to be made public. The letter was then sent to the desk and read, amid profound silence. The letter was in the President's vigorous style, and was a stirring tribute to the Wilson bill and a direct blow at any surrender to the Senate bill.

The President's Letter.

President Cleveland's letter is as follows:

(Personal.)

"Executive Mansion,
"Washington, July 2, 1894.

"To Hon. William L. Wilson.

"My Dear Sir:—The certainty that a conference will be ordered between the two houses of Congress for the purpose of adjusting differences on the subject of tariff legislation, makes it also certain that you will be again called upon to do hard service in the cause of tariff reform.

"My public life has been so closely related to the subject, I have so longed for its accomplishment and I have so often promised its realization to my fellow countrymen as a result of their trust and confidence in the Democratic party that I hope no excuse is necessary for my earnest appeal to you that in this crisis you strenuously insist upon party honesty and good faith and a sturdy adherence to Democratic principles. I believe these are absolutely necessary conditions to the continuation of Democratic existence.

"I cannot rid myself of the feeling that this conference will present the best if not the only hope of true Democracy. Indications point to its action as the reliance of those who desire the genuine fruition of Democratic effort, the fulfillment of Democratic pledges and the redemption of Democratic promises to the people.

"To reconcile differences in the details comprised within the fixed and well defined lines of principle, will not be the sole task of the conference, but as it seems to me, its members will also have in charge the question whether Democratic principles themselves are to be saved or abandoned.

"There is no excuse for mistaking or misapprehending the feeling and the temper of the rank and file of the Democracy. There are downcast under the assertion that their party fails in ability to manage the government, and they are apprehensive that the efforts to bring about tariff reform may fail; but they are much more downcast and apprehensive in their fear that Democratic principles may be surrendered.

"In these circumstances they cannot do otherwise than to look with confidence to you and those who with you have patriotically and sincerely championed the cause of tariff reform within Democratic lines and guided by Democratic principles. This confidence is vastly augmented by the action under your leadership of the House of Representatives upon the bill now pending.

"Every true Democrat and every sincere tariff reformer knows that this bill, in its present form and as it will be submitted to the conference, falls far short of the consummation for which we have long labored, for which we have suffered defeat without discouragement; which in its anticipation gave us a rallying cry in our day of triumph and which in its promise of accomplishment is so interwoven with Democratic pledges and Democratic success that our abandonment of the cause or the principles upon which it rests, means party perfidy and party dishonor.

Free Raw Material.

"One topic will be submitted to the conference which embodies Democratic principle so directly that it cannot be compromised. We have in our platforms and every way possible declared in favor of free importation of raw materials. We have again and again promised that this should be accorded to our people and our manufacturers as soon as the Democratic party was invested with the power to determine the tariff policy of the country.

"The party now has that power. We are as certain to-day as we have ever been of the great good that would accrue to the country from the inauguration of this policy, and nothing has occurred to release us from our obligation to secure this advantage to our people. It must be admitted that no tariff measure can accord with Democratic principles and promises or bear a genuine Democratic badge that does not provide for free raw materials.

"In these circumstances it may well excite our wonder that Democrats are willing to depart from this, the most Democratic of all tariff principles, and that the inconsistent absurdity of such a proposed departure should be emphasized by the suggestion that the wool of the farmer be put on the free list and the protection of tariff taxation be placed around the iron ore and coal of corporations and capitalists. How can we face the people after indulging in such outrageous discriminations and violations of principle?

"It is quite apparent that this question of free raw material does not admit of adjustment on any middle-ground, since their subjection to any rate of tariff taxation, great or small, is alike violative of Democratic principle and Democratic good faith.

Tax on Sugar.

"I hope you will not consider it intrusive if I say something in relation to another subject which can hardly fail to be troublesome to the conference. I refer to the adjustment of tariff taxation on sugar. Under our party platform and in accordance with our declared party purposes, sugar is a legitimate and logical article of revenue. Unfortunately, however, incidents have accompanied certain stages of the legislation which will be submitted to the conference that have aroused in connection with this subject a natural Democratic animosity to the methods and manipulations of trusts andcom binations. I confess to sharing in this feeling, and yet it seems to me we ought, if possible, to sufficiently free ourselves from prejudice to enable us coolly to weigh the considerations which, in formulating tariff legislation, ought to guide our treatment of sugar as a taxable article.

"While no tenderness should be entertained for trusts, and while I am decidedly opposed to granting them under the guise of tariff legislation, any opportunity to further their peculiar methods, I suggest that we ought not to be driven away from the Democratic principle and policy which lead to taxation of sugar, by the fear, quite likely exaggerated, that in carrying out this principle and policy, we may indirectly and inordinately encourage a combination of sugar refining interests. I know that in the present conditions this is a delicate subject, and I appreciate the depth and strength of the feeling which its treatment has aroused. I do not believe that we should do evil that good may come, but it seems to me that we should not forget that our aim is the completion of a tariff bill and that in taxing sugar for proper purposes and within reasonable bounds, whatever else may be said of our action, we are in no danger of running counter to Democratic principle. With all there is at stake, there must be in the treatment of this article some ground upon which we are all willing to stand, where toleration and conciliation may be allowed to solve the problem, without demanding the entire surrender of fixed and conscientious convictions."

"I ought not to prolong this letter. If what I have written is unwelcome, I beg you to believe in my good intentions. In the conclusions of the conference touching the numerous items which will be considered, the people are not afraid that their interests will be neglected. They know that the general result so far as they are concerned will be to place home necessaries and comforts more easily within their reach, and to ensure better and surer compensation to those who toil. We all know that a tariff covering all the varied interests and condition of a country as vast as ours must of necessity be largely the result of honorable adjustment and compromise.

"I expect very few of us can say, when our measure is perfected, that all its features are entirely as we would prefer. You know how much I deprecated the incorporation in the proposed bill of the income tax feature. In matters of this kind, however, which do not violate a fixed and recognized Democratic line, we are willing to defer to the judgement of a majority of our Democratic brethren. I think there is a general agreement that this is a party duty. This is more palpably apparent when we realize that the business of our country timidly stands and watches for the result of our efforts to perfect tariff legislation, that a quick and certain return of prosperity awaits upon a wise adjustment, and that a confiding people still trust in our hands their prosperity and well being.

"The Democracy of the land plead most earnestly for the speedy completion of the tariff legislation which their representatives have undertaken; but they demand not less earnestly that no stress of necessity shall tempt those they trust to the abandonment of Democratic principle.

"Yours very truly,
"GROVER CLEVELAND."

SCENE IN THE HOUSE.

Tom Johnson Stirs Up a Whirlwind—All on Account of Sugar.

The galleries were crowded, and the scene on the floor was an animated one in expectation of the debate on tariff conference report when the House met to-day. While the journal was being read Chairman Wilson entered the room. His head was bound with a white handkerchief, and he was evidently suffering great pain. His appearance was the signal for a great demonstration on the Democratic side, the members cheering wildly at the sight of their tariff leader. There were no preliminaries. As soon as the reading of the journal had been completed Mr. Outhwaite, of Ohio, from the committee on rules, offered the following resolution under which two Houses were to be allowed to debate the conference report on the tariff report:

"Resolved, That after the adoption of this resolution it shall be in order when the House conferees on H. B. 4864 (the tariff bill) makes a report of the disagreement, to move that the House insists upon its disagreement to the Senate amendments to said bill in gross, and ask a further conference with the Senate on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses thereon. That two hours of debate shall be allowed upon said motion, and then without other motion, the vote shall be taken thereon. Should such motion prevail, the speaker shall at once appoint the House conferees, and the matter shall then, for the time being, pass from the consideration of the House."

Tom Johnson on Sugar.

Mr. Reed secured the floor, and, with something of a twinkle in his eye, he yielded ten minutes to Mr. Johnson, of Ohio. Mr. Johnson immediately launched a protest. He denounced the discrimination in the sugar schedule in favor of the trust as criminal, and declared, amid a burst of applause, that if the sugar trust or any other trust was to legislate for the people, it made little difference whether the legislation was imposed on them by the McKinley or the Gorman bill.

"Mr. Speaker," Mr. Johnson asked, "in case this order is agreed to, will it be in order to move to instruct the committee on sugar or any other single item?"

"If the disagreements are insisted upon in bulk," replied the speaker, "it would not be in order to move separate instructions."

"That is what I thought," retorted Mr. Johnson; "that is why I shall vote against this order."

"If the House insists upon its disagreement," interjected Mr. Warner, of New York, "that would practically be an instruction for free sugar."

Mr. Reed then arose. After what Mr. Johnson had said, he began, the House could see what it could do itself if it adopted the rule. It would give the House no opportunity to express its opinion on the vital points of difference between the House and the Senate, but would mingle all the differences together without giving to the vital points any particular strength or emphasis."

"You can take your choice, gentlemen," Senator Gorman is quoted by a Missouri Congressman as having said to a group of Democratic representatives; "gentlemen, there are two tariff measures, the McKinley law and the Senate bill. You can take your choice."

After a short debate, the resolution was adopted, and the speaker appointed the same conferees.

HILL'S SPEECH.

He Reviews President Cleveland's Letter.

Washington, July 20.—Crowds such as had not thronged the Senate in months packed the galleries to-day. The House and the President had yesterday thrown down the gauntlet to the Senate on the tariff question, and a pitched battle was expected. An ominous hush was upon the chamber when the president pro tem., Mr. Harris, of Tennessee, rapped the Senate to order. Senator Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky, in a pink negligee shirt, stood, watch in hand, while the chap-

SENATOR HILL.

lain delivered his invocation, looking like a judge at a Kentucky derby.

The "conservative" Democrats, Mr. Brice, in an immaculate suit of white flannel, Mr. Gorman, in a sedate suit of blue, and Mr. Smith in a long black frock coat, sat grouped toegther on the Democratic side. Mr. Hill, sitting far back, chatted merrily with Gen. Dan Sickles, the one-legged veteran of Gettysburg. Senators Sherman, Aldrich, Allison, Hale and Chandler, the leaders on the Republican side, appeared amused at the storm which threatened across the political aisle. The preliminary business was transacted in a perfunctory way.

Senator Hill's Speech.

Mr. Hill followed Mr. Smith in the following speech:

A theory as well as a condition now confronts us. The theory of the Democratic party is that in the enactment of tariff legislation free raw materials should always be an essential and conspicuous element.

It is our creed that the materials which enter into our manufactures should be freed from the burden of tariff taxation.

The best interests of the manufacturers as well as the consumers of the land demand the recognition of this wise discrimination. We are committed to this side of the question and we cannot retreat and we cannot retract. We are honorably bound to redeem our professions and our promises. Justice, good faith and a decent regard for public sentiment all require this course.

Until recently I had supposed that there was no dispute upon this question of principle, but that every Democrat worthy of the name was willing to concede that if there was one thing more than another to which the Democratic party was committed it was in favor of the doctrine of absolutely free raw materials.

The true and honest construction of every Democratic national platform for 12 years past irrevocably commits us to this just and reasonable principle.

Mr. Hill read the Democratic national platform of 1892 and continued:

To repeal the McKinley law in form simply; to re-enact it in effect is keeping this promise to the letter but breaking it in spirit. The platform pointed with pride and deliberately approved the measures for free iron ore, free lead ore, free coal and free wool, which were pending in Congress at the time of the convention. The Democratic position was so plain and is so clear that he who runs may read.

If any Democratic orator in any part of the country, forgetting the interests of the whole land and subserving the suppressed interests of a locality, promised the people of any state or section that there would be an exception made to the enforcement of the general principle of free raw materials when the Democrats should obtain power, he exceeded his authority and misinterpreted our position.

It is said by some in justification of or excuse for their present action that the President's letter of acceptance in 1892 modified the extreme demands of our platform. It is true that some portions of his letter may tend to bear that construction.. It was not that bold, ringing and explicit declaration in favor of the platform which his party had a right to expect, but was regarded by many as timid, cautious and conservative, but whether this criticism is or is not well founded, the fact remains that he had no power or authority to change or alter one line or sentence or provision of the national platform, which had been deliberately adopted in national convention duly assembled. No President can be above his party; no President can dictate to his party; no President can change his party platform.

But no matter what idea it may be claimed was intended to be conveyed in his letter of acceptance in mitigation or modification of the platform, there can be no doubt as to the President's position at this time upon this essential principle of free raw materials. Let me read from that remarkable letter of the President which was recently submitted to the House of Representatives. It expresses better than I can hope to do the true, sound and logical position of the Democratic party upon this question.

After reading extracts from this letter, Mr. Hill went on as follows:

Mr. President, I approve every word that I have quoted. It is an honest and manly statement of the attitude which the party should assume in this crisis.

I am not required to defend the propriety or wisdom of the promulgation of this letter at this peculiar time. It may have been indiscreet, it may operate as a firebrand to spread the flames of discord already kindled among party friends; honestly differing as I am, disposed to concede upon questions of public and party policy. It may widen the breach already existing in this Senate, and in that view it might be regarded as unfortunate and ill-advised. It was a time for diplomacy, statesmanship and conciliation, rather than recrimination, denunciation and arraignment. But aside from the question of its mere expediency, I am here to defend the President's letter in so far as it demands that the party shall not be led astray into the violation of Democratic pledges and principles.

Upon the question of free raw materials, the President is right, and you know it. You can not answer his arguments. You can not successfully dispute his propositions. You can not doubt his sincerity and patriotism. You must yield in the end to his views. You can not stand up against the sentiment of the great Democratic masses of the country, which will rally around the President in his contest with you upon this particular branch of the subject.

The time to yield is now before there is further humiliation, embarrassment and discord.

Mr. President, having demonstrated that the true Democratic theory of revenue reform requires that free raw materials should be its distinguishing feature, let us next inquire what is the condition which now confronts us.

The Senate bill, which has been passed, violates this Democratic theory, and while it reduces the duty on iron, coal, lead, and some other raw materials, from those imposed under the McKinley law, and in that respect is commendable, it nevertheless imposes some duties thereon, and thereby fails to redeem our pledges. It is not a question of the amount of duties which may be imposed, a question of principle is involved, and a single penny's duty violates our promises and places us in a false position. As the President well says, there can be no compromise on a matter of this character, where a vital principle is at stake.

The House of Representatives, fresh from the people which represents more distinctly and peculiarly than we do the taxing powers of the people, repudiates our bill, and a Democratic President has emphasized that repudiation, and the condition which confronts us is one of extreme embarrassment. Shall we retreat or advance? Shall we surrender to the House while we can do so honorably, or shall we wait until we are driven to it?

In the light of the letter of the President, the House cannot honorably retreat. It has no other alternative except to insist upon its bill wherein it provides for free raw materials. The President cannot approve the Senate bill after what he has said in this remarkable letter. He arraigns the Senate and intimates that the enactment of the Senate bill means "party perfidy and party dishonor." These are strong words, which the President of the United States would not use against a measure which he ever expected afterwards to approve.

This letter, unusual and unprecedented in its character and method of promulgation though it was, nevertheless clearly foreshadows a veto of the Senate bill, even if the House should finally concur in our amendments. What person would expect the President to approve the Senate bill after its vigorous and scathing denunciation contained in his letter. You would think less of him for his glaring inconsistency.

No, this letter is significant, it is a bold, vigorous, even if improvident letter. It means war to the knife against the Senate bill; it justifies much that has been said against the Senate bill during all the last three months; it means that it can never receive executive approval; it means that the Senate cannot be permitted to abandon or surrender the great underlying principles for which we struggled and lost in 1888 and fought and won in 1892.

The President is right, there is no middle ground which we can occupy. No bill which does not provide for free raw material can be permitted to become a law

I respectfully differ from the President in his assumption that a tax upon sugar is necessary at this time, conceding that an income tax is to be retained. Clearly both are not needed for any legitimate purposes of the Treasury. The President speaks of the "Democratic principle and policy which lead to the taxation of sugar." He asserts that in the taxation of sugar "we are in no danger of running counter to Democratic principle."

I desire only to suggest that if it was desirable that sugar should be taxed, "as a legitimate and logical article of revenue taxation," as he now says, it seems strange that the President did not in his last annual message make some intimation, suggestion or recommendation to that effect. He indorsed the Wilson bill explicitly in his message, although it provided substantially for free raw sugar. He permitted the House to pass the measure without a word of protest, suggestion, or advice that there should be a tax upon sugar, which has come to be largely regarded as one of the necessaries of life.

Secretary Carlisle, the trusted financial officer of his cabinet, speaking unquestionably ex cathedra, outlined with great care the essential provisions of the proposed tariff reform bill, but made no recommendation whatever for a tax upon sugar. While free sugar was being carried through the House the administration remained quiet and passive, but now, after the House has acted and the country has been led to expect free sugar, the administration shows its hand and declares for a duty upon it.

I am not now antagonizing its suggestion; I am simply stating the facts of recent history. Under the existing circumstances—with an income tax retained in this bill—I voted for free sugar before, and I shall do so again.

In my judgment the House cannot now honorably retreat from its position in favor of free sugar. The President's suggestion came too late. The Senate must recede from its amendments.

GORMAN'S RABID SPEECH.

The Maryland Senator Roasts Mr. Cleveland.

Washington, July 23.—The battle over the conference report on the tariff bill was resumed in the Senate to-day. After the expiration of the preliminary routine business at 12:22, Senator Voorhees called up the conference report on the tariff bill; then the storm broke. Mr. Gorman immediately arose. He hoped he appreciated the gravity of the situation, he began. The Senator from New York (Mr. Hill), had from the beginning opposed the bill, openly and manfully.

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The Democrats faced with such condition had gone manfully to work to harmonize the differences, and had accomplished it by many sacrifices—almost at the sacrifice of principle.

Then in dramatic tones, he delivered his defiance. The infamous calumnies heaped upon the Democrats of the Senate forced from his lips a plain unvarnished statement of the facts. He would make, he said, with malice toward none, but he would look his colleagues and the American people in the eye, and tell the truth.

In patriotism the Democrats of the Senate had gone to work to save the country and keep their party in power when suddenly in the midst of the struggle came the President's letter.

"It was the most uncalled for, the most extraordinary, the most unwise communication," said he in bitter tones, "that ever came from a President of the United States. It placed this body in a position where the members must see to it that the dignity and honor of this chamber is preserved.

"It places me," said Mr. Gorman, "in a position where I must tell the story as it occurred. The limit of endurance has been reached."

Mr. Gorman then proceeded to detail the history of the tariff bill after it reached the Senate and the manner in which to meet the objections and secure the support of certain disaffected Democrats the changes had been agreed upon. He stated emphatically that during the progress of this work Messrs. Vest and Jones had frequent conferences with Secretary Carlisle and at times with Mr. Cleveland himself.

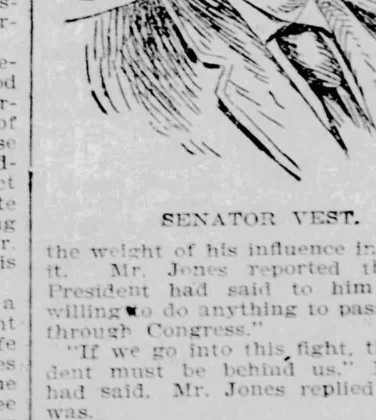
As a compromise Mr. Gorman asserted that the bill as completed was satisfactory to not a single, solitary human being in all its details; but as a whole the structure presented as scanned by the secretary of the treasury and the President and as looked at by us was acceptable as a bill that could be passed. There was no suggestion anywhere either from the President or the secretary of the Treasury that the bill as modified was a violation of Democratic principle.

With dramatic emphasis Mr. Gorman called upon Messrs. Vest, Jones and Voorhees to bear testimony as to whether his statements had varied a hair's breath from the truth. "Let the people have the truth," said he, as he paused.

Senator Vest Speaks.

Mr. Vest arose. He began by saying that he had not himself seen the President since the repeal of the Sherman law last summer, but with the secretary of the Treasury he had had frequent conversations. Mr. Carlisle had repeatedly and distinctly stated to him that the greatest possible calamity that could happen would be the failure of any bill. He had distinctly stated to him that no difference in rates should be allowed to stand in the way of the consummation of some scheme of tariff reform.

His colleague, Mr. Jones, had seen both Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Cleveland, and they had both declared that the bill was acceptable to them. The bill did not suit him (Vest). He knew it must have the support of the administration to pass it, and he asked Mr. Jones if the President would throw



SENATOR VEST.

the weight of his influence in favor of it. Mr. Jones reported that the President had said to him: "I am willing to do anything to pass the bill through Congress."

"If we go into this fight, the President must be behind us," Mr. Vest had said. Mr. Jones replied that he was.

"Thereupon," said Mr. Vest, "I gave up my personal opinions and resolved to support it. The President's letter was the first intimation to me that he was against us."

When Mr. Vest sat down Mr. Jones, of Arkansas, who was in charge of the bill in the Senate, took the floor. He was as pale as death. He realized, he said, when the bill came to the Senate that it could not be passed in its then form and he had gone to work with infinite labor and pains to interview every Democratic senator. He ascertained every objection they held and had carefully noted them. He had talked with Mr. Carlisle about his plan, and the President indorsed it as wise. Then he (Jones) prepared the amendments in consultation with Mr. Carlisle.

The secretary was thoroughly informed as to the situation, and he (Jones) had said to him: "I will not go one step further if the administration is not behind me."

"I requested him to explain everything to the President," said Mr. Jones. "I saw the President. He told me Mr. Carlisle had explained all, and he (Ceveland) said he thought we were doing the wise and proper thing. Among the amendments thus prepared were those placing coal and iron on the dutiable list. Until I read Mr. Cleveland's letter to Mr. Wilson," said Mr. Jones, emphatically, "I believed he cordially approved of our action. I had expressed to him the opinion that it must be either this modified bill or none at all, and he had replied that in the alternative he favored the modified measure."

As Senator Jones sat down, Mr. Gorman rose to resume, but Mr. Vilas interposed with a series of questions to Mr. Jones.

"In your interview with the President," asked Mr. Vilas, "were the subjects of coal and iron ever mentioned?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Jones, with explosive vehemence. "At every conversation between the President and myself coal and iron were specifically mentioned."

There was a burst of applause from the gallery which the presiding officer had difficulty in checking.

"And," continued Mr. Jones, with measured emphasis on each word, "the president never once uttered one solitary word against going ahead with coal and iron in the bill as then in the Senate."

"One more question," said Mr. Vilas. "Did not the President express the hope at all times that iron and coal should be on the free list?"

"At all times, yes," said Mr. Jones. "But it was the expression of a hope that the circumstances would permit of its realization."

Senator Gorman next summoned Senator Harris, who left the presiding officer's chair for the purpose, as a witness. Senator Harris stated that in conversations with Mr. Cleveland he (Harris) had been led to conclude that the President favored the passing of the compromise Senate bill, not because he approved it, but because it was the best that could be secured.

Mr. Gorman here resumed with one of the most sensational references of the day to President Cleveland. The Senator spoke of the deep regret that he was compelled to ask the public testimony of these Senators. But the time had come to speak. The limit of endurance had been reached. The Senate had been traduced. An attempt had ben made to "try and gibbet it before the country."

These charges had been "foully made from such distinguished sources," that they must be met and refuted. The charges were echoed by men who "chirped when he talked." These senators who had been summoned had fought for tariff reform when "cowards in high places would not show their heads."

Mr. Gorman said he could conceive no reason for the remarkable action that had been taken unless perhaps the one responsible for it was "consumed by vanity" in having the country regard him as the author of all that was right in tariff reform.

As Mr. Gorman made each reference to the President there was a commotion in the galleries which compelled the presiding officer to interpose constant cautions against further demonstrations.

Mr. Gorman next turned his attention to Senator Hill's speech of Friday endorsing President Cleveland's letter.

"That letter," said Mr. Gorman, "was a God-send to the Senator from New York (Mr. Hill). It was the only comfort he has had from the administration." (Laughter.)

Hill Corroborates It.

As the laughter continued Mr. Hill arose and with good-natured deliberateness said: "In the last proposition I will say that the senator from Maryland is entirely correct."

Mr. Gorman proceeded to criticise Mr. Hill's course, and asserted that the New York senator had throughout attempted to thwart his party.

"Never before since the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Gorman went on, had a President of the United States been guilty of such a violation of the spirit of the constitution as had Mr. Cleveland in writing his letter to Chairman Wilson. He handed to Mr. Blackburn and had the Kentucky senator read the extract from Washington's farewell address about the encroachment of the executive on the powers of Congress as subversive of the principles of the republic.

He referred to the great political excitement attending the Hayes-Tilden controversy and the fear of the concentration of the army in Washington.

Forms of law had averted that catastrophe. There should be, he went on, no further concentration of power. Conference committees should be free from outside influences. "The liberty of the Senate should not be invaded," he said in thunderous tones, "though a thousand hirelings write us down and traduce us."

The President, he continued, had said it would be dishonorabel to tax coal and iron. The House, parrot-like, repeated the cry. "Men who set up high standards," said the Senator, "should come to us with clean hands."

He urged that the House, if it had been consistent, would have placed all raw materials on the free list. He enumerated other raw materials which the House had made dutiable. He denied that it was either Democratic doctrine or in accordance with the Democratic platform declarations to place coal and iron on the free list. He enumerated the amount of tax on coal by different Democratic Congresses.

"The same bills you speak of," interrupted Senator Hill, "placed wool and lumber on the dutiable list."

"They did," replied Mr. Gorman. He proceeded to declare that the Democratic platform did not demand free raw material. He went back to the platform of 1884, on which he said Mr. Cleveland was elected, "by the grace of God and a great deal of hard work."

It did not provide for free raw materials. The bill prepared by his distinguished radical friend (Mr. Mills) placed 75 cents duty on coal.

"I was in the same situation then," interrupted Mr. Mills, "that I am now. I was in the hands of half a dozen men who forced a duty on coal. It was not my choice."

"I am not attacking you," said Mr. Gorman deprecatingly.

"You said I prepared a bill with taxed coal in it," replied Mr. Mills.

Mr. Gorman then gave the history of the convention of 1888, where he said the radicals were in the saddle.

Cleveland Accepted It.

"A resolution was adopted endorsing the Mills bill. Mr. Cleveland accepted it and stood on it.

He referred to the platform declaration of 1892, prepared by Mr. Cleveland's friends, commending the House "for going in the direction of free raw materials."

The radical resolution sprung in the convention was pushed by those who desired to defeat his nomination. But it did not defeat his nomination. No one expected Mr. Cleveland to stand on the radical plank.

Mr. Cleveland's letter was looked forward to with anxiety. In it Mr. Cleveland declared specifically against the destruction of any industry, and in favor of "freer," not "free" raw materials.

That letter, Mr. Gorman said, changed the tide and elected Mr. Cleveland president.

DEFENDED BY HILL.

The New York Senator Sustains the President.

Washington, July 24.—Every seat in the galleries was filled again today when the Senate met. Resumption of the heavy firing against the executive was anticipated. The strain and excitement were almost as intense as when the Senate convened yesterday. The Senators themselves were slow in arriving, most of them remaining in the cloak rooms until the morning business was completed. Senator Vilas, of Wisconsin, who was expected to defend the President against some of the aspersions cast upon him yesterday, was however, on hand early, and so was Senator Hill, of New York, who was also billed for a speech.

When at 12:28 Mr. Harris, the floor manager of the tariff bill, called up the conference report almost every seat on the floor was occupied.

Hill Takes the Floor.

Mr. Hill, of New York, was on his feet, and was immediately recognized for a speech. He agreed, he said at the outset, with Mr. Gorman, that the Democratic party was in the midst of a great crisis; the Democratic party, after such a long struggle in the minority, had at last been intrusted with power. It had gone to work to reclaim the pledges it had made. The greatest of these was that to reform the tariff. The House had passed a tariff bill which, aside from its income tax feature, seemed to meet with general satisfaction and approval.

As it passed the Senate, however, after long, weary months of debate, it was not satisfactory, and it violated the pledges of the party. It went to conference.

Made It Inconsistent.

The House conferees were confronted with the fact that the Senate had made the bill inconsistent—had made it unworthy of Democratic support. They rejected the duty on coal and iron ore; they refused to yield, and there was no hope that they would yield. If they insisted upon their attitude, and the Senate was obstinate, all prospect of tariff legislation was at an end. His (Hill's) motion that the Senate recede from the coal and iron duties was in the line of an agreement.

It would do no good to obstinately adhere to the position taken when the bill was passed. "Do you see any signs of yielding on the part of the House?" he asked, addressing his Democratic colleagues. "Backed by the public press of the country, by the Democratic masses and the President of the United States as it undoubtedly is, the House will never yield. Why not yield on these two points, and see whether it does not lead to an agreement?"

About Vilas's Motion.

He was not, he said, talking about Mr. Vilas's motion to recede from the differential in favor of the sugar trust. But concessions must and should be made if the bill was to become a law.

Mr. Hill said he was in sympathy with the President's letter to Chairman Wilson. Its sentiments were his sentiments. The President violated no clause of the constitution when he sent that letter. He had the right to do it. It was a private communication. The question as to making it public was one to be decided by its sender and receiver. It was one with which the Senators had nothing to do.

No Democrat on this floor could controvert the position taken by Mr. Cleveland in that letter.

On Coal and Iron.

He saw that to place a duty on coal and iron would be to violate the platform declarations of the party, and would place the party, whose success he desired, in a false and indefensible position. The Democrats of the country were in sympathy with Mr. Cleveland. Democratic clubs and Democratic conventions all over the country had endorsed the Wilson bill in respect to free raw materials. On the other hand, the Senate bill had been received everywhere with signs of disapproval.

Even in the Senate every Democratic member of the finance committee had announced himself as personally in favor of free coal and free iron ore. The Senator from Maryland (Mr. Gorman) on the other hand, with that "frankness and boldness" which was his nature, had boldly thrown aside the mask on yesterday, and had proclaimed himself in favor of a tariff on coal and iron ore.

"A revenue tariff," suggested Mr. Gorman, quietly.

"A revenue tariff as you will," replied Mr. Hill, "but nevertheless a tariff. You," continued Mr. Hill, looking Mr. Gorman straight in the eye, "did not, like your colleagues, set up the childish defense that you had been buncoed into supporting a duty on coal and iron."

Mr. Hill then proceeded to take issue with Mr. Gorman's argument yesterday that the President had only recently discovered the doctrine of free raw materials. He carefully quoted from the President's public utterances to demonstrate that Mr. Cleveland had been wedded to that doctrine since he sent his famous tariff message to Congress in 1887.

Neither did Mr. Hill believe that Mr. Cleveland could be held responsible for the unofficial utterances of Secretary Carlisle, but, referring to the official utterances of the secretary of the Treasury he pointed out that until this present question arose both Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle were consistent and in harmony.

Would Have Been False.

"When Mr. Cleveland saw that this Senate bill placed a duty on coal and iron ore, the property of the rich," said Mr. Hill dramatically, "and removed the duty from wool, the product of the farmer, he would have been false to himself, false to the pledges and false to his party had he not called attention to the discrimination and inconsistency. He spoke too candidly and earnestly.

That was why he was dissatisfied. Did not these very Senators who criticised Mr. Cleveland yesterday go to the President and plead and badger and implore him to stand by the bill they framed? Did they not realize how tame and weak any bill would be that did not have the approval of a Democratic President? On yesterday," he continued, "the Senator from Maryland read from the farewell address of Washington on the encroachment of the executive.

A Dramatic Scene.

"I do not often defend the President," said Mr. Hill, raising his voice until it rang through the chamber, "but to-day it is my duty to do so. I hope I am broad-minded and liberal enough to defend him when he is unjustly criticised and attacked."

SPEED THE PARTING GUESTS.

Thousands of Foreigners Are Returning to Europe.

Cleveland, O., July 20.—The offices of the various ocean steamship companies in this city to-day are besieged by large numbers of foreigners, who are taking advantage of the present steamship war and consequent low rates, to return to their native lands. It is estimated that since the hard times commenced fully 5,000 foreigners have left the city to return to Europe. These people, who are mostly Hungarians, Bohemians, Italians and Slavs, are leaving the country for good.

Want Powderly Again.

Pittsburg, July 19.—District assembly No. 3, one of the largest in the order of Knights of Labor last night elected four delegates to the next general assembly, all of whom are anti-Sovereign men, and are favorable to Powderly.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

DEBS PLEADS NOT GUILTY

To the Indictment Found Against Him.

Chicago, July 23.—What is considered by labor leaders and their counsel to be one of the most important legal battles in the nation's history was begun in the United States Circuit Court to-day, when President Debs, Vice President Howard, Secretary Keliher and Director Rogers, of the American Railway Union, by their attorneys, W. W. Erwin, S. S. Gregory and C. S. Darrow, filed their answer to the contempt rule issued by the court against them last week, and came themselves into court to make a return to the writ. The defense proposes to carry the case to the Supreme Court of the United States in the event of an adverse decision here, and if defeated there to appeal through Congress to the people.

The policy of the defense will be to question the right and power of the court to issue injunctions like that obtained by the railway companies against Debs and his associates and then imprison those enjoined, if the injunction be violated. It will be contended that what the court has done amounts to a usurpation of power not given to the federal judiciary by either constitution or law. The defense will follow closely the lines of the report of the Boatner committee of Congress which investigated that injunction and contempt proceedings by Judge Jenkins.

The Debs answer filed to-day follows:

In the Circuit court of the United States, Northern district of Illinois, United States of America, complainant, vs. Eugene V. Debs, George W. Howard, L. W. Rogers, Sylvester Keliher, et al., defendants. Now come the said defendants and first saving and reserving unto themselves all and singular the advantage that may to them accrue by reason of the many and manifold insufficiencies in the bill of the complaint herein, and in the injunction issued thereon by reason whereof the defendants say as they are advised, that the said injunction is in all things wholly void and without effect, they jointly and severally make answer to the information of the said complainant, and in that regard do respectfully show to the court, as follows: They admit that on the 2nd day of July, 1894, the United States of America caused to be filed in the office of the clerk of said court for said district a certain complaint or bill in equity, and allege that said complaint or bill, together with the affidavit verifying the same, was and is in the words and figures following, to-wit:

They deny that it was at any time the purpose and object of said American Railway Union, or of the officers or directors thereof, or of these defendants, or either or any of them, to concentrate the power and jurisdiction of said American Railway Union under one official management and direction with power to order strikes or a discontinuance of the service of such employes at any time that the board of directors or the American Railway union should elect so to do, as alleged in said information or otherwise, and they allege that by the organization of the said American Railway Union strikes could only be declared or discontinued by the vote of a majority of the members of such American Railway union employed in the service affected by any such strike and that the only power, authority or office of the said officers or directors of said American Railway union or of these defendants or of either of them in respect to said matter was to notify the members of said American Railway union in the service concerned in such strike of the action taken by such majority.

They deny that on the 26th or 27th day of June last or at any other time the American Railway union or its board of directors or other officers, or these defendants or either of them, had directed and ordered the members of said American Railway union engaged in the service of the Illinois Central Railroad company to leave the service of said company as alleged in said information or otherwise, or that at any time any orders were issued to the employes of the railroads mentioned in the complaint, or any of them, to leave the service of such companies, but they allege that on or about the same time a majority of the members of said American Railway union employed upon said Illinois Central railroad and upon said other companies referred to in said information did for themselves, without any order, direction or control of the said American Railway union, or of its officers or directors, or of these defendants, or either of them, voluntarily determined by their votes that they would strike or leave the service of said railway companies, and that in pursuance of such vote said employes did on or about said time leave the service of said railway companies freely and voluntarily of their own accord, without any order, direction or control on the part of said American Railway union, its officers or directors, or of these defendants or any of them.

Upon information and belief the defendants deny that said employes in leaving the service of said company companies as aforesaid did so for the purpose of hindering, preventing and delaying said railway companies in the opertion of trains engaged in the transportation of the United States mails and interstate commerce over the respective roads of said companies.

Defendants admit that said order or writ of injunction was published in the daily papers of the city of Chicago as alleged in said information and that copies thereof were served upon the defendants as in said information alleged.

They expressly deny that the organization of said unions upon said roads or any of them was intended to confer or did confer upon said American railway union, its officers or directors or upon these defendants or either of them power and authority to order strikes upon said roads, as alleged in said information or otherwise, but on the contrary allege that the strikers could only be ordered upon said road by employes of said road themselves and that such employes were in no manner subject to the authority or control of said American Railway union, its officers or directors, or of these defendants or either of them, in that regard. They deny that orders to strike were at any time or in any manner communicated by said American Railway union upon its officers or directors, or these defendants or either of them, to said local unions or any of them, as alleged in said information or otherwise.

Defendants expressly deny that they or any one of them did at the time mentioned in said information, or at any other time, order, direct, counsel, advise or recommend or approve the acts of violence in said information set forth, or any of them, or any violence or unlawful acts of any kind or character, but on the contrary, allege that they did at all said times counsel and advise all members of the said American Railway Union with whom they were in communication to at all times abstain from violence, threats and intimidation and to at all times respect the law and officers thereof. They deny that the board of directors of said American Railway Union, or its officers, or these defendants or either of them, at any time assumed the authority and power, or have now or ever have had any authority or power whatsoever to order strikes and boycotts, or to discontinue the same.

They admit that on the 12th day of July, 1894, the communication set out in said information was addressed to the railway managers and signed by the defendants whose names are affixed thereto, but allege that so much of said communication as implies or assumes any right, power or authority to said defendants or either of them to discontinue said strike was unauthorized, and that said defendants had no power or authority in said matter than to recommend to the members of the said American Railway Union the adoption of the proposals therein stated.

The answer makes other sweeping and more specific denial of the charges and concludes:

DEBS'S LAST APPEAL.

He and the Other A. R. U. Men Want Cash.

Chicago, July 22.—Messrs. Debs, Howard, Keliher and Rogers, the American Railway Union officials, yesterday issued an address to the public, the substance of which is as follows:

"Headquarters American R'y Union,
"Cook County Jail,
"Chicago, Ill., July 22, 1894.

"To the American Public:—It is almost universally conceded that the Pullman company, through the repeated reductions of wages, excessive rents, and many other causes, has grievously wronged its employes, and whatever may be said about the great railroad strike which resulted in consequence of such grievances, the arbitrary refusal of said Pullman company to submit to arbitration in any form—even to decide the question if there was anything to arbitrate—is proof positive that said company had no faith in the justice of its cause, and fears the disclosures that are certain to result from an honest investigation; and in view of the heavy losses entailed upon the country, the Pullman company is deserving of the severest condemnation.

"We propose to continue this fight against the Pullman company through good and evil report and without regard to consequences, until justice shall be done. There will be no surrender. We will use every available and lawful means to press the contest. It is requested that all papers throughout the land favorable to labor, to justice, to humanity, copy this statement in full and keep it standing as long as possible. Earnestly appealing to the great public to aid us in this unequal contest, and relying with implicit faith upon the final and powerful triumph of the right, we subscribe ourselves,

"Very respectfully yours,
"EUGENE V. DEBS,
"President
"GEORGE W. HOWARD,
"Vice president.
"SYLVESTER KELIHER,
"Secretary.
"L. W. ROGERS,
"Editor Railway Times."

THE NEW BLADE
SEWING MACHINE

IMPROVED. HIGH ARM. PERFECTED.

Every Machine Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS!

HIGHLY FINISHED. . . . DOES PERFECT WORK

It is adapted for every kind of sewing from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloth and a wide range of work, Hemming, Braiding, Tucking, Ruffling, Quilting, Gathering &c.

A full set of Goodrich's attachments in a plush-lined box go with every machine. The simplicity of the automatic tension, sewing from No. 8 to 200 thread without altering, recommends it not only to every beginner, but to ALL. An automatic bobbin winder, run independent of the machine, winds a bobbin as regular and as hard as any spool of thread, thus making it carry so much more thread than the ordinary wound bobbin.

A touch upon a lever lengthens or shortens the stitch at will while the machine is sewing.

The woodwork of this machine is either black walnut or antique oak. Subscribers may name their choice.

We guarantee this machine to be even better than the BLADE Sewing Machine of three years ago. It is built on entire new and improved principles, and is far in advance of the regular sewing machines now on the market. It is $4.10 cheaper than any sewing machine now offered with newspaper subscriptions, AND WORTH DOUBLE. Each machine is in perfect working order when shipped, and is accompanied with printed instructions and a complete set of tools and attachments. Also a five year warranty. If it does not prove perfect or as represented, ship it back and we will refund your money.

Every machine will be shipped by freight unless otherwise directed, and we are prepared to fill orders promptly. Remember, the purchaser pays the freight when received. We cannot prepay freight. Be careful to give your shipping address very plainly, as well as your postoffice address.

As stated above, on receipt of $18.00, we will send to any address the WEEKLY BLADE one year, and ship by freight one of these elegant sewing machines. But now comes a very

REMARKABLE OFFER.

We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $30.00 for 30 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE. We will not require the whole club at one time either. You may send us five subscribers at a time at one dollar each, and when you have sent six such clubs the machine is yours and will be shipped. Simply number your list from one to thirty as fast as you send the names and say in your letter that it is an instalment of names for the sewing machine premium. We shall expect the list to be completed within sixty days of the time you send the first list. Any member of an intelligent family can raise a club of thirty for the WEEKLY BLADE inside of two weeks. On these terms a charitable organization can easily place a sewing machine into the hands of some worthy and deserving poor family to be found in every community.

Remit current funds, by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or by Postoffice or Express Money Order, or currency by registered letter. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

SPECIAL NOTICE—In ordering needles or any repairs always give the number of your machine, or the year in which you bought it.

WASHINGTON.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, July 17.—In the Senate to-day, a resolution introduced by Mr. Vest, reciting that charges of favoritism and fraud had been made by exhibitors at the recent Chicago World's Fair against the committee on Awards, and directing the committee on the Quadro-Centennial to investigate the charges, was referred to the committee on Contingent Expenses.

The following House bills were passed: To authorize the construction of a bridge over the Mississippi river at Dubuque, Iowa; providing for the resurvey of Grant and Hooker counties, Nebraska. Consideration of the agricultural bill was then resumed, and Mr. Hansbrough offered an amendment appropriating $1,000,000 for the destruction of the Russian thistle, upon the bill as a rider. A point of order was made against it by Mr. Cockrell (Dem., Mo.), but by a vote of 26 to 22, the Senate decided the amendment to be in order, and it was adopted, 27 to 24.

Senator George to-day introduced a joint resolution providing for an amendment to the constitution, providing that eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work for persons doing manual labor.

The House passed the Bailey voluntary bankruptcy bill to-day by a vote of 127 to 31, and devoted the remainder of the day to business reported from the Judiciary committee. Only two bills, however, were disposed of, one to create an additional judge for the Eighth Judicial circuit, and the other making United States railroad corporations, for the purpose of jurisdiction, citizens of the states through which they pass or into which they go.

Washington, July 18.—In the Senate Mr. Carey called up the Senate bill to reserve for ten years in each of several states 1,000,000 acres of arid lands, to be reclaimed and sold in small tracts to actual settlers, and it was passed. The bill applies to the same states as the desert land law and also to Montana and Kansas and to the states that may be formed out of the territories of Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Utah, when admitted.

The Indian appropriation bill was then taken up. A petition from citizens of various counties in Pennsylvania protesting against the violation of the American principle of separation of church and state involved in the appropriations for sectarian schools in the Indian appropriation bill was presented by Mr. Quay, who also moved that further consideration of the bill be postponed for two weeks, so that the order of Patriotic Sons of America might be heard upon it. The motion was lost. The paragraph appropriating $1,095,000 for educating the Indians provoked the criticism of Mr. Platt, of Connecticut, against the policy of giving aid to Indian contract denominational schools. He favored the abolishment of all sectarian schools and the establishment of government schools in their stead. After considerable debate the committee amendment was agreed to.

The House having disagreed to the Senate amendments to the agricultural appropriation bill, Senators Call, Brice and Cullom were appointed conferees on the part of the Senatea.

A resolution resulting from the part taken by United States courts in the recent strikes was introduced in the House by Representative Pence, Populist, of Colorado. It is to direct the committee on judiciary "to report to the House a bill definitely fixing the power of federal courts and judges thereof in the matter of punishment of persons charged with contempt of said court and giving to such persons the right of trial by jury."

A bill for the purchase of all railway and telegraph lines by the government has been introduced by Representative Wilson, of Washington, at the request of its author, Dr. E. S. Lewis, of Port Angeles, Wash.

Representative Pence, of Colorado, introduced a resolution to-day calling upon the secretary of the Treasury for information as to how many "proof" silver dollars have been minted and issued in 1894, to whom they have been sold and whether any have been taken by members of Congress. Under the rules it is a privileged question and can be called up in seven days if not reported from a committee.

Washington, July 19.—When the Senate met to-day, Mr. Allen (Pop., Neb.) introduced a resolution calling on the secretary of State for information as to whether any office or bureau has been established on Ellis island, New York harbor, or any other property of the government for the purpose of furnishing information to Italian or other immigrants relative to employment, and whether the expense of the bureau is borne by the United States. It was sent to the committee on Immigration. The Senate agreed to the conference report on the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill.

Mr. Voorhees, the Senate member of the conference on the tariff bill, rising to a privileged question, asked that the House message on the tariff bill be laid before the Senate. Mr. Voorhees stated that he was commissioned to say that the bill had been under full and free conference, and the conference had not agreed to the amendments in the Senate, and that the Senate conferees insisted on their amendments. Having consulted with gentlemen on both sides, he said, he should ask to have the bill to lay on the table, to be taken up for consideration to-morrow immediately after the reading of the journal.

Mr. Manderson inquired whether there was not also a communication from the President on the subject.

"None that I have," replied Mr. Voorhees, and the motion to lay on the table was then agreed to.

When the tariff bill has thus been disposed of, the Indian appropriation bill was again taken up. An amendment was agreed to directing the secretary of the interior to inquire into the propriety of discontinuing the Indian contract schools as rapidly as possible without interfering with the education of the Indian children and to report at the next session of Congress an estimate of the cost of substituting government schools for all the contract schools now existing.

The sensation in the House to-day was the reading of the letter of President Cleveland to Chairman Wilson on the tariff bill, giving his views in full. The conference committee on the tariff reported a disagreement. After two hour's debate, a resolution was adopted declaring the House's support of the disagreement, and asking another conference. The speaker appointed the same conferees as before.

Washington, July 20.—To-day was one of dramatic interest in the Senate for the fate of the tariff bill of 1894 depended on the course pursued in the upper branch of Congress. The friends of the tariff bill wore anxious faces, and more than once during the day felt that the danger point had been reached. The enemies of the bill at times believed that they would be able to defeat it. When the adjournment came the situation was still perplexing. The Senate proceedings proper were of a peculiar nature in that the debate was carried on entirely by the Democrats, save a brief speech by Senator Sherman and a question by Senator Aldrich.

The principal speeches of the day were those of Senators Hill and Vest, though others contributed to the interest of the occasion. Senator Hill's position, endorsing the President in emphatic terms, was one of the most conspicuous incidents of the day. Senator Vest took occasion to talk in plain terms in defense of the right of the Senate and House to manage its conference without executive interference. His criticism of the President's course and the action of Mr. Wilson was more severe than was expected. He spoke for the Finance committee and the position of the Senate conferees.

The action of Senator Vilas, in preceding his speech with a motion to strike out the one-eighth cent differential on sugar was an additional sensation of a sensational day.

The statements of Senator Smith and Senator Blanchard were important, indicating that a change in the sugar schedule might mean the loss of their votes, while Senator Blanchard stated decidedly that he would not vote for the bill if this change was made. Senator Gray's vigorous speech was enlivened by a brisk colloquy with Senator Hill. The exciting day's proceedings closed with an affirmative vote on the motion to adjourn over until Monday.

Most of the day in the House was devoted to the discussion of the resolution introduced by Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, to amend the constitution by taking away from Congress authority over the elecetion of United States Senators, and empowering the states to prescribe the times, places and manner of holding elections for Senators. Before a vote was reached, the House was compelled, under the regular order for Friday, to take a recess. The night session was devoted to pension business.

Washington, July 21.—Senator Allen, of Nebraska, who was a member of the sugar investigation committee, has made an additional report to the Senate supplementing that of the committee.

The Tucker joint resolution providing for an amendment to the constitution, by which senators are to be elected by the people, was passed to-day. It was adopted by a vote of 137 to 49, a two-thirds majority being necessary, as it is an amendment to the constitution. The House passed without opposition the bill reported from the judiciary committee fixing the status of state and municipal taxation on property in the hands of receivers appointed by United States courts. The Senate amendments to the Indian appropriation bill were disagreed to and conferees were appointed.

Washington, July 23.—The most sensational feature of the entire tariff debate was witnessed yesterday, when Senator Gorman, of Maryland, made a bitter personal attack on the President for his recent letter to Chairman Wilson. Mr. Gorman stated that the President had agreed to support the Senate Tariff Compromise bill before it was decided to push it. In support of this statement, he called upon Senators Jones, Vest and Harris, who corroborated the statement. Mr. Gorman made very cutting personal allusions to the President. The House was without a quorum, and no business of importance was transacted.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

GRESHAM MEDDLING AGAIN.

Another Stupendous Administration Blunder.

New York, July 18.—A Washington dispatch to a morning paper of pronounced anti-administration proclivities, says:

"The fact has just come to light that the administration, through Secretary Gresham, has committed another diplomatic blunder which is considered even more serious than the attempt to restore Queen Liliuokalani, and which may have more important results. Members of the diplomatic corps, among whom the facts have created something of a sensation, tell this story of it:

"'The Chinese minister, who has been in frequent consultation of late with the Secretary of State regarding the strained relations existing between China and Corea, has finally induced the government to send a cable dispatch to the Japanese government expressing the dissatisfaction of the United States with the policy which Japan has been following toward Corea, and closing with these important words: "The United States views with regret the levying of an unjust war by Japan upon a weak and defenceless nation like Corea."

"This is considered a greater diplomatic blunder than the secretary's action in the Hawaiian controversy, but there has not yet been time to realize the full effect of the message. The Japanese government has made no reply, and has probably not yet recovered from its astonishment.

"At the Japanese legation here the officials profess to know nothing whatever about the belligerent message, and express a grave doubt as to the accuracy of the story. There is no doubt about the existence of the cable dispatch. Secretary Gresham has shown a copy of it to Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador. The Chinese and Corean legations have copies of it, and the fact of its existence is known to several members of the Senate and House committees on foreign affairs."

REPRESENTATIVE STONE TELLS

How to Check All Undesirable Immigration.

Washington, July 18.—The immigration question is very interestingly discussed by Congressmen. William A. Stone, of Pennsylvania, in his report on the bill which requires all immigrants to be inspected by consular officers of the United States before sailing for this country. He says:

The object and purpose of the bill is to prevent the criminals and paupers of Europe from being admitted into this country as immigrants. Statistics show that much too large a proportion of the immigrants now coming here are incapable of self-support. By the last census, the per cent. of persons born in foreign countries is 14.77 per cent., and yet this census shows that 26 per cent. of the white prisoners confined in jails and simple prisons are persons of foreign birth.

The total number of white convicts in our penitentiaries whose birthplace is known is 28,440, composed of 13,715 native born and 14,725 foreign born, showing that more than one-half of all our white convicts are of foreign birth.

Our benevolent institutions contain 69,962 inmates, by the last census, counting all white persons born in this country and all born in foreign countries, of which the foreign born compose 24 per cent.

The total number of the white inmates of our poorhouses by the last census is 53,696, of which number 27,648 were born in foreign countries, or a little over 51 per cent.

Deficient in Morals.

These statistics show that with a foreign population of 14.77 per cent., more than half of our white penitentiary convicts and more than half of the white inmates of our poorhouses, are foreigners, and prove that of the immigrants coming here during the past few years, too many of them are deficient in morals and are incapable, physically, of self-support.

What Should be Done.

There is no reason why government officials in the state department should not perform their duties as faithfully in foreign countries as at home, and, under proper directions and instructions of the state department, uniform rules can be adopted by which all the facts pertaining to the immigrant can be ascertained at the time of the investigation. Under the present system, the immigrant's word has to be taken for most of the inquiries, and there is no means of refuting him if he answers untruthfully. If criminals and paupers can be excluded the number of immigrants who annually come here will be largely reduced, and the moneys annually expended in their support saved to the country.

This change, if effected, will benefit that part of our citizens born in foreign countries equally with those born here, as it lightens the burden of taxation for public support of criminals and paupers and strikes at no nationality, but simply at that class of incapables of all nations who can be only a burden to us, and whose moral and social influence do us much harm. The bill does not add to the excluded list, but seeks only a better method of enforcing the law.

NO MILK IN THIS COCOANUT.

Sugar Trust Investigating Committee Again at Work.

Washington, July 21.—The Senate sugar trust investigating committee, with Senators Gray, Lindsay and Davis present, reopened the investigation yesterday to the extent of examining S. B. Derickson, of the New York brokerage firm of W. B. Wheeler & Co. Mr. Derickson testified that his firm never placed any order for sugar stock or for any other stock for either Senator Camden or any other United States Senator.

He also stated that he had volunteered to come before the committee because of a publication in a New York paper a few days ago, which, while his name had not been given, had so described him as to make it appear that he had received orders for the purchase of sugar certificates by Senators, and implied that Senator Camden was one of the Senators who had given such an order. A representative of the paper in question, Mr. Derickson testified, had called on him for information, and he had refused to say anything to him.

Senator Lindsay, of the investigating committee, said that the inquiries of the committee which were reopened by the examination of Mr. Derickson would be continued, if there appeared to be a chance of securing additional testimony.

VILAS MAKES A MOTION.

That the Senate Recede From Its Position on Sugar.

Washington, July 20.—Vilas has moved that the Senate recede from the one-eighth sugar differential.

The motion of Senator Vilas to strike out the one-eighth of a cent per pound differential on refined sugars has caused a great deal of uneasiness on the Democratic side. This one-eighth was retained in the bill by a bare majority of one vote.

Mills has declared his intention of supporting the motion of Vilas.

The Republican senators are reticent, most of them saying that as they voted to strike out the one-eighth before they cannot change their position.

Senator Brice says he thinks the motion will be modified, so that Republicans will vote against it.

Senator Manderson intends to move as a substitute for all motions pending a motion to instruct the Senate conferees to withdraw from the conference until the chairman of the House conferees has been replaced by some other member of the House than Mr. Wilson.

A CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT

Providing That Senators Shall be Elected by Popular Vote.

Washington, July 21.—There was a very slim attendance of members when the speaker called the House to order to-day. Mr. Bowers demanded the regular order which was the resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution providing that senators shall be elected by the direct vote of the people. Although a two-thirds vote is required for measures amending the constitution the pending resolution was passed 34 to 47—13 votes to spare. The House disagreed to the Senate amendments on the Indian appropriation bill, and Messrs. Holman, Allen and Wilson (Wash.) were appointed conferrees.

THAT AMENDMENT.

Congressman Tucker Discusses the Probability of Its Passage.

Washington, July 23.—Representative Tucker, of Virginia, the author and champion of the resolution for a constitutional amendment to elect United States Senators by direct vote of the people, which passed the House on Saturday, is sanguine that the Senate will also pass the resolution, and the necessary three-fourthus of the states will give their assent necessary to make it effective.

"There will be no difficulty in getting the assent of the states," said Mr. Tucker, "as there is no limit within which time the Senators are to give their assent. When, therefore, Congress submits the constitutional amendment to the states, ten of them approve it and one objects, the ten affirmative votes count in its favor, but the one negative does not count against it. That is, the state which has voted in the negative may try to gain the next year. Thus only affirmative votes are recorded at the state department and then, after a series of years, the affirmative votes reach three-fourths of all the states the constitution is amended. At present, with 4 votes we should need the assent of 32. The assent of thirteen is assured in advance, as eleven state legislatures had formally resolved in favor of the change up to two years ago, and three more since that time. California, Oregon, Indiana, Illinois, New York, Michigan, Kansas, Idaho, West Virginia, Louisiana and Ohio are among the states already committed.

"In the meantime, while the states are giving this assent, the amendment is practically in force, as many states are nominating their Senators at state conventions. Illinois started the movement; Michigan has recently followed, and the practice will soon become universal. Senators Palmer and Mitchell are particularly interested in the measure in the Senate, and I have no doubt of its passage at this session or in the session opening in December."

IS SENATOR CAMDEN INVOLVED

In the Sugar Trust Speculation Revelations.

Washington, July 24.—Edward O. Levy, a New York broker and employe of Wheeler & Co., of New York, was before the Senate sugar trust investigating committee to-day. While not a member of the firm of Wheeler & Co. he acts as a personal representative of Mr. Guillardeau of the firm in his absence, and it is understood that his testimony substantiated that given by Mr. Guillardeau when before the committee yesterday and that it related to an order for sugar stock alleged to have been given by Senator Camden. The committee still refuses to give out the testimony, but the members unite in saying that the testimony is important and that if they are able to complete it on the lines which they are following the result will be either to fasten the charges or to bring them to a point where their falsity can be established.

The chain, however, will be incomplete so long as the committee fails to find one witness for whom search is making. This witness is said to be Samuel G. Buttershall, who formerly represented the New York firm of Seymour, Young & Co., in this city. Witnesses who have so far been examined have named Pattershall as the man who at one time had in his possession orders from senators for the purchase of sugar stock. The committee regard the disappearance of the witness wanted at this time as significant. His absence is also delaying the final consummation of the committee's work.

Senator Camden was to-day asked if he desired to make any statement concerning the reports in the newspapers to the effect that the testimony had involved his name in sugar speculation. He replied that he did not desire to say anything at the present time, but would defer any statement that he might have to make until he could have an opportunity to see the testimony.

IMMIGRATION BILL HALF A LAW.

The Stone Bill Passed the House—What the Author Says.

Washington, July 21.—The Congressional authorities on immigration laws are much exercised over the passage of Representative William A. Stone's immigration bill in the House yesterday, while most of the members were watching the exciting scenes in the Senate. The Stone bill is far reaching in its effect on the system of inspecting immigrants, as the entire inspection is transferred to foreign ports and placed in the hands of United States consuls, instead of waiting for inspection at New York and other ports, when the immigrant arrives in this country.

"I expect to see the bill taken up by the Senate at an early day and passed," said Mr. Stone, "and already several Senators who recognize the evils of immigration have signified their purpose to urge it to speedy passage."

AN IMPORTANT HOUSE BILL.

Fixes the Status of Property in Receivers' Hands.

Washington, July 21.—The House has passed without opposition the bill reported from the judiciary committee fixing the status of state and municipal taxation on property in the hands of receivers appointed by United States courts. The bill provides that taxes heretofore or hereafter assessed by state, county or municipal authority against any corporation or corporation property shall not be classed as debts to be passed upon in the first instance by any court of the United States, but shall be collectible in the first instance by the proper authorities according to the assessment, whether the corporation is in the hands of a receiver or not, and no judge or court of the United States shall have any other or greater authority to enjoin, restrain or interfere with the collection than if no receivership existed, and the seizure as well as the sale of property for taxes shall divest the receiver and court of control.

ABOUT GORMAN'S SPEECH.

The President and His Advisers in Conference.

Washington, July 24.—Secretaries Gresham, Lamont and Smith and Postmaster General Bissell were in conference with the President last evening. The tariff situation was reviewed, but so far as could be learned no conclusion was reached. Secretary Carlisle was at the White House late in the evening.

JAPANESE TROOPS ATTACKED BY COREAN SOLDIERS

The Japanese Minister Does Not Believe That the Attack Was Authorized by the Corean Government—The Entire Situation Looks More Warlike To-Day—Japan Does Not Seem to Want to Avoid a Conflict.

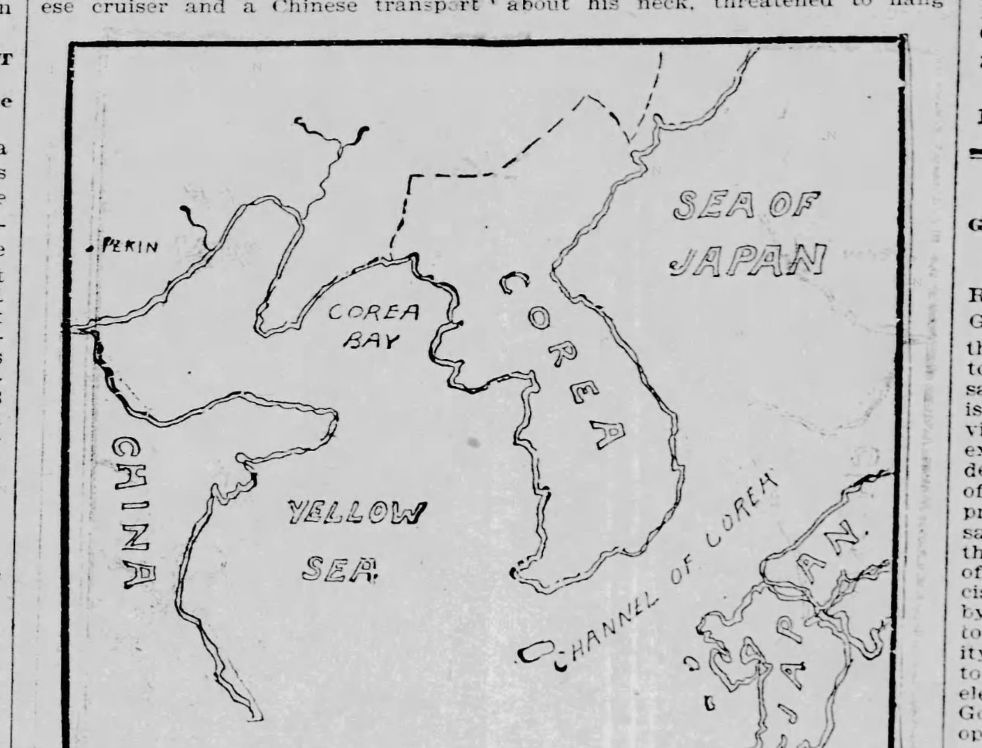
Shanghai, July 24.—A dispatch received here from Nagasaki, on the southwest side of the island of Kioo-Sioo, Japan, says that a detachment of Corean troops, at the instigation of the Chinese residents, attacked the Japanese garrison and were defeated.

Sank a Transport.

A late telegram says that a Japanese cruiser and a Chinese transport have been engaged, and that the cruiser sunk the transport.

Nothing is known here of the alleged private dispatch, stating that the Japanese have bombarded Corean ports.

The British consul has received a telegram from the British charge d'affaires at Tokio, stating that Japanese have undertaken to regard Shanghai as outside the sphere of operations.



MAP SHOWING RELATIVE POSITION OF KOREA TO CHINA AND JAPAN.

WITHDRAWS HER PROMISES.

Corea Makes the War Inevitable—Assuming a Hostile Attitude.

London, July 24.—A dispatch from Chemulpo, Corea, says that the Corean government instigated by the Chinese residents, has withdrawn its promises of reform, already made to Japan. The guards at the Imperial palace at Seoul are assuming the most hostile attitude toward the Japanese troops in the capital. A conflict is momentarily expected.

HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS TARUHITO ARISUGAWA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF CHINA.

The Japanese legation here has received no news of the rumord bombarding of Corean ports by their government, and give the report no credence whatever.

THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON.

The Shooting Said to Have Occurred at Seoul, the Capital.

Washington, July 24.—Information received at the Japanese legation here to-day from Tokio is to the effect that the trouble referred to in the Shanghai dispatch to the Associated Press occurred at Seoul, the capital of Corea, and not at Nagasaki, as reported. The mistake in locating the scene of the difficulty is due, probably, to the interruption of overland communication between Seoul and Shanghai, in which case all news reaching the latter place from Seoul would have to be sent via Nagasaki.

The cablegram giving the minister the news of the difficulty, which occurred yesterday, came to hand to-day, and is as follows:

"Corean troops made an uncalled-for attack upon the Japanese troops stationed in Seoul and the troops returned the volley."

The dispatch gave no particulars regarding the cause of the trouble, and nothing as to the number of persons who may have been killed. The minister's opinion, however, is that it is he result of some indiscreet action on the part of the Corean soldiers, who are described at the legation as being undisciplined and hard to restrict in what they do.

The minister feels sure the firing was unauthorized by the government of Corea, and he says it is very likely that it has made an apology expressing regret at the occurrence.

There have been no dispatches received at the legation showing that the Japanese have taken action with reference to the bombardment of Corean ports. Japan, it is said, has too many interests at stake in Corea to attempt to destroy her coastwise cities, and, the minister says, certainly has no intention of going to war with Corea.

THIS TIME IT IS THE VIGILANT.

She Easily Defeats the Britannia in a Stiff Breeze.

Roches' Point, Southampton, July 24.—The American yacht Vigilant won to-day in her twelfth 50-mile race with the Prince of Wales' yacht Britannia. The advantage was with the winning boat from the start.

The wind was fresher than has prevailed during any of the preceding 11 contests between these boats, and at the first mark-boat, a distance of five and one-half miles, led by 38 seconds, which had been increased to 2 minutes 29 seconds when the first round was finished. In the first leg of the second round the Britannia gained 12 minutes, but completing the round the Vigilant was 3 minutes 19 seconds ahead. From this time on the American boat gained steadily, beginning the harbor distance from Roches' Point to the club house, a short distance up the river, 6 minutes 35 seconds ahead.

MINNESOTA FOREST FIRES

Are Doing Great Damage Around Duluth.

Duluth, Minn., July 24.—Forest fires are doing considerable damage around Duluth, and have not appeared inside the city limits. At Amnicon, 22 miles from here, a bridge on the Northern Pacific road, 150 feet long and 30 feet high, was destroyed. It will delay traffic for several days.

Denounced A. R. U. Leaders.

Memphis, July 19.—At a mass meeting of switchmen here yesterday afternoon resolutions were adopted declaring the strike off at this point as far as this city is concerned. The local officers of the A. R. U. were denounced for the manner in which they managed the strike.

AN OUTRAGE COMMITTED.

Serious Charges Made by Mayor Moore, of South Enid.

South, Enid, O. T., July 24.—John C. Moore, mayor, has created a sensation by issuing a public statement over his own signature, and, as he states, after a thorough investigation, regarding the shooting at Enid of Corporal Cleves. Mayor Moore states that the soldier was shot during a quarrel with a comrade, and that to protect themselves the soldiers told their officers they were attacked by citizens of Enid.

Capt. Mackay, who is in command of the troops, it is charged by Mayor Moore, took a squad of men to Chas. L. Shearer's house, pulled him out of bed, accused him of complicity in the shooting, and after placing a rope about his neck, threatened to hang him if he did not tell them who fired the shot. Next the soldiers went to [illegible] Elliot's home, awoke him, and with their guns aimed at his head, demanded to know who had burned the bridges, threatening to shoot and hang him if he did not give them the desired information.

Elliot's wife, finding the soldiers, as she thought about to murder her husband, rushed through the streets in her night clothes, calling on the citizens to come to the rescue, and her screames alarmed the soldiers so that they left Elliot's house, and, taking Shearer with them, went to North Enid, whence they sent their prisoner to jail in Guthrie.

The secretary of war has been informed by wire of these occurrences, and Mayor Moore has forwarded to him charges in accordance with this statement against Capt. Mackay.

Guthrie, O. T., July 24.—Governor Renfrew late last night received the following telegram from Enid:

United States deputy marshals are violating the organic act of the territory by arresting our citizens and denying preliminary hearings in the jurisdiction of officers. We are being taken away while an unlawful organization at North Town threatens to burn our city in our absence. United States troops invade our homes in the night, take our citizens out in their night clothes and threaten to hang them in the presence of their families and spirit them away beyond the jurisdiction of court without preferring criminal charges or warrants. They are placing city guards under arrest, and when we return home it will be to find our city in ashes. We demand protection at once."

Governor Renfrew, Secretary Lowe and United States District Attorney Brooks left for the scene this morning to put a stop to any outrage and if possible restore peace.

THE WELLMAN PARTY LOST.

Such is the Belief in London and Norway.

London, July 24.—Carl Siewwers writes to the Standard that he is in receipt of advices from Norway that leave little doubt that the Wellman Arctic expedition is lost. Experienced skippers just returned from the Spitzbergen seas express the same opinion, and Colonel Fielding, who accompanied Captain Nares expedition in 1875, shares this belief.

The Pall Mall Gazette is in receipt of similar advices from Tromso, all confirming the general belief in the fate of the expedition.

Chicago, July 24.—The following reply to an inquiry has been received:

Chicago, July 24.—To general manager the Associated Press:—The fact that there was so much floating ice this year led Mr. Wellman to believe before he left Norway that his vessel, the Ragnavald-Jarl, could get farther north than any ship had ever reached before. This information was corroborated by a great many navigators whom he saw just before he left. Reports that come about the loss of the expedition arise from the fact that fishing and other vessels have not seen the Ragnavald-Jarl, which they would have done in ordinary seasons. Private cablegrams to the Herald from Tromsoe say that even if the vessel is lost there is no reason for anxiety for the expedition and the crew, which is undoubtedly upon the ice somewhere making its way towards the Pole. When Mr. Wellman left Tromsoe it was with the understanding that the vessel should come back and bring reports of the expedition up to the time that he could send messengers back to it from some distance in the interior, and undoubtedly the vessel is waiting at some point for such communications. He arranged that the vessel should return some time between July 15, and August 1, but possibly the vessel might be still later. It was to return to Norway to coal up and to prepare for the return trip to bring Mr. Wellman back, which would require it to leave about August 15; consequently there is no occasion for alarm until after that date. (Signed)

JAMES W. SCOTT,
Publisher Chicago Herald.

BIG FIRE AT MINNEAPOLIS.

Property Destroyed to the Value of Half a Million.

Minneapolis, July 20.—The most serious fire of the year in Minneapolis, and the largest in the history of the city, broke out about 9 o'clock last night, and before it was extinguished had destroyed property to the value of over half a million dollars, leaving in ruins one of the finest market buildings in the country. The origin has not been learned, but the flames broke out in the commission house of Dodsworth and Drew, located in the center of the new Central Market building, which was bounded by Second and Third avenues north and Sixth and Seventh streets, covering an entire block. The building was owned by the New Market company, and was erected at a cost of $290,000, and opened about the time of the Republican national convention in 1892. It had a frontage and depth on one side of 320 feet, and on the rear and opposite side was 100 feet wide, being four and five stories high, and built of pressed brick. In addition to its purposes as a market it was used by 50 commission merchants, 188 stands, and 200 market gardeners.

The structure was entirely destroyed, involving a loss, including the original cost and the value of the stocks contained therein, of $475,000. Thirty horses and thousands of fowls were burned. The fire spread to the livery stable, store and residence of S. B. Matson, and the residences of Dell Matson and G. B. Howard, which were destroyed, and a number of other business and private buildings were damaged. A gas retort stood in the center of the threatened district, containing 100,000 feet of gas, and for nearly two hours an explosion which would possibly have wrecked the business center of the city, was feared. Fortunately this catastrophe was averted.

Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, prevented by **Cuticura Soap**, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world. The only preventive of pimples, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores.

Sold throughout the world. Price, 25c. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "All about the Skin and Hair," mailed free.

HE WILL STICK TO IT.

Governor Tillman is About to Reopen the Dispensaries.

St. Louis, July 23.—A special to the Republic from Columbia, S. C., says: Governor Tillman stated yesterday that he would issue his proclamation to-morrow, re-opening the dispensaries on August 1. He says that he is determined to enforce the law more vigorously than ever. The governor explained his position, saying that the decision against the constitutionality of the law was due to the political prejudice of the Supreme Court. He said that their decision did not effect the act of 1893, the non-enforcement of which, since April 27, when the decision was pronounced, he explained by saying that he was determined not to leave the saloon men an opportunity to bring a test case. He appears to take it for granted that Justice-elect Gary, who succeeds Justice McGowan on July 29, is settled in his opinion as to the laws validity. Gary was president of the state Senate when the law was passed and assisted in its enactment.

The governor's proposed action causes the greatest anxiety. His opponents construe it as setting at defiance the state's highest tribunal. It is moreover plain that the governor is in an ugly mood, and will resort to efforts more rigorous than ever to crush out opposition.

DENIAL FROM JUDGE RICKS

Of the Intimations About His Account as Clerk.

Kennebunkport, Me., July 23.—Judge Augustus J. Ricks, of the United States court of Cleveland, O., has been interviewed regarding the action of the Central Labor union of Cleveland, in demanding that the accounts kept by him as clerk of the United States circuit court be examined, and asking for a Congressional investigation.

Mr. Ricks said: "My attention has been called to certain vague rumors concerning some fees collected by me many years ago, while clerk of the United States court at Cleveland, and which, it is said, were not accounted for by me in my accounts to the government. No reputable person assumes the responsibility for the charges, and I do not think I ought to dignify them by noticing them. There is absolutely no foundation for the charges. I have fully settled all my accounts as clerk of the court, and I have on file at Cleveland letters from the department of justice certifying that they have all been settled to the entire satisfaction of the government, and that is all I need or care."

DEBS NAMED FOR PRESIDENT

And President Cleveland Severely Criticised.

Chicago, July 21.—A mass meeting of 1,500 men was held at Ogden's Grove last night, and Eugene V. Debs was nominated for President of the United States amid great enthusiasm. The speakers were local labor men, and their remarks were all of one tenor. They eulogized Debs and denounced President Cleveland. The meeting declared itself as bitterly opposed to the Democratic and Republican parties and predicted a sweeping success for the Populists in the next election.

At a late hour the meeting adjourned, after having adopted the report of a committee which had drafted a letter to President Cleveland severely criticising his course during the recent strike. This letter, which will be forwarded to the President to-morrow, is to be signed by President Madden, of the state Federation of Labor, and a number of other labor leaders.

SEALS ARE INCREASING.

There Will be an Abundance and to Spare in the Northwest.

San Francisco, July 21.—Col. E. T. Hall, assistant United States Treasury agent, who for a year past has been stationed on St. George Island, Bering sea, to look after the seals, is in the city. He says about 2,500 seals have been taken from St. George Islands this year, and enough more from St. Paul to make up the quota of 7,500 permitted killed by the government.

"I think the seals are now increasing in these northwestern waters," said Mr. Hall, "and that managed properly there will be no scarcity. Henceforth we will take 20,000 a year. We can kill this number and yet have an abundance to spare."

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE WEEK IN BUSINESS AND FINANCE.

Effects of the Great Strike Have Not Disappeared—Financial Situation Not Favorable.

New York, July 21.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The effects of the two great strikes have not yet entirely worn off, and meanwhile disagreement between the two houses of Congress has made tariff uncertainties more distinct and impressive. It follows that the customary tests of the condition of business are less instructive than usual. The financial situation is somewhat less favorable because the exports of gold have been resumed and are $3,300,000 for the week, and the Treasury receipts have been $2,046,391 for customs against $2,951,574 last year, and $7,474553 internal revenue, against $2,979,518 last year. The extraordinary payments to anticipate the increase of taxation on whisky are rapidly locking up a large amount of capital and taking from the government part of the expected increase of revenue, while the current loss in custom receipts is largely due to the postponement of exports in expectation of lower duties hereafter, thus the Treasury has been gaining in balance, although at the expense of some loss in revenue hereafter.

Wheat has been skating on thin ice, with a chance of breaking through, and making the lowest record ever known, and has declined 3 cents during the week. With railroads generally blocked in the wheat delivering districts, it is a satisfactory indication that the Western receipts are about two-thirds of last year's, 2,271,514 bushels against 3,028,379 a year ago, while the exports from Atlantic ports are insignificant, only 672,402 bushels against 2,868,627 last year. The enormous visible supplies have less actual weight in the market than the prevalent conviction that the government estimates of yield are widely erroneous. Corn has advanced a shade with no satisfactory reason, for the prospect is excellent for a large yield. A great speculation in oats has begun to liquidate, with the customary losses to the wise men who knew all about it.

Cotton has declined a fraction, and all indications still point to a material increase of yield.

Bradstreet's Review.

Bradstreet's weekly review of trade says:

The disappearance of the great railway strike of 1894, the revival of regular freight schedules, and the customary movement of produce and merchandise by water and rail have done much to restore something like the preceding volume of trade. The effects of the recent widespread disturbance in transportation and industrial circles are now making themselves felt in bank clearing returns, the aggregate this week being only $820,000,000, a drop as compared with the preceding week of about 3 per cent, and as compared with the third week in July, 1893, of 16 per cent. Exports of wheat, flour included, both coasts, United States and Canada, are again moderate, being only 1,873,000 bushels, compared with 2,377,000 bushels last week, 5,077,000 bushels in the third week of July, 1893, 2,716,000 bushels in the like week of 1892, and 2,330,000 bshels in the corresponding week the year before that. The stock market is feverish and dull in the unsettled condition of the tariff bill. Interest and activity center in sugar, the street considering that the whole fate of the measure centers in the schedule of duties on that article. Railroad stocks are dull and neglected, the expectation of better earnings following the reopening of the roads being offset by the heavy losses and stoppage of earnings while the strike was in progress.

WHEAT IN TOLEDO.

Something About the New Crop Which is Arriving.

Prosperity has once more arisen from the ruins. Wheat, the sunny daughter of the fields, has shaken her golden head and the legions of Depression are routed. The reviving touch of the American farmer is felt and the pulses of trade and commerce are quickened.

Within the past three days wheat has arrived in this market in largely increased volume. Yesterday 255 cars were laid down here. 233 cars inspected No. 2 red, which indicates that the present wheat crop is of excellent quality. A few days ago there was next to no wheat arriving on account of the wide spread strike.

The wheat that is brought here now comes principally from Ohio, Michigan and Indiana, and it is expected the receipts will be larger than last year, as the crops in the states named are good, and especially so in this state. Toledo draws wheat from a wide extent of territory reaching out beyond the Mississippi. The first wheat to arrive here this year was from Oklahoma.

Prices have steadily declined. On July 21, 1893, No. 2 soft wheat was sold on the Toledo Produce Exchange for 63 3-4c. At the beginning of the year 1894, it was worth 60 1-4c, and on yesterday, July 20, it brought 52 1-4c, or 11 1-2c less than for the corresponding time in 1893.

The depression in business, largely the result of threatened tariff legislation, was a factor that caused the sharp decline, although it has not been wholly the cause. Prospects for good harvests in Europe, especially of rye in the great rye consuming countries, Germany and Russia, have had a tendency toward cautious purchases of cereals, and our exports have been disappointing. Indian shipments have been less than last year, by 9,690,000 bushels; but this has been made good by Russia with an increase in her exports of 13,300,000 bushels. New Zealand largely increased her crop. There was much stress laid upon the reports from the Northwest of a large shortage there in wheat, but the receipts seem much larger than was anticipated.

THE IOWA CROP BULLETIN.

The Crops Afforded Temporary Relief by Recent Showers.

Des Moines, Ia., July 24.—The Iowa Crop Bulletin, issued to-day, says: The drought remains practically unbroken. The showers on the 19th and 20th afforded temporary relief in narrow belts and spots, covering probably about one-third of the state. A few scattered localities report rainfalls sufficient for present needs, but in the bulk of the state the amount was too light to give any appreciable benefit. The pastures are bare and live stock is suffering for feed and water. All unharvested crops have reached a critical stage, and every day's continuance of the drought adds to the extent of the injury already done. Within the past two weeks corn in the larger part of the state has steadily retrograded and the extent of injury cannot as yet be estimated. In the driest of the "burnt district" the damage is beyond recovery, but in many of the Northern counties the prospect is better. Taking the state as a whole, the crop is likely to be less than two-thirds of an average and a continuance of present conditions will reduce it far below that figure.

Potatoes, flax, millet and grass have suffered great damage.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE BLADE,
Toledo, July 24, 1894.

The following table shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	July 24.	July 17.
U. S. 5's, coupons	119	119
U. S. 5's, registered	118	117⅞
U. S. 4's, coupons	114⅜	114
U. S. 4's, registered	114	114
U. S. 2's, regist'rd (bid)	96	96
Pacific 6's of '95 (bid)	101	101

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

As compared with yesterday, cash and July wheat is about ¼c lower; August, unchanged; September, ¼c off, and December, ⅜c lower. The market was active both for cash and future delivery. There was a period of weakness on lower cables, but just at the close there was a better feeling.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 50¼c, 50⅝c, 50c, then 50¼c; No. 3 soft red, 49c, then 49½c; rejected No. 1, 47½c.

July wheat, 50½c; August, 50⅝c, 51c, 50⅝c, and finally 50⅝c; September, 52c, 52½c, 51⅞c, then 52c; December, 55c, 55¼c, 54⅝c, then 55c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

July.	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	....	....	....	50½
Chicago	51¾	51⅞	51⅝	51⅞
New York	54½	54⅞	54½	54⅞
St. Louis	b48	48¼	48	48
September—				
Toledo	52	52½	51¾	52
Chicago	53⅜	53⅜	52¾	53¼
New York	56½	56½	55⅞	b56⅜
St. Louis	49¼	49¼	48¾	48⅞

Oats for July opened at 32¾c at Chicago, and closed at 31c; August, 28c, closed at 27⅞c bid; September, 28⅛c, closed at 27¾@27⅝c.

Corn—Dull, Easier.

Corn is very scarce here and but little trade is done. No. 2 mixed about 45c; No. 2 yellow, 46½c.

Oats, quiet;no old for sale; new oats worth for No. 2 mixed, 29c; No. 2 white, 30@31c.

Rye, dull; No. 2, 43c.

Clover Seed—Dull, Lower.

As compared with yesterday, clover seed is about 5c lower. Trade was very dull. There was no disposition to press sales at the price at which October sold —$5.10 for prime.

Inspected in to-day: Wheat, cars—No. 2 soft red, 312; No. 3 soft red, 68; smutty, 4; weevily, 2; rejected No. 1 red, 3; wheat and rye mixed, 1; No. 2 red and white mixed, 1; no established grade, 11; total 392. Corn, cars—No. 2, 1; No. 4, 1; No. 3 yellow, 1; No. 3 white, 1; total 4. Oats, cars—No. 2 white, 2; No. 3 white, 1; total 3. Rye—No. 2, 2.

Close Elsewhere—Wheat Steadier to Close.

As compared with yesterday, July wheat at Chicago is 1-8c lower; September 1-8c off. At New York July was 1-4c up and September 1-4c higher. The markets weakened under the influences of lower cables, large receipts and comparatively light exports. For a time there was a strong downward tendency, but just at the close there was a better feeling. The rally was caused by free purchases at the extreme decline. The export clearances to-day were 162,143 bushels of wheat and 22,800 barrels of flour, or wheat and flour as wheat 266,488 bushels; same day last year, 531,921 bushels. Receipts in the Northwest, 303,710 bushels; same day last year, 209,082.

Corn—Dull, Higher.

As compared with yesterday, corn is 1-8c higher. There was much firmness exhibited for some time, on reports of drouth in the corn belt, and an advance of 1d at Liverpool. At Chicago July corn opened at 43 3-4c and closed at 44 1-8c; September, 44c, 43 3-8c, 44 1-4c, then 43 7-8c asked. At New York, July corn sold at 48 7-8c; September, 48 1-2c, 48c, then 48 3-4c asked.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Creamery, 21@22c; dairy, 12@13c.

Eggs—Freshly gathered, 11c.

Vegetables—Radishes, doz. bunches 8c; beets, bunch, 8c; onions, bunch, 8c; dry onions, bu, $1 00; potatoes, bu, 60@70c; cabbages, doz, 40@60c; cucumbers, doz. 15c; corn, doz. ears, 10c; lettuce, lb. 5c; dry beans, bu, $2 00; turnips, bu, 45c.

Dressed Meats — Beef, lb. 5@7½c; hogs, per 100 lbs., $6; mutton, lb., 6c; lambs, lb. 7c; veal, lb. 6½c.

Fruits—Black raspberries, $2 50; red raspberries, $3 50 per bu; dewberries, bu, $4 75; black currants, $3 75@4 00; small currants, $1 75@2 00; cherry currants, bu, $2 75; apples, 50@60c per bu; cherries, bu, $3 00; gooseberries, large, $1 75; small, $1 50; lemons, box, $4 50; oranges, box, $3 50@4 00; blackberries, bu, $3 00; peaches, basket, 45@50c.

Hides—Green, heavy steers, lb. 3¼c; light, 3¼c; cured heavy steers, lb. 4c; skins, shearlings, each 15c, lambs, 30c; tallow, 4¼@5c.

Wool—Washed, 12@15c per lb; unwashed, lb. 8@12c.

Salt Meats—Breakfast bacon, lb. 12½c; shoulders, lb. 9c; bologna, lb. 5c; mess pork, heavy, lb. 13c; short mess, 13½c; short clear, 14c.

Lard—Tierce, bbls, half bbls and 50-lb tins, 10c.

Hams—Sugar-cured. lb. 11@12c.

Grain and Produce.

Buffalo, July 24.—Wheat—Small receipts ;trade inactive; No. 2 red, 55c; extra No. 3 red, 53c ;No. 1 white, 59c. 58c. Corn firm; good inquiry; No. 2 yellow, 49½c; No. 3 yellow, 48c; No. 2 mixed, 48½c; No. 3 mixed, 48c. Oats firm; good inquiry; old No. 2 white, 44c; No. 3white, 42c; No. 2 mixed, 40; new No. 2 mixed, 39c; new No. 2 white, 40@41.

New York, July 24.—Butter—Receipts, 11,805 pkgs; market firm; western dairy, 10@14½c; western creamery, 13½@19c; Elgins, 19c. Eggs—Receipts, 8,095 pkgs; market firm; western, 13@14c; cases, $1 00@3 00. Sugar—Raw quiet; fair refining, 2 11-16c; centrifugal 96 test, 3¼c; refined quiet; crushed, 5⅛@5 1-6c; powdered, 4 9-16@4⅞c; granulated, 4 5-16@4¾c. Coffee weak; No. 7, 16c.

Close—Wheat, fair business, steadier at the close. July, 54 7-8c; August, 55 1-8c asked; September, 56 3-8c. Corn, dull; July, 48 7-8c; August, 49c; September, 48c.

Chicago, July 24.—1:15 close—Wheat steady; cash and July, 51⅝c; September, 53¼c; December, 56¾c. Corn higher; July, 44⅛c; September, 43¼c; October, 43¼c. Oats steady; July, 31c; August, 27¾c; September, 27½c. Pork higher; July, $12 52½; September, $12 72½. Lard steady; July, $6 82½; September, $6 82½. Short ribs lower; July, $6 55. Rye nominal, at 46@46½c. Barley nominal. Flax seed—New, $1 18; old, $1 22. Timothy seed nominal at $5 10.

Live Stock.

East Buffalo, July 24.—(Elrick Bros.' report, exclusive to The Blade.)—Cattle—Receipts, 3 cars; market active to a shade firmer; good steers, $4 25@4 50; export grades, $4 75@4 90; cows and springers strong on good request. Hogs—Receipts, 20 cars; market strong on pigs and light weights, slow to 5c lower on heavy packing grades; good pigs and York weights, $5 60@5 65; heavy packing and coarse hogs, $5 35@5 40; closed steady; all sold. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 4 cars; market dull, and nothing doing; sheep about steady at $4 00@4 50 for choice; lambs 25c lower and no demand; tops, $4 25.

Chicago, July 24.—Hogs—Estimated receipts for to-day, 16,000 head; official receipts yesterday, 35,970 head; left over about 4,000 head; shipments yesterday, 18,635 head; quality rather poor; market slow ;best light 5c higher; rough packing 5c lower; other grades unchanged; packers buying slowly; sales ranged at $4 90@5 25 for light; $4 65@4 85 for rough packing; $4 80@5 15 for mixed; $4 90@5 25 for heavy packing and shipping lots; pigs, $4 10@4 80. Cattle—Estimated receipts to-day, 4,000 head; receipts yesterday, 12,590 head; shipments yesterday, 2,925 head; market steady. Sheep—Estimated receipts to-day, 6,000 head; receipts yesterday, 11,195 head; shipments yesterday, 227 head; market steady.

St. Louis, July 23.—Cattle—Market dull and steady generally; native steers 1,200 lbs, at $3 70; cows, $2 12½@2 25; Texas steers, 900 to 1,200 lbs, $2 50@3 00; cows and heifers, $1 60@2 15. Hogs—Market active, 5c higher; good medium weights, $5 05@5 10; good light, $5 00@5 10; rough and common, $4 25@4 75. Sheep—Market dull, without change.

Kansas City, July 24.—Cattle—Market dull and steady to 10c lower; Texas steers, $2 30@3 25; beef steers, $3 60@4 85; native cows, $1 25@3 20; stockers and feeders, $2 50@3 50. Hogs—Market steady to strong; bulk of sales, $4 85@4 90; heavies, $4 85@5 00; packers, $4 90@5 00; mixed, $4 80@4 95; lights, $4 70@4 85. Sheep—Market steady.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market in New York This Afternoon.

11 a. m.—In late trading Lead declined ⅛ per cent; Chicago Gas, ⅜, and Sugar, ¼, but the market quickly recovered its tone, and an advance of ¼@1¼ per cent was effected, the latter in Sugar, which, on heavy purchases, rose to 105¾. The buying was largely due to the prevailing impression that Senator Gorman's speech means the failure of the tariff bill and a continuance of the McKinley tariff, or the passage of the Senate bill with protection for sugar, either event being entirely satisfactory to the sugar trust. Chicago Gas, Distilling, Missouri Pacific and Northwestern rose ½ per cent, and Morris & Essex, ¾. During the last fifteen minutes Sugar, Rock Island and United States Leather preferred have receded ½ per cent, but the speculation generally is firmer in tone.

Noon—With the tone of the market generally firm. Sugar rose ½ per cent, fell off 1 to 104⅝, and rallied ¼; Pullman declined ¾, and Wheeling & Lake Erie ¾. The rest of the list was well held, and advances were recorded of ⅛@1 per cent, the latter in Manhattan and St. Paul & Omaha and United States Leather preferred. The Atchison bonds have been strong, the 4's selling up 1⅛ per cent, and the seconds, Class A, 1½.

Sugar has monopolized attention since mid-day. It declined 1 per cent, and recovered ⅜. United States Leather preferred gained 1½ per cent. The market generally is firm.

New York, July 24.—Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 3@5 per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at $4 88¾@4 88½ for demand, and at $4 87¾@4 87⅞ for 60 days; posted rates, 4 88@4 89; commercial bills, $4 86¼@4 86½. Silver certificates, 64@65c; no sales. Bar silver, 62½c. Mexican dollars, 51⅛c.

3 p. m.—The market continues strong. National Linseed seeling up 1⅜ per cent; Chicago Gas, 1⅛; Richmond Terminal preferred 1; St. Paul & Omaha, ⅞; General Electric, ¾, and other shares a smaller fraction. Before the close, Sugar broke 1⅛ per cent; Pullman, ¾, and Chicago Gas, ½. Illinois Central fell off ⅞ per cent. The general market closed firm.

	Opening	Highest	Lowest	Close
Atch	3¾	3⅞	3¾	3⅞
Sugar	104¾	105⅜	103¼	103¼
C. S.	49½	....	....	49¼
Gas	73⅝	74⅜	73	74⅜
B. Q.	75	75¼	74⅞	75¼
D. L.	163½	....	....	163⅝
L. & N.	45¼	45½	45⅛	45½
Lead	39	39	38¾	38½
M. P.	24½	24⅝	24⅞	24⅝
U. S. C.	20⅜	....	....	20⅜
N. P.	3⅞	....	....	3⅞
N. P. pf'd.	12⅞	13¼	12⅞	13
N. W.	104¼	....	....	104¼
R. G.	17	....	....	17
R. I.	67	67	66⅝	66⅝
St. P.	58¼	....	....	58¼
U. P.	8½	....	....	8⅞
W. P.	13½	....	....	13⅝
W. U.	84⅝	85⅛	84¼	85
G. E.	36½	....	....	36½
D. C. F.	18	18⅜	17⅞	18⅜
Man	116	....	....	115⅞
T. C. & I.	18	18⅜	18	18

Trade.

The past week has shown but little improvement in the general business of the country. The railroad strikes are about ended, but business has not been fully resumed. The movement of wheat has been large during the past week, and the markets have declined.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

Louisville, July 24.—The burley market has been the strongest of the season in some respects. There was a disposition to crowd up prices. Quotations on burley are advanced by the Tobacco Exchange from 50c. to $2. Dark tobaccos started in firm, but afterward eased. Official quotations are:

Red Burley.	
Trash (green or mixed)	$3 00@3 50
Trash (sound)	3 50@4 50
Common lugs	4 50@5 50
Medium lugs	5 50@7 00
Good lugs	7 00@9 50
Common leaf (short)	8 00@10 00
Common leaf	9 50@12 00
Medium leaf	12 00@15 00
Good leaf	15@18 00
Fine and selections	18@20 00
Colored Burley.	
Trash (green or mixed	$5 50@6 50
Trash (sound)	6 50@7 50
Common lugs	7 50@8 50
Medium lugs	8 50@10 50
Good lugs	10 50@12 00
Common leaf (short)	8 00@11 00
Common leaf	11 00@12 00
Medium leaf	12 00@16 00
Good leaf	16 00@20 00
Fine and selections	20 00@24 00
Dark.	
Trash (green or mixed)	$2 00@2 10
Trash (sound)	2 50@3 00
Common lugs	3 00@3 50
Medium lugs	3 50@4 50
Good lugs	4 50@5 25
Common leaf (short)	5 00@5 50
Common leaf	5 25@5 75
Medium leaf	5 75@7 00
Good leaf	7 00@8 50
Fine and selections	8 50@10 50

New York Cotton Market.

New York, July 24.—Cotton—Futures opened easy; sales 18,700 bales. July, $6 66; August, $6 70; September, $6 74; December, $6 98.

Spot cotton dull; middling upland, 7 1-16c; middling gulf, 7 5-16c.

Spot closed easy; middling uplands, 7c; middling gulf, 7¼c; sales, 2,070 bales.

Wool.

St. Louis, July 23.—Wool firm at the recent advance.